Mar. 26, 1984

# THE NEW YORKER

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**And a Nightingale Sang . . .**—A charming little play, unabashed in its sentimentality, about an English family gallantly surviving the rigors of the Second World War. The author is C. P. Taylor. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Awake and Sing!**—A notably miscast and dispiriting production of the Clifford Odets melodrama about life in the Bronx in the thirties. (3/19/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Baby**—A musical that is just the ticket for gynecologists and obstetricians, but of less interest to ordinary theatregoers. The cast is numerous and oddly enthusiastic. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Beckett Plays**—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe" first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**La Cage aux Folles**—A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Gene Barry. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense; but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Cinders**—This play, by the exiled Polish dramatist Janusz Glowacki, is set in a girls' reform school whose Orwellian atmosphere is enhanced by the arrival of a film director and his crew to make a documentary movie based on "Cinderella." With Lucinda Jenney, Robin Gammell, and George Guidall, among others. (3/5/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Death of a Salesman**—A revival of Arthur Miller's 1949 play, with Dustin Hoffman and Kate Reid. Michael Rudman is the director. Previews through Wednesday, March 28. Opens officially on Thursday, March 29. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—A revival of UP IN CENTRAL PARK (music by Sigmund Romberg and book and lyrics by Herbert and Dorothy Fields) is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**Fen**—In spite of fine performances by Pamela Reed, Ellen Parker, and David Strathairn, among other American actors, Caryl Churchill's play about a farming community in East Anglia has lost some of its original mystery and force. Even so, there are many good scenes. Les Waters was the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Festival of One-Act Plays**—Colleen Dewhurst, Lois Smith, and others in two programs of plays written and directed by women, plus a solo piece about Louisa May Alcott, "To Heaven in a Swing," written and performed by Katharine Houghton. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. Performances daily, on a more or less rotating basis; for information about tickets and scheduling, call 247-0393. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

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**Fool for Love**—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Glengarry Glen Ross**—A play by David Mamet, imported from London. The director is Gregory Mosher. Previews through Saturday, March 24. Opens officially on Sunday, March 25. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre**—Two productions in two theatres. At the New Federal Theatre: The heroes—and heroes they are—of J. E. Gaines' wise, humorous, ironic TWENTY YEAR FRIENDS are three prosperous Harlem businessmen (numbers, hustling, and prostitution) and the heroines are their loving wives. The acting, most of it by alumni of the New Lafayette Theatre of Harlem, is splendid, and Roscoe Orman gives a true star performance. Andre Mtumi directed. (466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays, except Saturday, March 31, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Monday, April 2.) . . . ¶ At the Colonnades: FRATERNITY, a play by Jordan Budde. Opens Thursday, March 22, and will run through Sunday, April 8. (428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Hey, Ma . . . Kaye Ballard**—A musical starring and written by Kaye Ballard. Original music and lyrics by David Levy and Leslie Eberhard, plus standards by George Gershwin, Cole Porter, and others. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, March 21, at 2:30.)

**Isn't It Romantic**—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always

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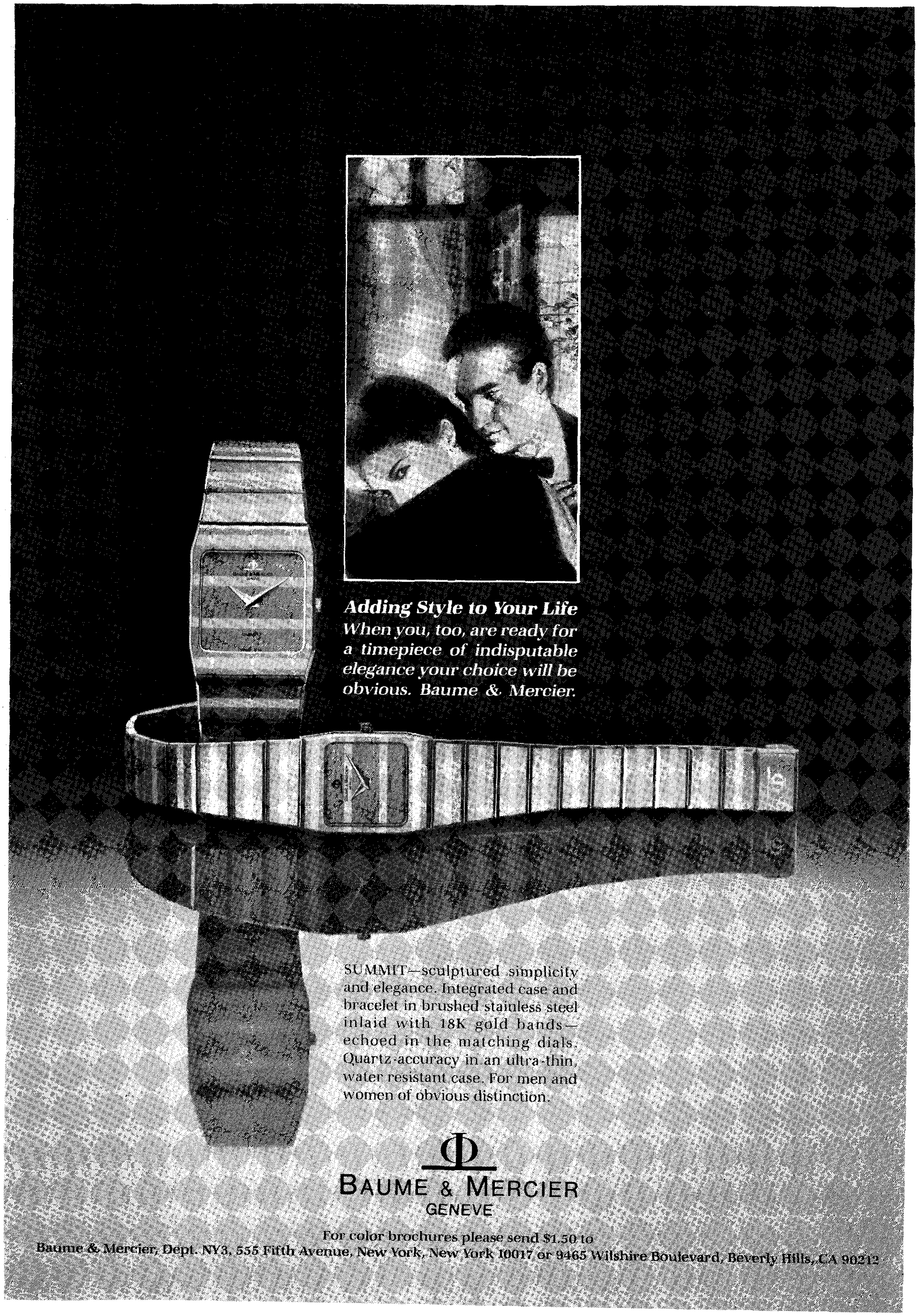

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witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised, and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, and Chip Zien. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Through Sunday, April 1: Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

**The Man Who Could See Through Time**—A play by Terri Wagener, with Bob Gunton and Leslie Geraci. (Ark Theatre Company, 131 Spring St. 431-6285. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

**Mirror Theatre Company**—A season of revivals in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS;** Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page; and John Colton and Clemence Randolph's **RAIN.** (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

**Negro Ensemble Company**—A revival of **COLORED PEOPLE'S TIME,** by Leslie Lee, is the final production of the season. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 8.)

**New Vic Theatre of London**—A one-week engagement of a play called **DRACULA, OR A PAIN IN THE NECK,** by Phil Woods and Michael Bogdanov. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday through Friday, March 21-23, at 8; Saturday, March 24, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, March 25, at 3.)

**Noises Off**—Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Painting Churches**—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Real Thing**—A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close head the marvellous cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Rink**—Terrence McNally, in a dark mood, has written the book of this curious musical about family squabbles over money, infidelity, death, and differing life styles. The stars are Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and superb scenery by Peter Larkin. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Rockaby**—The presence of the witty and wonderful English actress Billie Whitelaw makes a special occasion of these three brief, extraordinary plays by Samuel Beckett. (2/27/84) (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**Second City Company**—There is a scattering of bright, clever moments and some evidence of talent, especially that of Meagen Fay, in this only so-so revue, imported from Chicago. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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**Street Theatre**—A comedy by Doric Wilson. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

**The Talking Band**—Presenting a repertory of two plays by Sidney Goldfarb. A return engagement of **HOT LUNCH APOSTLES** with music by Sybille Hayn, Ellen Maddow, and Harry Mann: Tuesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. . . . **PEDRO PARAMO,** based on a novel by Juan Rulfo: Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

**The Tap Dance Kid**—A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (1/2/84) Reopens Tuesday, March 27. (Minskoff, 45th St., west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday**—A return engagement of Michael Brady's play. Preview Wednesday, March 21. Opens officially on Thursday, March 22, at 6:30. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**La Tragédie de Carmen**—A truncated version of the Bizet opera, with Carmen as a doomed slut and Don José as a murderer four times over. The chief instigator of this travesty is the director, Peter Brook. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Performances in English on Mondays and Tuesdays at 8:30, and Wednesdays at 2:30 and 8:30; in French on Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

**Woza Albert!**—Percy Mtwa and Mbongeni Ngema, two adroit and witty African actors, are the entire cast and also the authors (with their director, Barney Simon) of this spirited, heartfelt play about the coming of Christ to South Africa. (3/5/84) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Zorba**—The Life Force, embodied by Anthony Quinn, makes this otherwise dour musical about life in a Cretan village worth paying attention to. Also in the cast are Lila Kedrova and Jeff McCarthy. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and book by Joseph Stein. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,944 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON YOUR TOES:** A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. With Galina Panova and George de la Peña. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

**Forbidden Broadway '84**—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

**Serious Bizness**—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Carey Cromelin, Mr. Perman,

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and Nealla Spano, is as humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

**Hasty Pudding Show**—A musical called "Jungle Belles" is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, March 23, at 8; Saturday, March 24, at 5 and 9; and Sunday, March 25, at 5. For information about tickets, call 944-1011.)

**NOHO Theatre Group of Kyoto**—Performances of traditional satirical plays and a stylized adaptation of Samuel Beckett's play "Act Without Words," by this Japanese company making its first appearance here. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, at 8.)

## DANCE

**Paul Taylor Dance Company**—A four-week engagement—Wednesday evening, March 21, and Friday evening, March 23: "Arden Court," "Runes," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 22, and Friday evening, March 30: "Airs," "Big Bertha," "Duet from Lento," and ". . . Byzantium." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 24; Sunday matinée, March 25; and Saturday evening, March 31: "Diggity," "Nightshade," and "Mercuric Tidings." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 27: "Diggity," ". . . Byzantium," and "Mercuric Tidings." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 28: "Equinox" (New York première), "Snow White," "Profiles," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 29: "Images," "Lost, Found, and Lost," and "Cloven Kingdom." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3. Through Sunday, April 15.)

**Lotte Goslar's Pantomine Circus**—The dance-mime and her company. Program A: Wednesday, March 21, at 7, and Saturday, March 24, at 3 and 8. . . . ¶ Program B: Thursday and Friday, March 22-23, at 8, and Sunday, March 25, at 3 and 8. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

**Bucket Dance Theatre**—Programs of modern dance. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, March 27, at 7:30; Thursday, March 29, and Saturday, March 31, at 8; and Sunday, April 1, at 2.)

**Pilar Rioja**—A five-week engagement. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, April 8.)

**Pacific Northwest Ballet**—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, March 27, at 7; Saturday, March 31, at 8; and Sunday, April 1, at 2: "The Four Temperaments," "Cascade," and "Ravenna." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, March 28-30, at 8: "Dumbarton Oaks," "Pas de Deux Campagnolo," "Ramifications," and "Chaconne." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

**Deborah Gladstein and Dancers**—Performing "Burning Through," a full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, March 29-31, at 8; Sunday, April 1, at 3; and Monday, April 2, at 8.)

**Theatre of the Riverside Church**—Performances by two companies. **SACHIYO ITO AND COMPANY:** Wednesday, March 28, and Friday, March 30, at 8, and Sunday, April 1, at 2. . . . **URIS/BAHR AND DANCERS:** Thursday, March 29; Saturday, March 31; and Sunday, April 1, all at 8. (Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Algonquin Hotel**, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**RONNY WHYTE** is at the piano, singing songs you may remember, songs you may have forgotten, and songs you may never have even heard of. Music in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

**Angry Squire**, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, will be claimed by pianist **ANDY LAVERNE'S** trio; Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, **JAKI BYARD**, the simultaneously stride and free pianist, will bring in his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

**Ballroom**, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

**Blue Note**, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Bassist **JACO PASTORIUS** and his band, Word of Mouth, wind up their visit on Sunday, March 25; on Monday, March 26, Stephanie Crawford's trio and Amy Duncan's trio will share the stage; and starting Tuesday, March 27, tenor saxophonists **CHICO** and **VON FREEMAN** will head up a quintet. Sets begin after ten. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads afterhours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

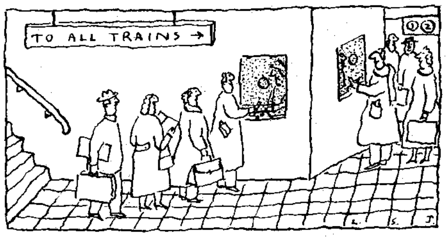
**Bottom Line**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, March 21, Pat Paulson and Chris Rush; Thursday, March 22, Robert Hunter; Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, the harmonizing **ROCHES**; and Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, **OREGON.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

**Bradley's**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. The very good musicians are pianists and bassists: pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH** and bassist **RUFUS REID** Wednesday and Thursday, March 21-22; **RICHIE BEIRACH** and bassist **RON MC CLURE** Friday through Sunday, March 23-25; and pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** beginning Monday, March 26. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

**Broadway Joe's**, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON**, who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white pocket-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

**Carlyle Hotel**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**SYLVIA SYMS**, whose vocals virtually float, is singing (appropriately enough) a tribute to Johnny Mercer, who wrote easy, feather-light lyrics (or so they seem), in the Café Carlyle. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is at work in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

**CBGB & OMFUG**, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, March 21, Strings of Sympathy, the I.C.B.M.'s, Behind the Lines, and C. Spot Run; Friday, March 23, Hoy Boy & the Doys and Soul Attack; Saturday, March 24, the Lenny Kaye Connection, Kitty, and Chris Bond; and Tuesday, March 27, the Secret Society, the Cheapskates, the Joe Mystery Group, and the Nude Bodies. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.



**Cookery**, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**CARRIE SMITH**, a strong, moving singer, performs jazz and blues at nine and eleven nightly, except Mondays. Dining.

**Eagle Tavern**, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven: Wednesday, March 21, Alan Carr and Jane Rothfield; Saturday, March 24, the Tompkins County Horseflies; Wednesday, March 28, Frank Gavin and Martin O'Connor; Thursday, March 29, **TONY TRISCHKA'S SKYLINE**, at eight-thirty; and Saturday, March 31, the Lazy Aces String Band. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Saturdays.

**Eddie Condon's**, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, March 25, the Widespread Jazz Orchestra will take over the bandstand. On Mondays, Ed Polcer's band has the floor; on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio's trio can be heard. Dining.

**Fat Tuesday's**, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs jazz-stars room. Ramsey Lewis, the earthy pop-soul pianist, leads his trio through Sunday, March 25; on Monday, March 26, **LES PAUL**, who has a guitar named after him (the Gibson Les Paul), will be on hand; and on Tuesday, March 27, **ESTHER SATTERFIELD** will begin singing here. Sets begin after eight-thirty. Dining.

**Folk City**, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Wednesday, March 21, John Collins & Friends and the Wynbrandts & Tom Mandel, at nine; Thursday, March 22, Suzanne Vega, the Dink Family, and Ultraprov, at nine; Friday, March 23, Jesse Winchester and Ultraprov, at eight and eleven; Saturday, March 24, Ferron and Ultraprov, at eight and eleven; Monday, March 26, Sonny Ochs; Tuesday, March 27, Susan Schneider & Jane Martell, David Cale, Marjorie Segal, and others, at nine; Friday, March 30, Michael Brewer and Ultraprov, at eight and eleven; Saturday, March 31, Sammy Walker and Ultraprov, at eight and eleven. Sundays are comedy nights.

**Greene Street**, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space to hear music in. The roster: pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** through Thursday, March 22; Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, **KIRK LIGHTSEY**, **CECIL MC BEE**, and guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS**; Sunday and Monday, March 25-26, guitarist **RORY STUART** and pianist **ARMEN DONELIAN**; Tuesday through Thursday, March 27-29, Rod Williams, with Lonnie Plaxico; and Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, **SYBIL THOMAS**, a stirring and bluesy young singer. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

**Gregory's**, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** leads a trio through Sunday, March 25, and works with another real fine guitarist, **JIMMY RANEY**, Wednesday through Sunday, March 28-April 1. On Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE**, whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio, and Mondays, singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** works with bassist John Belzaguy. All these groups begin at about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson is present, and the same hours on Sundays belong to **BROOKS KERR.**

**Hanratty's**, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **JUDY CARMICHAEL**, a fireball of a stride player, works until Saturday, March 24. On Sundays Keith MacDonald mans the dining-room grand, and on Mondays **DICK HYMAN** will

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sit in. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

**KNICKERBOCKER SALOON,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Some real strong piano-bass duos make up the current roster: **JACK WILSON** and **BOOTS MALESON** through Saturday, March 24, and **DON FRIEDMAN** and **RON MC CLURE** starting Tuesday, March 27. Music from about ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, March 21, George Strait and Six Gun; Thursday, March 22, Soul Brother No. 1 **JAMES BROWN** and Mojo Bone; Sunday, March 25, the Memphis Rockabilly Band and rockabillyist **SLEEPY LABEEF;** Monday, March 26, Skip Castro and the David Keyes Blues Band; Tuesday and Wednesday, March 27-28, blues singer and guitarist **ALBERT KING** and **B. WILLIE SMITH;** and Thursday, March 29, singer **JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ** and Tommy Joe White. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

**LUSH LIFE,** 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable unpretentious jazz club. The Mitch Frohman big band can be heard Wednesday, March 21, and Tuesday and Wednesday, March 27-28; Kilimanjaro will perform Thursday through Sunday, March 22-25; and percussionist **DANIEL PONCÉ** and his Latin-jazz outfit will work Thursday through Saturday, March 29-31. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**MICHAEL'S PUB,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DOLLY DAWN** sings Depression-era tunes with a quintet that features **DOC CHEATHAM** on trumpet and **EDDIE BAREFIELD** on saxophone Tuesdays through Saturdays beginning at nine-fifteen. Wednesdays through Fridays from five to seven, you can witness a before-hours jam session with **RICHARD SUDHALTER, MARTY NAPOLEON, FRANK TATE, FRED STOLL,** and guest musicians. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**MIKELL'S,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The lineup: **RONNIE CUBER** Friday and Saturday, March 23-24; Monday, March 26, Jump Street, an R. & B. band; Tuesday, March 27, Rock Wilk; Wednesday, March 28, Tommy Tedesco; and Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, pianist Ray Chew. Thursdays are claimed by Mirage. Music from ten until two. Dining.

**OTHER END,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, where now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, March 21, County Line, Joanne Filips & the Suspect, and the Adventurers; Thursday, March 22, the Action Faction, the Mighty Lovers, and Bill Block & the Big Bang; Friday, March 23, Sweetwater, Majesty, and Tweed Shade & the In Crowd; and Saturday, March 24, Alert the Media, Richie Scarlett, the Seducers, and the Habit. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

**PEACOCK ALLEY,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

**PEPPERMINT LOUNGE,** 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Saturday, March 24, Crossfire Choir and Beat Rodeo; Friday, March 30, the **RAYBEATS** and Trigger & the Thrill Kings; and Saturday, March 31, the **FLESHTONES** and Floor Kiss. Wednesdays and Thursdays are in the hands of the resident d.j.s and v.j.s. Live music from after eleven-thirty. Dancing.

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**RAINBOW ROOM,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Such a nice view from the sixty-fifth floor, unless you're socked in by clouds or a fog bank. Jack Morgan and the Russ Morgan Orchestra perform through Sunday, March 25; starting Tuesday, March 27, bassist **BOB HAGGART** and his band will take over. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

**RED BLAZER TOO,** 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

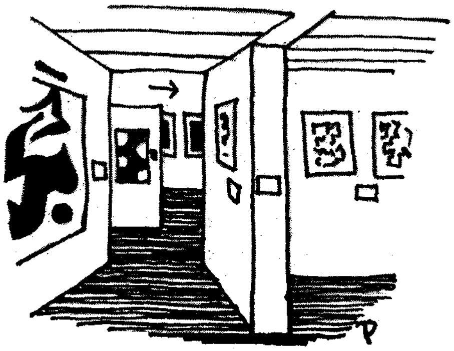
**RITZ,** 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Friday, March 23, Paul Young & the Royal Family; Tuesday through Thursday, March 27-29, the Eurythmics, a nice, lyrical, androgynous, British band; and Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, Dwight Twilley. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

**SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH,** 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Thursday through Sunday, March 22-25, the **HEATH BROTHERS;** Monday, March 26, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA;** Tuesday, March 27, guitarist **CHUCK LOEB;** and Wednesday through Saturday, March 28-31, **TITO PUENTE.** Music from nine-thirty.

**SOUNDS OF BRAZIL,** 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, March 21, flutist **DAVE VALENTIN;** Thursday, March 22, Kimati Dinizulu & the Kotoko Society; Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, March 27, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND;** Wednesday, March 28, Jerry Gonzalez & the Fort Apache Band; and Thursday through Saturday, March 29-31, the Flamingos.

**SWEET BASIL,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** is here with **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON, BRADFORD MARSALIS, GARY BARTZ, RAY DRUMMOND** and **IDRIS MUHAMMAD** through Saturday, March 24; Sunday and Monday, March 25-26, **CRAIG HARRIS,** the wild, growling trombonist and occasional didgeridoo soloist, will lead a nine-piece band; and Tuesday through Saturday, March 27-31, bassist **DAVE HOLLAND** will lead a quintet. Shows from ten. Dining.

**TRAMPS,** 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. Pocket trumpeter and musical multinationalist **DON CHERRY** presides over a quartet on Mondays, and Sundays belong to the Delancey Street Hawaiians. Music after ten.



**VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays after nine are salsa nights: on March 26, **TITO PUENTE** and the **BAD STREET BOYS** will trade sets and trumpeter and composer **JIMMY OWENS** will be the guest jazz soloist. . . . ¶ And meanwhile, out on the Terrace, bluesy pianist **HAROLD MABERN** can be found performing through Sunday, March 25; on Tuesday, March 27, **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** will begin piano-bass collaborations. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** winds up a week with his trio on Sunday, March 25, and trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** will descend the stairs with his quintet on Tuesday, March 27. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** supplies Monday-night music. Music from ten.

**WEST BOONDOCK,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The pianists: Frank Jolliffe Mondays through Wednesdays; Kuni Mikami Thursday through Sunday, March 22-25; and Ted Chavis Thursday through Sunday, March 29-April 1. Music from eight-thirty until two. Dining.

**WEST END,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. The players: Wednesday through Saturday, March 21-24, saxophonist **ALLEN EAGER;** Monday and Tuesday, March 26-27, pianist Ram Ramirez; Wednesday and Thursday, March 28-29, tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH;** and Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, saxophonist Percy France. Sundays are given over to pianist **DICK KATZ.** Music from nine.

**ZINNO,** 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The duos: pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS** and bassist **DAVID WILLIAMS** through Saturday, March 24; Monday, March 26, pianist **JOE ALBANY** and a bassist; Tuesday through Saturday, March 27-31, pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND.** Sunday's music is provided by guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music from eight.

## JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**PERRY ROBINSON'S LICORICE FACTORY**—Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. 532-7666. Wednesday through Saturday, March 21-24, at 9:30 and 1:30.

**DOO-WOPP, VOL. VII**—With Little Anthony, the Flamingos, the Moonglows, Arlene Smith and the Chantels, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, at 8.)

**DICK WELLSTOOD AND KENNY DAVERN**—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, March 23, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

**JEFF LORBER FUSION AND ALLAN HOLDSWORTH I.O.U.**—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, March 23, at 8.

**ORLANDO (PUNTILLA) RIOS AND DANIEL PONCÉ**—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, March 23, at 8.

**MIXED BAG**—With David Crosby, Roger McGuinn, Rick Roberts, and John Sebastian. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, March 23, at 8.)

**EARL HOWARD**—With Anthony Davis, in a program of music by Mr. Howard. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

**TINY GRIMES TRIO**—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Sunday, March 25, at 5.

**HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES**—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by Clark Terry, Jon Faddis, Warren Vaché, Jr., Joe Wilder, and others. (Church of the Heavenly

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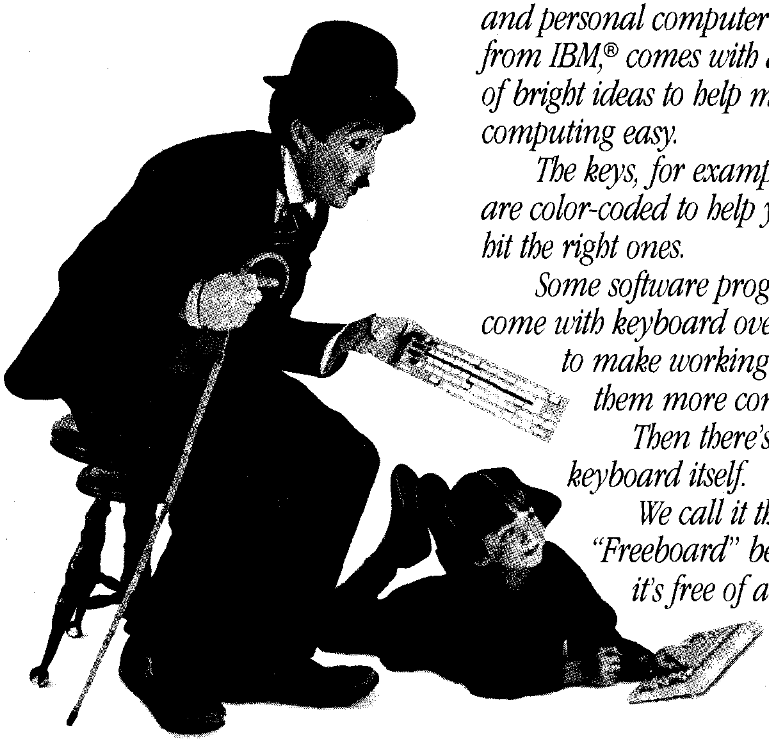

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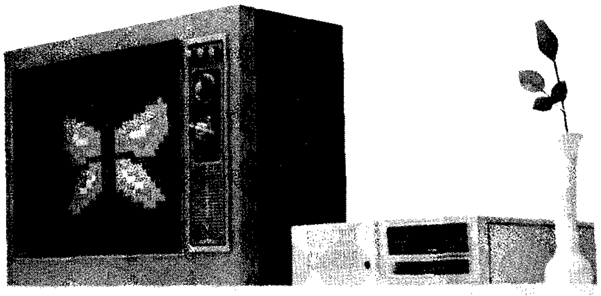

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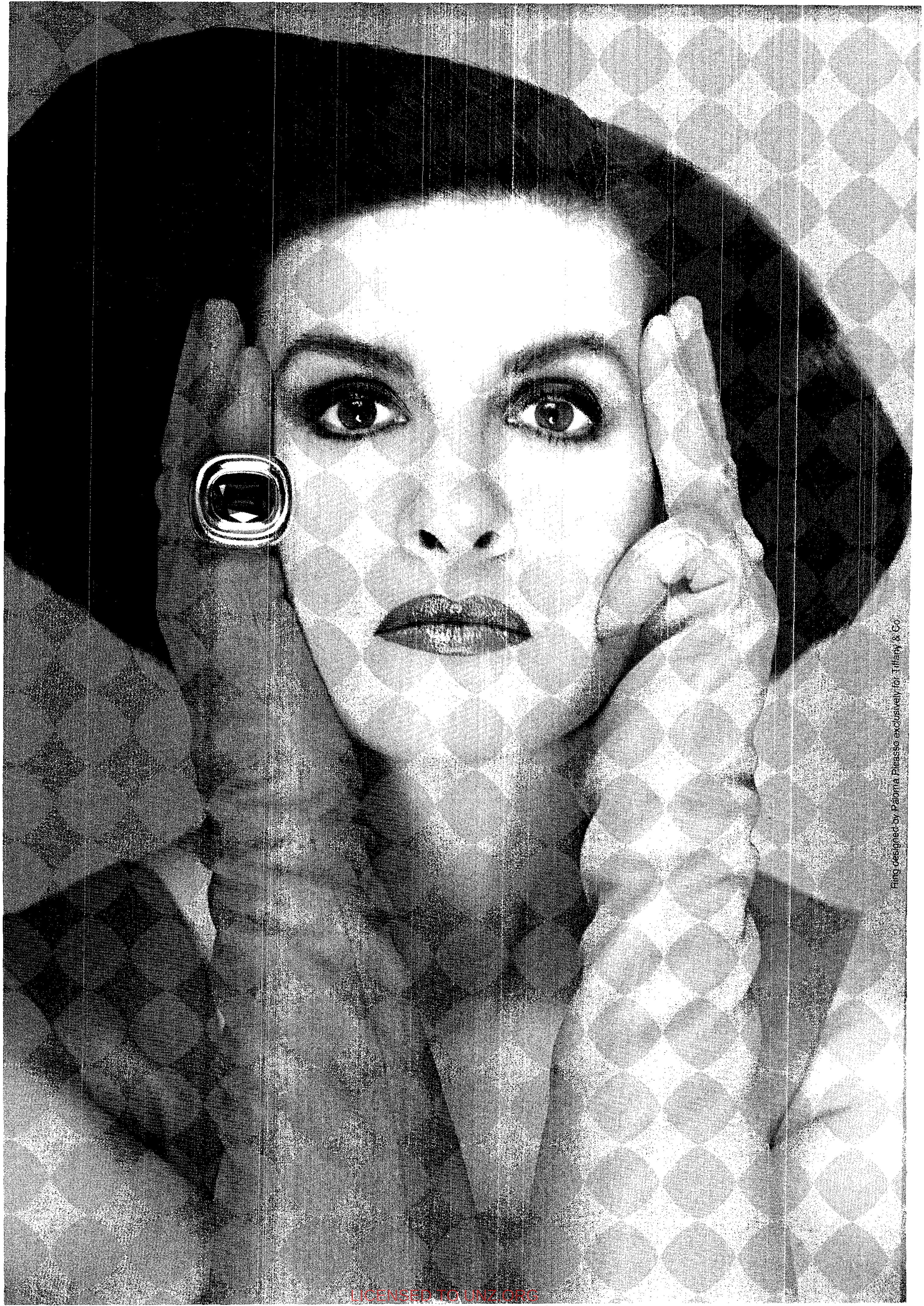
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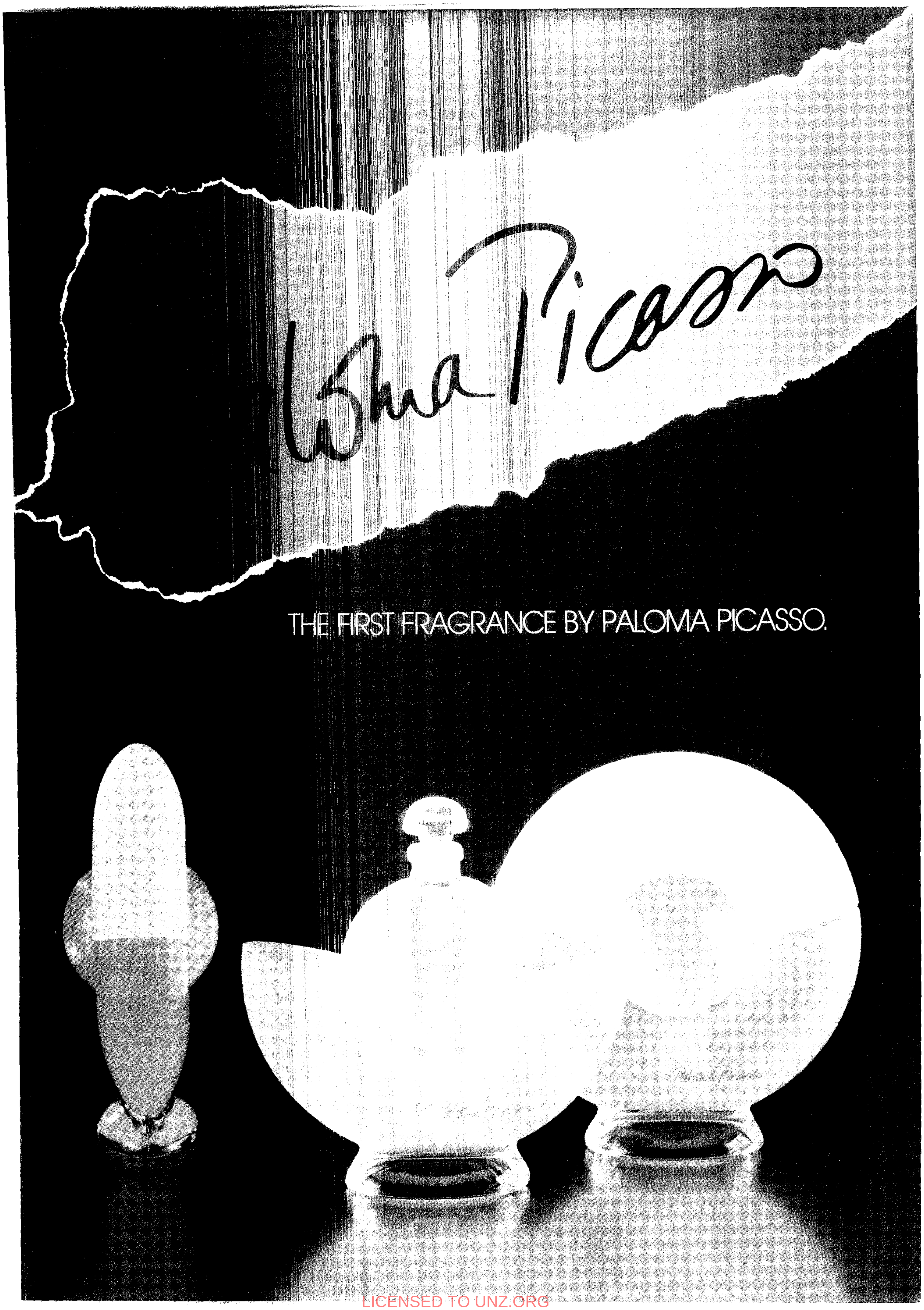
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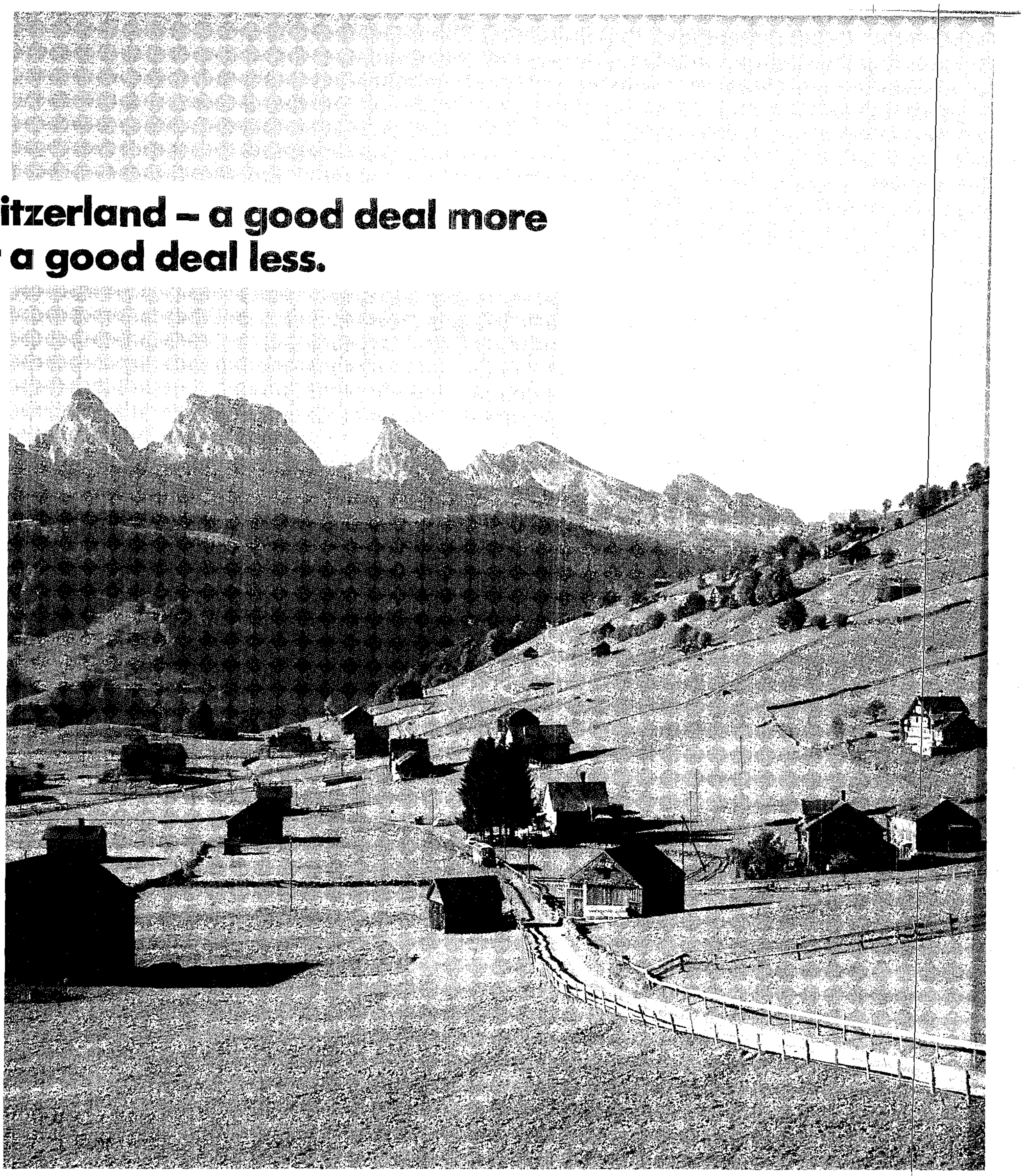

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, March 25, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

**Carmen Lundy** and **Earth Music**—Pope Auditorium, Fordham University, Columbus Ave. at 60th St. Monday, March 26, at 8. Tickets at *the door on the night of the concert.*

**Highlights in Jazz**—Jackie Cain & Roy Kral, Jon Hendricks & Company, Daryl Sherman, and Jay Leonhart. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, March 28, at 8.)

**John Denver**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday through Saturday, March 29-31, at 8, and Sunday, April 1, at 3.

**Van Halen**—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, at 8.

**Irving Plaza**—Thursday, March 29: Certain Generals and Band of Outsiders. . . . ¶ Friday, March 30: Fuzztones, Plan 9, and Mad Violets. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31: Washington Squares. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start after 11:30.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Harry Bertoia** (1915-78)—A broad selection of this sculptor's abstract bronzes. Through Saturday, March 31. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

**Varujan Boghosian**—Constructions. Through April 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

**Byron Browne** (1907-61)—Abstract works on paper and paintings from the thirties through the fifties. Through April 14. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**John Chamberlain**—Representative steel sculptures, some sections of which are painted in bright colors. Through Saturday, March 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

**Daniel Dallmann**—Recent landscape and figure paintings. Through Wednesday, March 28. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Robert De Niro / John R. Grabach** (1880-1981)—Semi-abstract still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes. Through April 7. / Landscapes, cityscapes, and portraits. Through May 5. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Enrico Donati**—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 24. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Sam Francis**—Early abstract paintings and works on paper. Through April 14. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Klaus Fussmann**—Semi-abstract watercolor landscapes that reflect this German artist's recent trip through the American West. Through April 21. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

**Ed Garman and John Sennhauser** (1907-78)—Nonobjective paintings from the thirties and forties by each artist. Through Saturday, March 31. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Gregory Gillespie / Susan Barron**—Recent paintings done with the startling realist skill this artist has achieved, plus a number of the small antic works he dashes off when he feels the need to cut loose. / Small delicate combinations of collage and drawing or collage and photograph. Through Thursday, March 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Nancy Graves**—Nature's products (bean pods, palm fronds, etc.) cast directly in bronze as part of spindly, plantlike structures that reach as high as eight feet. Through Thursday, March 29. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

**John Adams Griefen**—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

**Leon Kroll** (1884-1974)—A scene of New York before the elevateds came down is included in this show of twenty-odd paintings by an artist who was considered a boy wonder in the first two decades of this century. Through Saturday, March 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

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**Fernand Léger** (1881-1955)—Seventeen oils and eleven works on paper dating from the mid-twenties until the year he died. Through Saturday, March 31. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Richard Lindner** (1901-78)—Paintings in mixed mediums from the sixties, mostly showing the demimondaine freaks he dignified by his attention. Through Saturday, March 31. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**George Longfish**—Big acrylic paintings made up largely of pictographic forms, except for realistic sketches of the artist's two young sons in one of them, by this American Indian of Tuscarora-Seneca lineage. Through Saturday, March 24. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

**Sue Miller / Richard Sheehan**—Semi-abstract paintings. / Paintings by an artist who is especially fond of the sunlight and shadows found underneath big-city bridges. Through Friday, March 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

**Kenneth Price**—Recent small abstract sculptures, each consisting of smooth facets cut into a rough lump of clay, which is then fired and painted. Through April 4. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

**Thijs Rinsema** (1877-1947)—Drawings, collages, and collage boxes, all abstractions, by a Dutch artist who also collaborated with van Doesburg and Schwitters. Through April 28. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

**Harry Roseman**—Still-life subjects rendered in bronze reliefs, and other sculptures, plus drawings, by an artist who was an assistant to Joseph Cornell. Through Saturday, March 31. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

**Sandi Slone**—Abstract paintings executed on canvases of all shapes and sizes, including two that are twelve feet long. Through Saturday, March 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

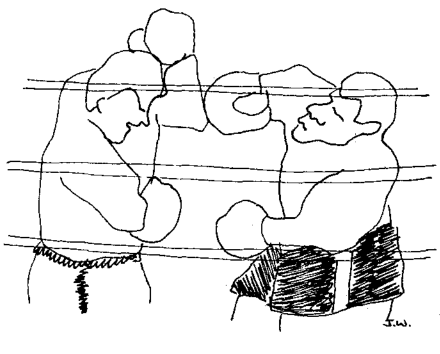
**Hedda Sterne**—Paintings of rectangular planes in muted colors and sharp perspective, receding laterally, frontally, up, and down, and sometimes suggesting a hall of mirrors. Through Saturday, March 31. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

**John Stockdale / Julian B. Hyman**—Paintings rendered in transparent fields of color. / Photographs. Through Saturday, March 31. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

**Christopher Wilmarth**—Sculptures in which simple forms are worked in glass and steel or bronze, primarily; also paintings and works on paper. All the pieces fall in the period 1961-84. Through April 19. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

**Melanie Wygonik**—Sheets of paper covered with buttons, lace, and ribbons and stitched together in book form. (Browsing is encouraged and white gloves are provided.) Also, other works involving brightly colored pieces of fabric sewn onto linen, collage style. Through Saturday, March 31. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

**Sculpture**—Works in terra-cotta by Helen Beling, Carole Lewis, and Nina Winkel. Through Tuesday, March 27. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)



### GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

**Pat Adams / Kenneth Snelson**—Abstract paintings. / Panoramic photographs, nearly four feet long, of Venice. Through April 21. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Leonard Baskin**—New watercolors. Through Saturday, March 31. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

**William Baziotes** (1912-63)—Paintings from the fifties by an Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, March 31. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Jack Beal and Joan Brown**—Paintings from the early sixties, a time when both artists were working in a thickly impastoed style. Through Thursday, March 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

**Oscar Bronner**—Representational landscapes by an artist who applies the paint by hand. Through April 5. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Daniel Brustlein**—Muted colors and elegant draftsmanship mark these new paintings of Paris, Venice, and Cape Cod. Through Saturday, March 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Tony Cragg**—Architectural forms, landscapes, and figures composed from all manner of found objects, by a British sculptor. Through April 14. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Carolus Enckell / Peter Bellamy**—Paintings. / Photographs of contemporary New York artists—Eric Fischl, Donald Sultan, Bill Jensen, Louisa Chase, Judy Rifka, and so on. Through Saturday, March 31. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Öyvind Fahlström** (1928-76)—Seven painted works, several with the movable cutouts for which he was known. Through April 20. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Alice Forman**—Unusually large still-life paintings of vases of flowers—amaryllis, freesias, petunias, zinnias, begonias, primroses. Through Saturday, March 31. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Karen Gunderson**—Cloud paintings. Through Wednesday, March 28. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Alan Gussow / Charles Burchfield** (1893-1967)—Cloth wall hangings. / Watercolors and drawings. Through Wednesday, March 28. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

**George Harkins**—Three large double-panel watercolors of waterside vegetation and the forest floor, painted in inexhaustible detail. Through Saturday, March 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Maryann Harman**—Semi-abstract landscapes of the Appalachian Mountains. Through Saturday, March 31. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Clinton Hill**—Paintings, constructions in wood, and works combining handmade paper and dyed pulp. Through Saturday, March 31. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Richard Hunt**—Recent welded-steel and welded-bronze sculptures. Through April 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Bill Jensen**—Two related exhibits: paintings at the Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and drawings at the Washburn at 113 Greene St. Through Saturday, March 31.

**Pat Lasch**—Sculptures and works on paper. Through Saturday, March 31. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Loren Madsen**—Ink drawings, maquettes for large sculptures, and a sculptural installation. Through Saturday, March 31. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Eugène Mihaesco**—Drawings and paintings ranging from political illustrations to quixotic watercolors, many of which have appeared on the cover of this magazine. Through April 7. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Hans Moller**—Paintings, chiefly of Monhegan Island, Maine: in the daylight, under a night sky, and even during a lunar eclipse. Through Saturday, March 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Isamu Noguchi**—Limited-edition steel sculptures. Through Saturday, March 31. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

**Irving Petlin / Theodore Manolides**—Bright paintings and pastels, including a portrait in oil of Meyer Schapiro. / Drawings. Through Saturday, March 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Archie Rand**—Recent paintings. Through Wednesday, March 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Judy Rifka**—Paintings. Through Saturday, March 24. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Oi Sawa / Tazuko Fujii**—Geometric paintings in oil on tin, plus drawings. / Abstract works in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, March 31. (Viridian, 52 W. 57th St.)

**Setsuko**—Delicate gouaches. Through Saturday, March 24. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Mark Tansey**—Implausible, sometimes very comic situations painted with sober, grisaille exactitude—for instance, a canvas entitled "Homage to Frank Lloyd Wright" depicts the battle between the Merrimac and the Monitor, correct in every detail except that the Monitor's gun turret is the Guggenheim Museum. Through Wednesday, March 28. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Jeff Way**—Masks that the artist has used in various performances; the cast of characters includes demons, sorcerers, and heads that reflect the influence of Picasso. Through Saturday, March 31. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

**Manoucher Yektai**—Fresh-looking still-lifes, figures, and landscapes, blocked in with a palette knife and touched up with brushes. Through Saturday, March 31. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Robert S. Zakanitch**—Large decorative paintings in most of which full-blown flowers stand out against a seemingly unrelated background. Through Saturday, March 24. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **Janis**, 110 W. 57th St.: Expressionist paintings by contemporary American, Italian, and German artists, Louisa Chase, Eric Fischl, Anselm Kiefer, and Sandro Chia among them. Through April 7. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Wunderlich**, 41 E. 57th St.: Watercolors and drawings by nineteenth-century American artists Francis A. Silva, Charles Wimar, Thomas Moran, Alfred Bricher, and others. Through April 28.

### GALLERIES—SoHo

**John Albers / Bobbie Oliver**—Wall constructions in which figures and details of figures are built up of layers of painted-wood cutouts. / Abstract forms painted in white on a mottled-black ground. Through Tuesday, March 27. (Freidus-Ordover, 70 Greene St.)

**Dina Gustin Baker**—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 24. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

**Jack Barth**—Charcoal studies of Central Park. Through Saturday, March 31. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

**Arnold Bittleman**—Figurative drawings in various mediums. Through April 11. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

**Peter Bömmels**—Collage paintings. Through Saturday, March 31. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

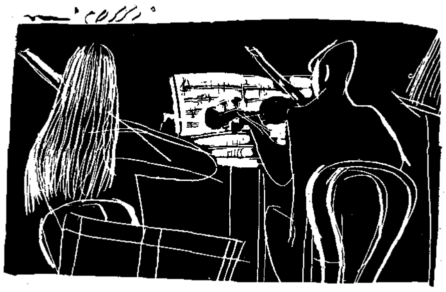
**Phyllis Bramson / Frederic Amat**—Paintings. / Representational compositions in mixed mediums on paper. Through April 4. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ Martin, 213 E. 49th St., is showing paintings on a smaller scale by Amat. Through April 6. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Cora Cohen**—Nonobjective paintings. Through Saturday, March 24. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

**Betsy Damon**—Large molded handmade-paper works. Through Wednesday, March 28. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

**Porfirio Di Donna / R. L. Kaplan**—A ten-year survey of paintings. / Eight new large-scale oils depicting dogs and other four-footed friends (a park bench, horses) in an urban setting. Through Saturday, March 31. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

**Peter Grass**—New paintings, once again on themes emblematic of outer space. Through Saturday, March 31. (Serra di Felice, 295 Lafayette St., corner of Houston St.)



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**Harmony Hammond**—Five representative sculptures. Through Saturday, March 31. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

**Duncan Hannah**—Representational paintings—of a woman playing cards, people outdoors, and so forth. Through Saturday, March 31. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

**Luis Jimenez**—A two-gallery exhibit of sculptures and works on paper. Through April 14. (Kind, 136 Greene St. . . . ¶ Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

**Dennis Kardon**—Blue cutout drawings of cowboys, on white paper, and paintings of high-tech health-spa interiors. Through Saturday, March 24. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

**Barbara Kruger**—Conceptual photographic works, combining found photographs and text. Through April 14. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

**Mario Merz**—An igloo made of big slabs of beeswax surmounted by a stuffed antelope head, plus other constructions involving wax, and several large paintings. Through Saturday, March 24. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

**John Miller**—Thirty-five small, earnestly realist paintings and countless drawings on just about every subject imaginable—courtroom scenes, undersea life, Ku Kluxers, concerts, landscapes, shoe stores. Through Saturday, March 24. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

**Nancy B. Pierson**—Paintings and drawings of little girls, mostly, with a few kittens and dogs for good measure. Through Saturday, March 24. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

**Clayton Pond**—Posterlike paintings and prints, among them a set of serigraphs that grew out of a commission from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to do a painting, now at the Smithsonian, of the space shuttle. Through April 4. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.)

**Arsen Roje / Tino Zago**—Large acrylic paintings lifted straight out of movies from the fifties and sixties, heavy on the sex and violence. / Paintings of brooks and backwaters, seen close up. Through Saturday, March 31. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

**Frank Roth**—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 24. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

**Edward Ruscha**—New paintings; in addition, one by Nancy Reese of a square-rigger under full sail over which Mr. Ruscha has printed the words "Brave Men Run in My Family." Through Saturday, March 31. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

**David Salle**—Recent paintings. Through April 7. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**Kenny Scharf**—Outsize spray-can paintings of wildly imaginative creatures and objects. Through Saturday, March 24. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

**David Storey**—Paintings, mostly vertical canvases with a single upright linear form. Through Saturday, March 31. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

**Jim Sullivan**—Figures in romantic poses and settings, plus a series of paintings in which urns built up with molding paste are seen against seascapes. Through April 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

**The Drawing Center**, 137 Greene St.—Works by a group of ten artists, including Jill Moser, who uses graphite on Mylar, and Randall Dahlgren, whose emblematic drawings are in black, white, and primary colors. Through Saturday, March 24. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

### OTHER GALLERIES

**Gilles Jean Giuntini**—Sculptured boat shapes in wood—sometimes covered with sheet lead, sometimes given a charred finish—set on tables also made by the artist. Through Saturday, March 24. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

**Michael Hurson**—Sofas, eyeglasses, chairs, architectural columns, and fellow-artists are the subjects of these colorful drawings, in which vestiges of many modern styles may be discerned. Through Sunday, March 25. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Grégoire Müller**—Big figurative paintings executed in the past couple of years. Through April 21. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

**Philip Reisman**—Paintings of New York from the past fifty years, by a social realist. Through Thursday, March 29. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**James Surls**—The Delahunty gallery is showing large, fanciful sculptures in wood by this artist, in two locations: 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St., and 112 Greene St. Both shows through April 14.

### PHOTOGRAPHY

**Berenice Abbott and Lewis W. Hine** (1874-1940)—Fifty prints by each, documenting urban life. Through April 7. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Levy, 40 Great Jones St., between Lafayette St. and Bowery, is showing fifteen prints by Abbott (and also fifteen by Harry Wilks). Starts Thursday, March 22.

**David Bailey**—Eighty large-scale prints featuring celebrities from the sixties. Through April 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Blythe Bohnen / Eadweard Muybridge** (1830-1904)—Self-portraits done using three- and four-second exposures. / Selections from his series of animal locomotion studies. Through April 14. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Victor Burgin**—Photographs, with text, that pick up the narrative of Hitchcock's "Vertigo" at the point of Kim Novak's exit and go on to explore the story of Ophelia. Through Saturday, March 24. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

**James Casebere**—Photographs of constructions the artist made, the constructions themselves, and photo light boxes. Through April 4. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

**George Hoyningen-Huené** (1900-68)—Portraits of Josephine Baker, Igor Stravinsky, Johnny Weissmuller, and others. Through April 7. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

**Arnold Newman**—Abstractions from 1939 to the present by a photographer known primarily for his portraits. Through Saturday, March 31. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Charles Pratt** (1926-76)—Black-and-white and color prints of nature in locations ranging from New England to Ireland to Greece. Through Saturday, March 24. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

**Eiichi Sakurai / George A. Tice**—Soft-focus landscapes. / Photographs of Lincoln icons, including two in Newark—a courthouse statue and a neon sign that reads "Lincoln Motel/Abe's Disco." Through April 7. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

**Charles H. Traub**—Nude figure studies of women who responded to an ad for models the photographer placed in the *Village Voice.* Through April 20. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Arthur Tress**—A two-gallery exhibit. Abstract photographs of geometric plastic models, shown along with the models. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Surreal photographs. (Twining, 33 Bleecker St., between Bowery and Lafayette St.) Both shows through April 14.

**William Wegman**—Photographs (primarily Polaroids), plus twenty drawings. Through Saturday, March 24. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**John Weitz**—Photographic portraits of forty-two New York men—Louis Auchincloss, David Brown, Geoffrey Holder, Andy Warhol, and Mayor Koch among them—by a fashion designer. Through April 1. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the French artist Balthus which was recently on exhibit at the Beaubourg. Through May 13. . . . ¶ Forty-one seventeenth-century Dutch portraits, still-lifes, landscapes, and genre and marine paintings on loan from the Royal Picture Gallery, Mauritshuis. By Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, van Ruisdael, and a number of their esteemed colleagues. Through April 15. . . . ¶ A selection of fifty of Leonardo da Vinci's anatomical drawings from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle is being shown in conjunction with an exhibit of sixty anatomical Renaissance prints. Both through April 15. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Impressionist William Merritt Chase (1849-1916). Through June 3. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings (watercolors, chiefly) by American landscape artist Charles Burchfield. Through Sunday, March 25. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**—The museum will be closed for renovations until May.

**Guggenheim Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Picasso: A selection of about two hundred works from the last decade of his career, divided almost equally among paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through May 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show charting the history of the flower genre in American paintings and drawings, not the least example of which is the six-canvas series "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," by Georgia O'Keeffe. Among the other artists represented are Audubon, Maria Oakey Dewing, John La Farge, Charles Demuth, and Lee Krasner. Through May 20. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by five artists—Brad Davis, Bill Jensen, Elizabeth Murray, Gary Stephan, and John Torreano—who embarked on their careers at roughly the same time, the late sixties and early seventies. Starts Thursday, March 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—The Malcolm Morley retrospective contains fifty paintings. Through April 15. . . . ¶ An exhibit of more than a hundred paintings by thirty artists who make their homes in Western states and employ diverse styles (not much lonesome-trail stuff). Among those already familiar here are Joan Brown, Robert Colescott, Raymond Saunders, and Gaylen Hansen. Starts Friday, March 23. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—The history of China's trading with the West from the second century B.C. to this one is documented in an exhibit of, among many other goods, textiles, jade, lacquerware, and furniture; they come primarily from the collections of the Royal Ontario Museum, which organized the show. Through May 12. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

**American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters,** Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of works by thirty-two painters and sculptors who are candidates for six Academy-Institute awards. Robert Arneson, Elizabeth Murray, Neil Welliver, others. Through April 1. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**Asia Society,** 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A display of photographs of Tibet by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Western travellers to the region, who were explorers, scientists, or missionaries rather than professional artists. Through May 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of etchings by the Tiepolos, father and sons. Through April 22. . . . ¶ An exhibit of embroidered samplers which emphasizes the broad geographical scope of the craft (there are examples from North Africa, Sri Lanka, China, Europe, America, and Mexico) and illustrates the European antecedents of American samplers. Through May 27. . . . ¶ A loan exhibition of more than three hundred netsuke. Through April 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Grolier Club,** 47 E. 60th St.—A hundred items (books, manuscripts, prints, and objects) that have played a significant part in the hundred-year history of exhibitions at this institution, which opened in May of 1884 with a show of modern etchings. Through Saturday, March 31. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—The British Library has provided forty-nine examples of manuscript painting by Renaissance artists, including Jean Fouquet, who is represented by a leaf from a Book of Hours commissioned by his patron Etienne Chevalier. Through April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**National Academy of Design,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—This year's juried show offers more than two hundred paintings, sculptures, and graphics, by both member artists (Gregorio Prestopino, Richard McDermott Miller) and nonmember artists (Carolyn Harris, Cornelis Ruthenberg). Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**New York Public Library at Lincoln Center**—The story of the Broadway theatre district told through capsule visual biographies of individual theatres—primarily their architecture (blueprints, renderings, photographs) but also their productions (cast pictures, playbills, set models). Through May 19. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

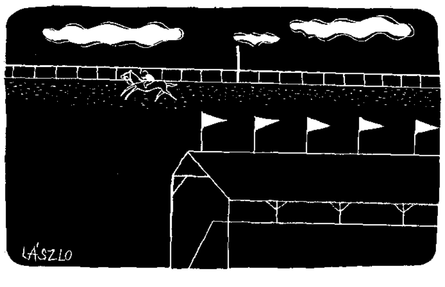
## EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

**Artists Space,** 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Thirteen paintings by Sally Hazelet Drummond dating from 1971 to the present. . . . ¶ Another show here has photographs by Larry Johnson and paintings by Annette Lemieux and Jolie Stahl. Both through Saturday, March 24.

**Franklin Furnace,** 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Louise Udaykee (dance-theatre performance), Thursday, March 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation of sculptural books (with text) by Gülşen Çalik. Through April 14.

**The Kitchen,** 59 Wooster St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Kinematic (dance), Thursday, March 29, through Sunday, April 1, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A three-channel video installation by Tony Oursler. Through Saturday, March 31.



# MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

## OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday, March 21, at 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Catherine Malfitano, Judith Blegen, Francisco Araiza, and Philip Creech; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 22, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Vernon Hartman; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 23, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Vasile Moldoveanu, Allan Monk, and Italo Tajo; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Isola Jones, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Leo Nucci; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Catherine Malfitano, Judith Blegen, Francisco Araiza, and Philip Creech; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Monday, March 26, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Richard Fredricks; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 27, at 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Catherine Malfitano, Judith Blegen, Francisco Araiza, and Philip Creech; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 28, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Vasile Moldoveanu, Allan Monk, and Italo Tajo; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Vernon Hartman; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 30, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Montserrat Caballé, Tatiana Troyanos, Giuliano Ciannella, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 2: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Catherine Malfitano, Judith Blegen, Francisco Araiza, and Philip Creech; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Vasile Moldoveanu, Allan Monk, and Italo Tajo; Nello Santi.

**Chamber Opera Theatre of New York**—Benjamin Britten's "Curlew River," with Andrea Velis, tenor. Staged by Thaddeus Motyka and conducted by John Evans. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Wednesday and Thursday, March 21-22; Tuesday, March 27; and Thursday and Friday, March 29-30, all at 8. For tickets, call 570-1888.)

**Golden Fleece Ltd.**—Presenting three works by American composers: The New York première of "The Diet," a one-act opera with music by Elmer Olenick and a libretto by Carl Gersuny and Mr. Olenick; the première of "The Dragonfly Partita," a suite of songs for soprano, with music by Lou Rogers set to poems by Robert Gresh; and "The Cask of Amontillado," a one-act opera with music by Russell Currie and a libretto by Carl Laanes. (TOMI, 23 W. 73rd St. Thursday and Friday, March 22-23, at 8; Saturday, March 24, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, March 25, at 3 and 7. For information about tickets, call 691-6105.)

**John Brownlee Opera Theatre**—Two one-act operas: Menotti's "Amelia Goes to the Ball" and Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi," conducted by David Gilbert and staged by Lou Galter-

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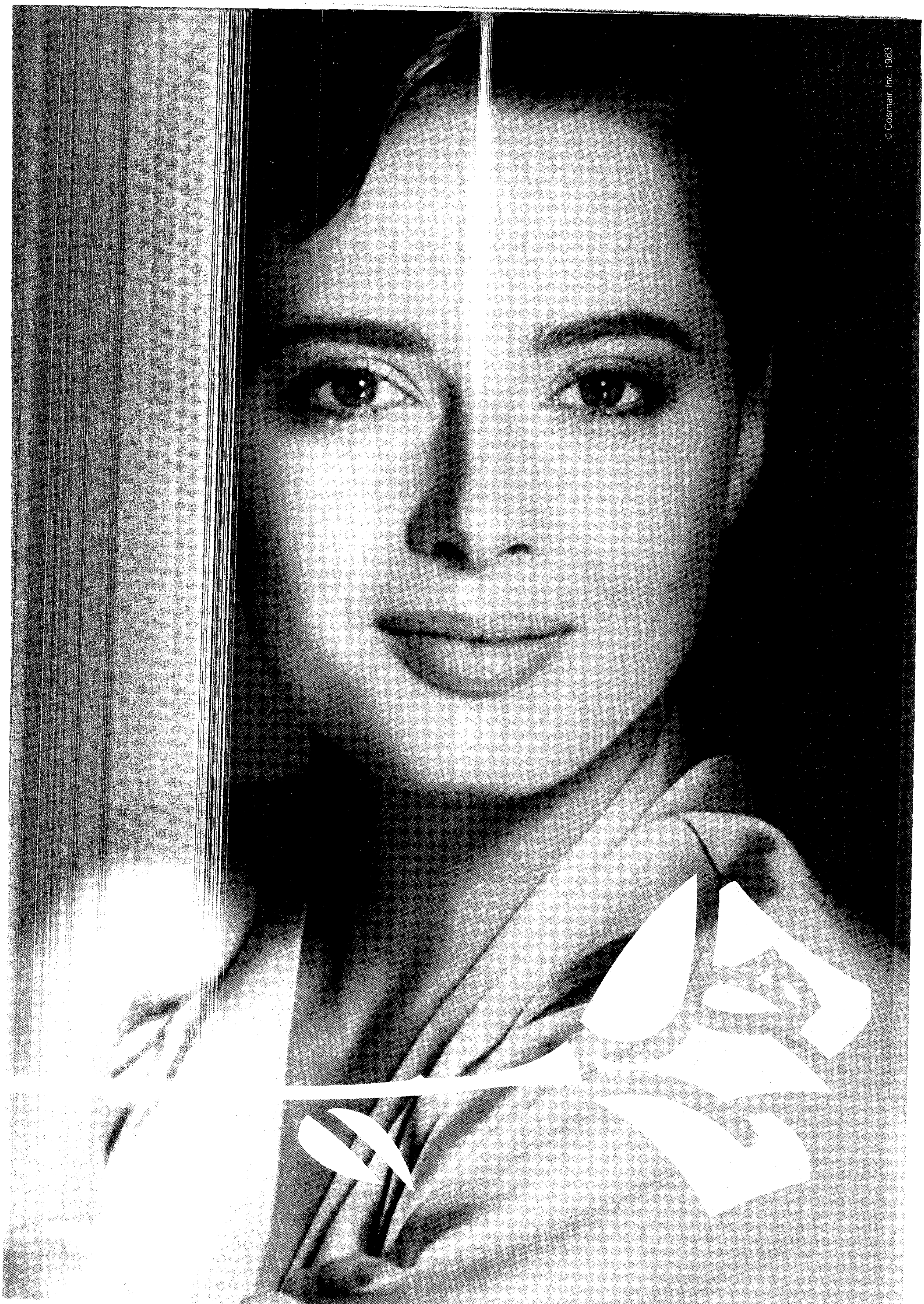

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io. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 29, and Saturday, March 31, at 8, and Sunday, April 1, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802, Ext. 504.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting a Copland-Schumann-Stravinsky program Thursday through Saturday, March 22-24, and Tuesday, March 27, at 8 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting a Bernstein-Beethoven-Dvořák program on Thursday, March 29, at 8; Friday, March 30, at 2; and Tuesday, April 3, at 7:30 (all with Alexis Weissenberg, piano).

**Orchestre National de France**—Lorin Maazel conducting a Debussy-Ravel-Stravinsky program, with Bruno Leonardo Gelber, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 21, at 8.)

**New Orleans Philharmonic**—Philippe Entremont conducting, with Yefim Bronfman, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 21, at 8.)

**Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra**—David Zinman conducting a Beethoven-Elgar program, with Misha Dichter, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 26, at 8.)

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 27, at 8.)

**St. Louis Symphony**—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin directing—Friday, March 30, at 8: A Brahms–Elgar–John Adams program, with the St. Louis Symphony Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8: A Christopher Rouse–Beethoven–Berlioz program, with Bella Davidovich, piano.

**Jupiter Symphony**—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Henry Herford, baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 21, at 8.)

**Y Chamber Symphony**—Gerard Schwarz conducting the first in a series of three all-Beethoven programs, with Alfred Brendel, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8.)

**Brooklyn Philharmonic**—Lukas Foss directing an all-Mozart program, with Eugene Fodor, violin, and the New York Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, at 8, and Sunday, March 25, at 2.)

**Opera Orchestra of New York**—Eve Queler directing a performance of Donizetti's "Dom Sébastien, Roi de Portugal" in concert form, with Klara Takács, soprano; Richard Leech, tenor; Lajos Miller and Darren Nimnicht, baritones; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 23, at 8.)

**Cleveland Institute of Music Orchestra**—Louis Lane conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Grant Johannesen, piano, and Laurie Smukler, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 3.)

**Orpheus**—With Menahem Pressler, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 8.)

**Musica Aeterna Orchestra**—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 24, at 8, and Sunday, March 25, at 6, with Ivan Moravec, piano; and Saturday, March 31, at 8, with Claude Frank, piano.)

**Ensemble for Early Music**—A program of Italian canzoni and polychoral sonatas and German lieder and dances. With the New York Consort of Viols, the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble, the Gleemen, and the Court Dance Company of New York. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 8.)

**American Symphony Orchestra**—Moshe Atzmon conducting, with Christiane Edinger, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 3.)

**New York Symphonic Ensemble**—A group formerly known as the Metropolitan Ensemble of New York, conducted by Mamoru Takahara, with Nathan Stutch, cello, and Elaine Douvas, oboe. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 3.)

**Solisti New York**—Ransom Wilson conducting, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

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**Julius Grossman Orchestra**—Mr. Grossman conducting, with Artur Balsam, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

**Columbia University Glee Club and West Hollow Honor Chorus**—Gary De Sesa directing a performance of Handel's Coronation Anthems I and II, together with excerpts from Leonard Bernstein's Mass. With Warren H. Brown, organ, and Kita Bouroff De Sesa, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 21, at 8.)

**Vienna Choir Boys**—Ernst Raffelsberger directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 3.)

**Metropolitan Singers / The Greek Choral Society**—Dino Anagnost directing, with Renée Santer, soprano; Malka Schwarz, mezzo-soprano; Gene Boucher, baritone; and the Little Orchestra Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 8.)

**New York City Gay Men's Chorus**—Gary Miller directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 8.)

**Collegiate Chorale**—Robert Bass directing the American première of Dvořák's opera "Dimitri" in concert form, with Martina Arroyo, Maralin Niska, and Pamela Coburn, all sopranos; Cornelius Sullivan, tenor; and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 28, at 8.)

## RECITALS

**Benita Valente and Cynthia Raim**—Soprano and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 22, at 8.)

**Charles Treger and André Watts**—Violin and piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 22, at 8.)

**Carlos Barbosa-Lima**—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8.)

**John van Buskirk**—Fortepiano, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8.)

**Andrea Von Ramm and Hopkinson Smith**—Mezzo-soprano and lute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 23, at 8.)

**Paul Shipper and Wendy Young**—Recorder and harpsichord. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, March 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**National Chorale Soloists**—Martin Josman directing an ensemble of singers and musicians in the second in a series of four concerts, this one an all-Bach program. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, March 23, at 8. For tickets, call 869-0970.)

**Pamela Frame**—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 24, at 2:30.)

**Michala Petri, David Petri, and Hanne Petri**—Recorder, cello, and harpsichord. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 24, at 8.)

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**Yale Chamber Music Series**—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Ronald Roseman, composer-oboist; Gregory Charnon, vibraphone and marimba; Jesse Levine, viola; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 24, at 8.)

**Beethoven Chamber Series**—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by Tashi and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, March 24, at 8.)

**Tokyo String Quartet**—Chamber music. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, March 25, at 2. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

**Tana Bawden**—Presenting the cycle of Chopin piano preludes. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Sunday, March 25, at 3.)

**Alison Deane, Arturo Delmoni, and Richard Locker**—Piano, violin, and cello, in an all-Beethoven program. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, March 25, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

**An die Musik**—With Judith Raskin, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 25, at 4.)

**Jean-Pierre Rampal**—Flute, with Alexandre Lagoya, classical guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 8.)

**Bobbie Glover**—Tenor, with Cliff Jackson, piano, and the Ensemble Sepia. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 25, at 8.)

**Steven Cole**—Tenor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 8:30.)

**Joseph Smith**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 26, at 8.)

**Steven Kanoff**—Clarinet, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, March 26, at 8.)

**Viktoria Mullova**—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, March 27, at 8.)

**Musica Camerit**—The second in a series of three concerts, this one with Kristine Ciesinski, soprano; Hamao Fujiwara, violin; and Toby Hoffman, viola. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, March 27, at 8.)

**Musical Elements**—Daniel Asia and Robert Beaser conducting a program of new music by New York composers, with Robert Moran, piano, and Neil Rolnick, synclavier. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, March 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Angela Hewitt**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 28, at 8.)

**Dante Rosati**—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, March 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

**Tashi**—A Brahms-Hindemith program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, March 28, at 8.)

**Cantilena Chamber Players**—An all-Brahms program, with Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 29, at 8.)

**New Music Consort**—A program featuring electronic music, with Judith Bettina, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 29, at 8.)

**Washington Square Contemporary Music Series**—With Bruce Anderson, piano; Benjamin Hudson, violin; Susan Palma, flute; and others. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Thursday, March 29, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Uto Ughi and Samuel Sanders**—Violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 30, at 8.)

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—Lynn Chang and Daniel Phillips, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Carter Brey and James Kreger, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Robert Routch, horn; and Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 30, at 8, and Sunday, April 1, at 5.)

**Bach Winterfest**—The fifth in a series of six concerts, this one performed by Elaine Comparone, harpsichord, and the Bach Family Strings. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, March 30, at 8:30, and a repeat performance at St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St., on Saturday, March 31, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

**Juilliard String Quartet**—A Mozart-Brahms program, with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 31, at 3.)

**Roberta Peters**—Soprano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

**Seta Karakashian**—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

**Professional Basketball**—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Boston, Thursday, March 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, March 24, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Dallas, Tuesday, March 27, at 7:35. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, March 21, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Sunday, March 25, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Thursday, March 29, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Saturday, March 31, at 7:35.

**Boxing**—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 23, at 7:30.)

**Hockey**—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, March 25, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, March 29, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Saturday, March 24, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, March 27, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Rangers, Thursday, March 22, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, March 24, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Friday, March 30, at 7:35.

**Racing**—At Aqueduct: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05. The Distaff Handicap, Saturday, March 24; the Westchester Handicap, Sunday, March 25; and the Gotham, Saturday, March 31.

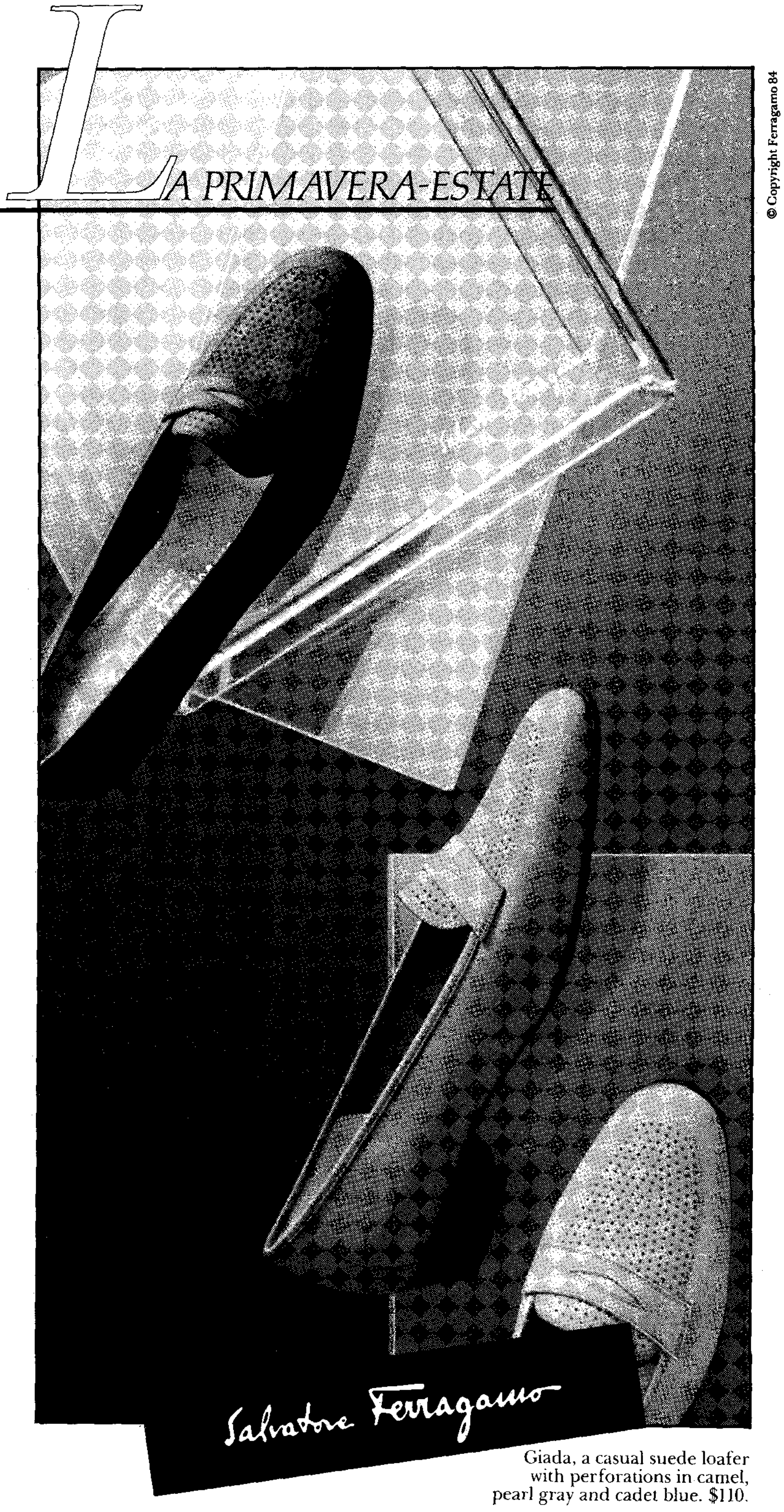
**Running**—I.A.A.F. World Cross Country Championships. (Meadowlands Racetrack. Sunday, March 25, at noon.) . . . ¶ The Perrier Ten-Kilometer Race will start at eleven on Saturday, March 31, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, and finish near the Tavern-on-the-Green.

## ET ALIA

**Prose and Drama Readings**—Carlos Fuentes and Luisa Valenzuela reading from their own novels. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 26, at 8.) . . . ¶ Edward Albee reading from his own plays. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, March 30, at 8.)

**Discussions**—Five American writers—Joyce Carol Oates, E. L. Doctorow, Cynthia Ozick, Gail Godwin, and Francine du Plessix Gray—speaking about their craft. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Sunday, March 25, at 2.)

**Auctions**—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, March 22, at 10:15: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 10:15 and 2: Tiffany and other Art Nouveau pieces. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, March 21-22, at 10 and 2: Japanese works of art. . . . ¶ Friday, March 23, at 10 and 2: American paintings, sculptures, and drawings. . . . **phillips,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Tuesday, March 27, at 2: Books and documents, among them a two-volume set of John Milton's poems, with handwritten annotations by Herman Melville; Dan McDougall's collection of navigational books, including thirty-two of the thirty-five editions of "New American Practical Navigator;" and three documents relating to George Washington's family. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 24.



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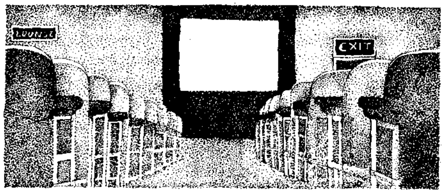
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

### EAST SIDE

**LITTLE THEATRE,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through March 25: "Germany, Pale Mother" (1980; directed by Helma Sanders-Brahms; in German), with Eva Mattes.
From March 27: "A Woman Without Love" (1951; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Rosario Granados and Julio Villareal.

**R.K.O. CENTURY ART,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"El Norte" (†).

**ST. MARKS CINEMA,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 22: "Star 80" (†) and "Local Hero" (†).
From March 23: To be announced.

**GRAMERCY,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Splash" (†).

**BAY CINEMA,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through March 22: "Mike's Murder" (James Bridges), with Debra Winger.
From March 23: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

**MURRAY HILL,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through March 29: "Blame It on Rio" (†).
From March 30: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (Hugh Hudson), with Christopher Lambert.

**LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Footloose" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tank" (Marvin J. Chomsky), with James Garner.
Theatre 3: "Against All Odds" (†).

**34TH ST. EAST,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 22: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
From March 23: "Racing with the Moon" (Richard Benjamin), with Sean Penn and Elizabeth McGovern.

**EASTSIDE CINEMA,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through March 29: "The Ice Pirates" (Stewart Raffill), with Robert Urich and Mary Crosby.
From March 30: "Squizzy Taylor" (Kevin Dobson; an Australian film), with Jacki Weaver.

**SUTTON,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through March 22: "Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zieff), with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski.
From March 23: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

**GOTHAM CINEMA,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Blame It on Rio" (†).

**PLAZA,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through March 24: "The Big Chill" (†).
From March 25: "My Best Friend's Girl" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

**MANHATTAN 1 AND 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through March 22: "A Generation Apart" (Jack Fisher), a documentary; and "The Well" (David Greenwald; a short film, in Yiddish). From March 23: "Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zioff), with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski.
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

**BARONET AND CORONET,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through March 22: "Silkwood" (†). From March 23: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 22: "Terms of Endearment" (†). From March 23: "Racing with the Moon" (Richard Benjamin), with Sean Penn and Elizabeth McGovern.

**D. W. GRIFFITH,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine.

**CINEMA I AND II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through March 22: "And the Ship Sails On" (†). From March 23: "Le Bal" (Ettore Scola).
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).

**GEMINI 1 AND 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through March 22: "Tank" (Marvin J. Chomsky), with James Garner. From March 23: "Educating Rita" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mike's Murder" (James Bridges), with Debra Winger.

**BEEKMAN,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through March 29: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
From March 30: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (Hugh Hudson), with Christopher Lambert.

**LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Footloose" (†). No performances on Tuesday, March 27.
Theatre 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through March 27: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
From March 28: "The Revolt of Job" (Imre Gyongyossy and Barna Kabay; in Hungarian).

**LOEWS TOWER EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Hotel New Hampshire" (Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges.

**72ND STREET EAST,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through March 22: "El Norte" (†).
From March 23: "Silkwood" (†).

**U. A. 85TH ST. EAST,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Splash" (†).

**LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Children of the Corn" (Fritz Kiersch), with Peter Horton and Linda Hamilton.
Theatre 2: "Against All Odds" (†).

**86TH ST. EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 22: "Tank" (Marvin J. Chomsky), with James Garner.
From March 23: To be announced.

**R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through March 22: "Mike's Murder" (James Bridges), with Debra Winger. From March 23: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 2: Through March 29: "The Ice Pirates" (Stewart Raffill), with Robert Urich and Mary Crosby. From March 30: "Misunderstood" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Gene Hackman and Henry Thomas.

### WEST SIDE

**FILM FORUM 1 AND 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through March 27: "The Secret Agent" (1983; directed by Jacki Ochs) and "SL-1" (1983; Diane Orr and C. Larry Roberts), both documentaries. From March 28: "The Good Fight" (Noel Buckner).
Theatre 2: Through March 22: "The Brothers Rico" (1957; Phil Karlson), with Richard Conte and Dianne Foster; and "99 River Street" (1953; Phil Karlson), with John Payne and Evelyn Keyes. March 23-24: "The House" (1983; Egiil Edvardsson; in Icelandic); and "Rubber Tarzan" (1981; Soren Kragh-Jacobsen; in Danish). March 25-26: "Small Change" (†) and "The Wild Child" (†). March 27: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956 †); and "Invaders from Mars" (1953; William Cameron Menzies), with Helena Carter and Arthur Franz. March 28-29: "They Live by Night" (†); and "Side Street" (1950; Anthony Mann), with Farley Granger, Cathy O'Donnell, James Craig, and Jean Hagen. March 30-31: "Black Crows" (1983; Lasse Glomm; in Norwegian), with Bibi Andersson; and "When the Raven Flies" (1984; Hrain Gunnlaugsson; in Icelandic).

**VANDAM,** 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 29: "The Compleat Beatles" (Patrick Montgomery), a documentary.
March 30: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983; Terry Jones); and "Life of Brian" (†).
March 31: "Time Bandits" (†) and "Life of Brian" (†).

**WAVERLY 1 AND 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: Through March 22: "Android" (Aaron Lipstadt), with Klaus Kinski. From March 23: "And the Ship Sails On" (†).

**GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
Theatre 2: Through March 22: "Over the Brooklyn Bridge" (Menahem Golan), with Elliott Gould and Margaux Hemingway. From March 23: "Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?" (Henry Jaglom), with Karen Black and Michael Emil.

**QUAD CINEMA,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Dresser" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 22: "The Dresser" (†). From March 23: "Silkwood" (†).
Theatre 3: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 4: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

**GUILD,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
March 21: "Jazzman" (Karen Shakhnarazov; in Russian).
From March 22: To be announced.

**ZIEGFELD,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through March 29: "A Star Is Born" (1954 †).
From March 30: "Antarctica" (Koreyoshi Kurahara; in Japanese), with Ken Takakura.

**FESTIVAL,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Musical Passage" (Jim Brown), a documentary about Lazar Gosman.

**57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through March 29: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
From March 30: "New Directors/New Films," a fourteen-day series; see listings under Film Libraries, Etc.

**PARIS,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through March 27: "Confidentially Yours" (François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
From March 28: "Les Compères" (Francis Vêber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

**CINEMA 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Le Crabe Tambour" (1977; Pierre Schoendoerffer; in French), with Jean Rochefort.

**LOEWS PARAMOUNT,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Terms of Endearment" (†). No performances on Tuesday, March 27.

**LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "That Sinking Feeling" (Bill Forsyth).
Theatre 2: Through March 22: "Basileus Quartet" (†). From March 23: "L'Argent" (Robert Bresson; in French).
Theatre 3: Through March 22: "Demons in the Garden" (Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón; in Spanish), with Angela Molina. March 23-27: "Basileus Quartet" (†). From March 28: "Confidentially Yours" (François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

**CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine.

**Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Tank" (Marvin J. Chomsky), with James Garner.
Theatre 2: "Against All Odds" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 22: "Mike's Murder" (James Bridges), with Debra Winger. From March 23: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 4: "Splash" (†).

**New Yorker 1 and 2,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Seeing Red: Stories of American Communists" (Julia Reichert and James Klein), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

**Olympia Quad,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Children of the Corn" (Fritz Kiersch), with Peter Horton and Linda Hamilton.
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 22: "A Woman in Flames" (Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe. From March 23: "Silkwood" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 22: "El Norte" (†). From March 23: "And the Ship Sails On" (†).

## TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Theatres,** B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through March 29: "Mike's Murder" (directed by James Bridges), with Debra Winger. From March 30: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (Hugh Hudson), with Christopher Lambert.
Theatre 2: "Blame It on Rio" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 29: "Sudden Impact" (†). From March 30: "Silkwood" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 22: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour. From March 30: "Romancing the Stone" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 5: "Scarface" (†).
Theatre 6: Through March 22: "The Lonely Guy" (†). From March 23: "Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zieff) with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski.

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Ten Commandments" (†).

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Footloose" (†).
Theatre 3: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Big Chill" (†).

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Hotel New Hampshire" (Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges.

**Loews State 1 and 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Children of the Corn" (Fritz Kiersch), with Peter Horton and Linda Hamilton.
Theatre 2: "Against All Odds" (†).

**New Embassy 49th Street,** Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Smurfs and the Magic Flute."

**Rivoli 1 and 2,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Tank" (Marvin J. Chomsky), with James Garner.
Theatre 2: Through March 22: "Killpoint" (Frank Harris), with Leo Fong and Richard Roundtree. From March 23: "Alley Cat."

**R.K.O. Century National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Silkwood" (†).
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

**R.K.O. Century Warner Twin,** B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through March 29: "The Ice Pirates" (Stewart Raffill), with Robert Urich and Mary Crosby. From March 30: "House by the Cemetery."
Theatre 2: Through March 22: "Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zieff), with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski. From March 23: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Agee Room,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
To be announced.

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 22: "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941; directed by Alfred Hitchcock), with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond; and "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine.
March 23-24: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (1982; Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere, Debra Winger, and Louis Gossett, Jr.; and "Urban Cowboy" (1980; James Bridges), with John Travolta, Scott Glenn, Debra Winger, and Madolyn Smith.
March 25-27: "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles; "Magical Mystery Tour" (1969), with the Beatles; and "Yellow Submarine" (1968; George Dunning), a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.
March 28-29: "Love and Anarchy" (1973; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian).
March 30-31: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 29: "A Woman in Flames" (1984; Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe.
From March 30: To be announced.

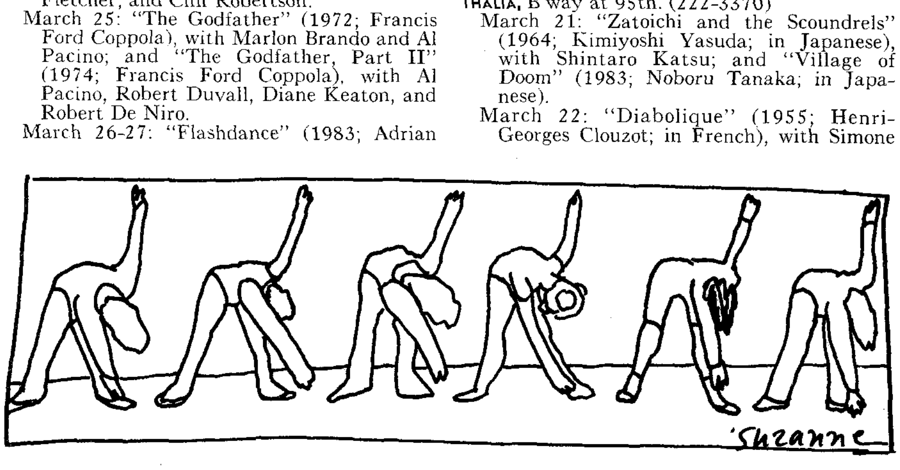
**Hollywood Twin Cinema 1,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
March 21: "Body Heat" (1981; Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Richard Crenna; and "Eyewitness" (1981; Peter Yates), with William Hurt, Sigourney Weaver, Christopher Plummer, and James Woods.
March 22-24: "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton) and "Thunderball" (1965; Terence Young), both with Sean Connery as James Bond.
March 25-26: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "Das Boot" (†).
March 27-28: "Valentino" (†) and "Nijinsky" (†).
March 29-31: "You Only Live Twice" (†) and "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (†).

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 2,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through March 22: "The Star Chamber" (1983; Peter Hyams), with Michael Douglas; and "The Verdict" (1982; Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman, Charlotte Rampling, Jack Warden, and James Mason.
March 23-24: "The Dead Zone" (1983; David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams; and "Brainstorm" (1983; Douglas Trumbull), with Christopher Walken, Natalie Wood, Louise Fletcher, and Cliff Robertson.
March 25: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.
March 26-27: "Flashdance" (1983; Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals; and "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker), with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, and Paul McCrane.
March 28-29: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (1983; Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie; and "Missing" (†).
March 30-31: "Trading Places" (1983; John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd, Eddie Murphy, Ralph Bellamy, Don Ameche, Denholm Elliott, and Jamie Lee Curtis; and "48 Hrs." (†).

**Metro Cinema,** B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
March 21: "The Black Sheep" (1984; Patrick Chaput; in French); and "The Story of Adrien" (1984; Jean-Pierre Denis; in French). Mr. Denis will be present at 6:10, and Mr. Chaput will be present at 8:30.
March 22: "The Dust of the Empire" (1984; Lâm-Lê; in French); and "Detective Story" (1984; Jacques Bral; in French).
March 23: "The Destiny of Juliette" (1984; Aline Issermann; in French); and "The Trail" (1984; Bernard Favre; in French). Miss Issermann will be present at 8:10.
March 24: "Liberty Belle" (1984; Pascal Kané; in French); and "Clementine Tango" (1984; Caroline Roboh; in French). Mr. Kané will be present at 6, and Miss Roboh will be present at 8:20.
March 25: "The Story of Adrien" and "The Black Sheep." Mr. Chaput will be present at 6, and Mr. Denis will be present at 8:15.
March 26: "The Trail" and "The Destiny of Juliette." Miss Issermann will be present at 5:50.
March 27: "Detective Story" and "The Dust of the Empire."
March 28: "The Three Crowns of the Sailor" (1984; Raoul Ruiz; in French); and "Hideout" (1984; Jean-Pierre Denis; in French). Mr. Denis will be present at 8.
March 29: "Clementine Tango" and "Liberty Belle." Miss Roboh will be present at 6, and Mr. Kané will be present at 8:05.
March 30: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Mean Streets" (†).
March 31: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart, and Ruth Hussey; and "Twentieth Century" (†).

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
March 21: "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film).
March 22-24: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann; and "Love in the Afternoon" (1957; Billy Wilder), with Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier.
March 25-26: "Sayonara" (1957; Joshua Logan), with Marlon Brando, Red Buttons, Miiko Taka, and Miyoshi Umeki.
March 27-28: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "Key Largo" (1948; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall.
March 29-31: "Travels with My Aunt" (†); and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
March 21: "Zatoichi and the Scoundrels" (1964; Kimiyoshi Yasuda; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Village of Doom" (1983; Noboru Tanaka; in Japanese).
March 22: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone



Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.

March 23: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, and Evelyn Keyes; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

March 24: "Videodrome" (1983; David Cronenberg), with James Woods; "Rabid" (1977; David Cronenberg), with Marilyn Chambers and Frank Moore; and "The Brood" (1979; David Cronenberg), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar.

March 25: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Made in U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

March 26: "Sunrise" (†); and "City Girl" (1929; F. W. Murnau), with Charles Farrell and Mary Brian.

March 27: "Imitation of Life" (1959; Douglas Sirk), with Lana Turner, John Gavin, Sandra Dee, Juanita Moore, and Susan Kohner; and "The First Legion" (1951; Douglas Sirk).

March 28: "The Black Lizard" (1968; Kinji Fukasaku; in Japanese); and "The Mansion of the Black Rose" (1969; in Japanese).

March 29: "The Gang's All Here" (1943; Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood, and James Ellison; and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (†).

March 30-31: "Too Shy to Try" (1980; Jean-Jacques Annaud; in French), with Pierre Richard; and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (†).

**THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 21: "Ecstasy" (1933; Gustav Machaty; in Czech), with Hedy Lamarr; and "Algiers" (1938; John Cromwell), with Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer.

March 22: "The Spiders, Parts I and II" (1919-20; Fritz Lang; a German silent film); and "The Great Gabbo" (1929; James Cruze), with Erich von Stroheim and Betty Compson.

March 23-24: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

March 25: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

March 26: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.

March 27: "The Guardsman" (1931; Sidney Franklin), with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt; and "Reunion in Vienna" (†).

March 28: "Woman of the Year" (1942; George Stevens), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix; and "Adam's Rib" (†).

March 29: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Marlowe" (†).

March 30: "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (1965; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and Joseph Cotten; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.

March 31: "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan; and "Dark Passage" (†).

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**NEW DIRECTORS/NEW FILMS**—The first program in a fourteen-day festival presented by the Film Society of Lincoln Center and the Department of Film of the Museum of Modern Art. At the 57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th St.—March 30 at 6: "Ah Ying" (Hong Kong; Allen Fong). . . . ¶ March 30 at 8:30 and March 31 at 1: "My Brother's Wedding" (United States; Charles Burnett). . . . ¶ March 31 at 3:30: "Ah Ying." . . . ¶ March 31 at 6: "The Princess" (Hungary; Pal Erdöss). . . . ¶ March 31 at 8:30: "The Family Game" (Japan; Yoshimitsu Morita). (For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM,** Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Progress (Memory)" (1983-84), a video installation by Margia Kramer. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Closed Mondays.

**NOTE**—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in May.

# IN BRIEF

### SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
### IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**ADAM'S RIB** (1949)—George Cukor directed this "uncinematic" but well-played and often witty M-G-M comedy about the battle of the sexes. Katharine Hepburn, thin, nervous, and high-strung, keeps pecking away at Spencer Tracy, who is solid, imperturbable, and maddeningly sane. She attacks, he blocks; their skirmishes are desperately, ludicrously civilized. They are married lawyers on opposing sides in a court battle; the case involves equal rights for women; i.e., does Judy Holliday have the right to shoot her two-timing husband, Tom Ewell, in order to protect her home against Jean Hagen? The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, is lively and ingenious (though it stoops to easy laughs now and then). Cukor's work is too arch, too consciously, commercially clever, but it's also spirited, confident. Holliday and Ewell have roles that seem just the right size for them; intermittently Holliday lifts the picture to a higher, free-style wit. And, as a composer neighbor of the married lawyers, David Wayne airily upstages the two stars—Hepburn is overly intense and Tracy does some coy mugging, but Wayne stays right on target. With Polly Moran, Clarence Kolb, and Hope Emerson (as a circus strongwoman). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 28.)

**AGAINST ALL ODDS**—Suggested by the 1947 Jacques Tourneur suspense film "Out of the Past," this revved-up picture is of the "everybody uses everybody" genre, set in swank surroundings and outfitted with electronic music to make you twitch. With a plot that borrows from "Chinatown" and "North Dallas Forty," it has so many convoluted double crosses that each time you're told what was "really" going on behind the scene you just witnessed you care less. Rachel Ward is the woman who steals and kills, lies all the time, and makes love alternately to Jeff Bridges, a pro football player, and to James (The Snake) Woods, a gamblin' man. It turns out that she's just confused, from having grown up in a nest of vipers, with a real-estate-tycoon mother (played with considerable cool by Jane Greer) and a smoothly villainous stepfather (a hambone special by Richard Widmark). The scenes aren't shaped to get anywhere, so even though the movie hops about L.A. and Mexico, the effect is static, and some sequences—such as the lovemaking set in the ancient Mayan steam house at Chichén Itzá—should earn their place in the annals of camp. With Dorian Harewood, Saul Rubinek, Alex Karras, and Swoosie Kurtz, who has only two or three minutes onscreen (as a lawyer's secretary) but gets a relationship going with the audience; she's the only member of the cast who doesn't seem to have been pulped. Directed by Taylor Hackford, from a script by Eric Hughes. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/19/84.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

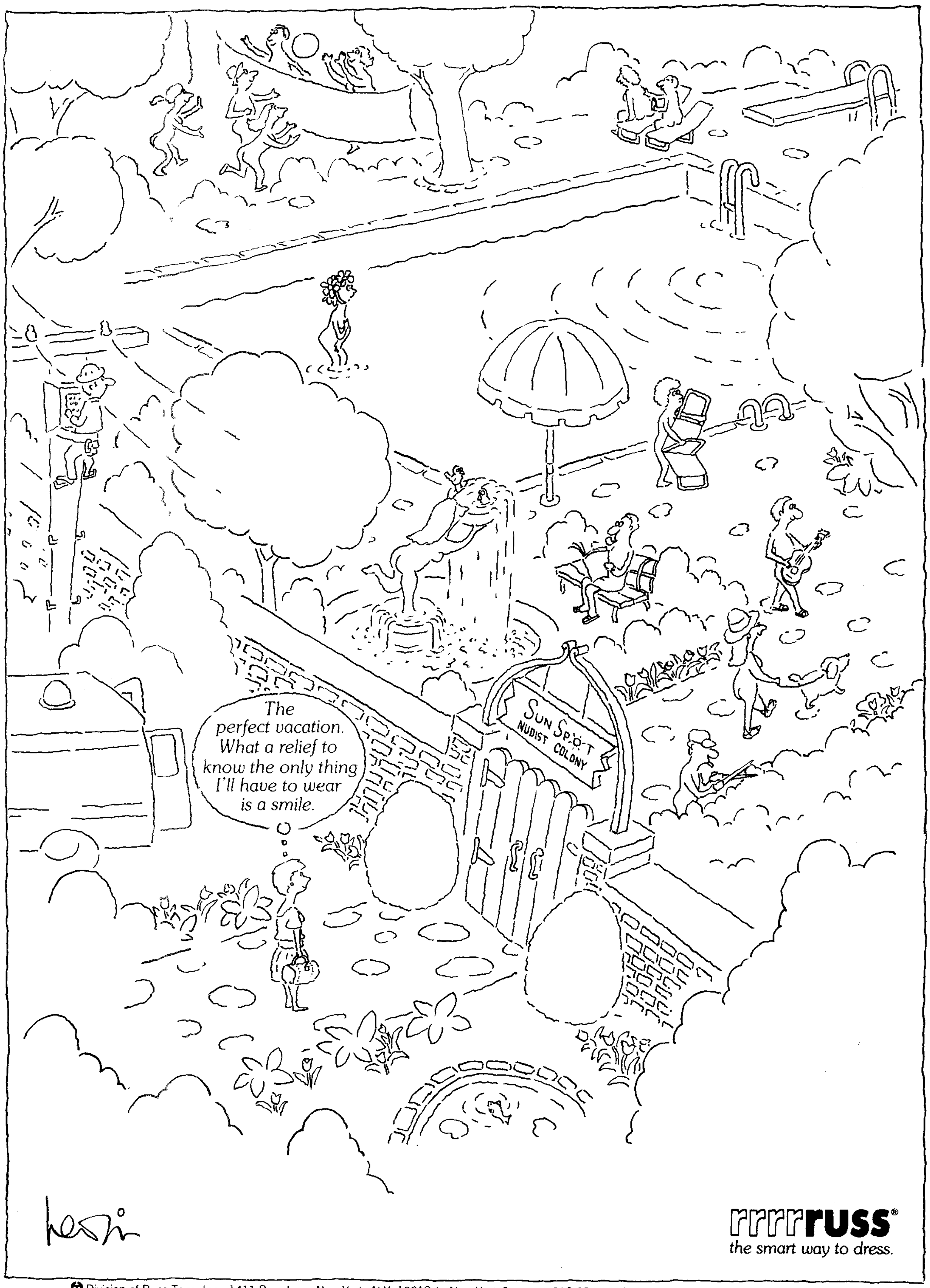
**AND THE SHIP SAILS ON**—The year is 1914. A luxury liner called the Gloria N. is sailing from Naples, carrying the ashes of a great operatic diva to the waters off the island of her birth, where they are to be dispersed at sea. Also on board are the late star's friends, colleagues, teachers, accompanists, relatives, fans, and lovers, all of whom have been summoned to take part in the ceremony. During the trip, the ship picks up several boatloads of Serbian refugees, whose presence on deck eventually causes the Gloria N. to be attacked and sunk by an Austro-Hungarian warship. The survivors escape in lifeboats, after which Fellini drops all pretense at any form of conventional storytelling and adopts the Pirandellian conceit of a play within a play, leaving his viewers at the end to wonder exactly what it is he wishes them to infer. The movie is rife with symbols and the story line does lend itself to allegorical interpretation and facile critical analysis. But somehow, as always, Fellini's artistry transcends the obvious. In Italian. (12/26/83; under Letter from Rome.) (Cinema I; through March 22. . . . ¶ Waverly, and Olympia Quad; starting March 23.)

**BASILEUS QUARTET**—This movie about a string quartet turns out to be less interested in music and musicians than in demonstrating the perils of asceticism, but it's fairly pleasing, anyway. The quartet has toured together for thirty years when the first violinist (François Simon) has a fatal heart attack. He is replaced by a twenty-year-old virtuoso (Pierre Malet) with long ringlets, flaring nostrils, and the animal sensuality of a young Nureyev. The life in him is too much of a shock to the three older men, and, with no ill will on his part, he brings them to grief. The writer-director Fabio Carpi is somewhat too measured and solemn in his approach, and the material sags when one of the three (Michel Vitold) deludes himself that the young fiddler is his lover. But the other two—Omero Antonutti and Hector Alterio, both with trim, lordly beards—bring the film force and dignity. With Gabriele Ferzetti and Alain Cuny. In Italian. (2/6/84) (Lincoln Plaza; through March 27.)

**THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM BASHFUL BEND** (1949)—It's hard to believe that Preston Sturges wrote, produced, and directed this botched parody Western, but he was trying to recoup after the shattering critical and box-office failure of his most sophisticated slapstick comedy—the 1948 "Unfaithfully Yours"—and he seems to have lost his bearings totally. A hot-tempered barroom singer (Betty Grable) takes a shot at her rival for the affections of a cardsharp (Cesar Romero) and accidentally hits a judge (Porter Hall) in the rear end. She escapes from prison and goes to Snake City (populated with many of the Sturges regulars), where she pretends to be a schoolteacher named Hilda Swandumper. Sturges tries for the frantic comic atmosphere he got in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," but everything is mistimed and so appears to be broadly overplayed. The film was such a disaster that he was finished in Hollywood. His career as an American writer-director began and ended in the forties. Among the performers struggling desperately to be funny are Rudy Vallée, Olga San Juan, Sterling Holloway, El Brendel, Hugh Herbert, Margaret Hamilton, Esther Howard, J. Farrell MacDonald, Marie Windsor, Chester Conklin, Chris-Pin Martin, and Dewey Robinson. Sturges' only film in color. (Thalia; March 29.)

**THE BIG CHILL**—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (10/17/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Plaza; through March 24.)

**BLAME IT ON RIO**—The movie is about a forty-three-year-old father's guilt and confusion because of his affair with his best friend's fifteen-year-old daughter, who is also his own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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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teen-age daughter's best friend. Michael Caine and Joseph Bologna are the fathers who take their daughters (Demi Moore and Michelle Johnson, respectively) for a month's holiday in Rio. On the beach, ogling the bare-breasted women, the fathers see the backs of two beauties, who turn, and their bare-breasted daughters come bobbing over to them, laughing at their discomfort and hugging them. It's as if a Doris Day–Rock Hudson *comedy of the early sixties had gone* topless. Most of the movie is an attempt to squirm out from under its messy erotic-parental subject. Directed by Stanley Donen from a final script by Larry Gelbart (a revision of Charlie Peters' version), the picture degenerates into a smarmy sitcom. With Valerie Harper. (2/20/84) (Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through March 29.)

**Das Boot** (1982; "The Boat")—If you want to learn about the tedium of life in a German submarine, this is the movie that will give it to you—you're trapped for two and a half hours in a Second World War U-boat that's ten feet wide by a hundred and fifty feet long. And with men who have the same kind of anti-war nobility that the men had in American submarine epics of the fifties. (About ten minutes in, you may feel that you've already seen this picture.) It even has the same kind of heroic man-of-few-words-but-strong-deep-feelings captain (Jurgen Prochnow). The camera keeps moving, yet the whole feeling is claustrophobic—the movement of the camera (deliberately) calls *more* attention to how cramped everything is. (The color is off-putting at first, if you're used *to seeing this kind of footage in black-and-*white.) The director, Wolfgang Petersen, did the adaptation of the best-selling autobiographical novel by Lothar-Günther Buchheim, a former war correspondent. The set was constructed at the Bavarian Studios in Munich. The movie "Das Boot" (being shown here) is in German; the dubbed-into-English version is called "The Boat." (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 25-26.)

**Broadway Danny Rose**—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, *shades, and some padding)* learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is dim and larval, like Danny. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. (2/6/84) (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Beekman; through March 29.)

**Dark Passage** (1947)—"Dark" in a movie title generally seems to be an attempt to give some sinister allure to opacity and confusion, as in "The Dark Corner," "Dark Waters," "The Dark Mirror." And this Bogart-Bacall bummer is no exception. Throughout most of the miserably plotted picture, Bogart, accused *of murder, hides out* in Bacall's fashionable San Francisco apartment while recovering from plastic surgery; with his head bandaged, he can't do much except nod appreciatively while Bacall feeds him through a glass straw. In moments of stress, she dilates her nostrils; he's so trussed up he can't even do that. The picture is an almost total drag, though Agnes Moorehead, as the villainess, has a sensational exit through plate-glass windows. Written and directed by Delmar Daves, *from a* David Goodis story. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 31.)

**The Dresser**—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney) and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, *with a thundering voice and wonderful false* humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. With Lockwood West, Edward Fox, Cathryn Harrison, Eileen Atkins, and Zena Walker. (1/23/84) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

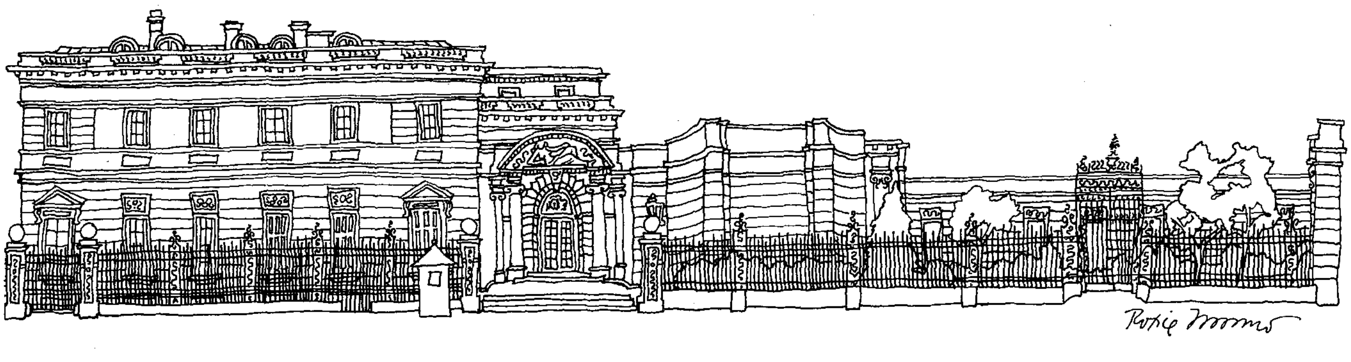
**Educating Rita**—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Gemini; starting March 23.)

**Entre Nous**—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

**Footloose**—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing—a piece of neo-Andy Hardyism, with plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." (Footloose is what they're not.) The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and build up to a letdown; you don't get the climactic dance you expect. This will probably be the only rock musical ever made *in which every single character is white Prot*estant. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter; Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed; and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. There's an exhilarating title sequence, a good brief scene with a little boy asleep in church, and an entertaining passage in which Bacon teaches Penn to dance. And despite the retrograde material Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Embassy. . . . ¶ *Loews New York Twin. No perfor*mances on Tuesday, March 27.)

**48 Hrs.** (1982)—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective, and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The detective has been turned into a rabid honkie so that the sleek twenty-one-year-old Murphy can be the underdog hero and deliver the zingers. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. You're probably meant to think that this paranoid fantasy of race relations is what the TV shows with black and white buddies don't have the guts to let you see. It's as false as they are, but in a hip way. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. Hill loads some of the scenes with style because they have no other weight. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 30-31.)

**The Invasion of the Body Snatchers** (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive piece of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions: people are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. Some of the best lines of



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dialogue are voice-overs—the chatter of the dehumanized. Directed by Don Siegel. With Carolyn Jones, Larry Gates, and Sam Peckinpah (who worked on the script) in a few bits. Based on a *Collier's* serial by Jack Finney; the adaptation is credited to Daniel Mainwaring. Cinematography by Ellsworth Fredericks. (Remade in 1978, with Donald Sutherland, Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, and Jeff Goldblum, directed by Phil Kaufman.) (Film Forum; March 27.)

**Life of Brian** (1979)—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the People's Liberation Front of Judea, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will seem a bit oversustained if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (Vandam; March 30-31.)

**Local Hero** (1983)—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story (which involves a rabbit that doesn't turn into anything but a dinner) is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him, happiness. He never formulates his infatuation with the villagers, the crescent of beach, the glistening bay, the starlight, and the good, dark beer; we see the effect it all has on him in his wistful, stupefied face. Forsyth is rarely explicit about anything—the picture is like one of those lovely Elizabethan songs that are full of tra-la-la-la-la-las. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. (Each has its own form of self-satisfaction.) Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The opening sequence, set in a Houston skyscraper, is heavy-handed and coy, and most of the other Houston scenes falter, but the rest of the film has an original, feathery charm. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 22.)

**The Lonely Guy**—Thrown out by his girlfriend, Steve Martin falls into a subculture of Lonely Guys, a secret society of men who recognize each other. (It's like the closeted gay subculture of the fifties.) Adapted from Bruce Jay Friedman's 1978 "The Lonely Guy's Book of Life," this comedy has some wonderful gags, and a lot of other good ideas for gags, but it was directed by Arthur Hiller, who is the opposite of a perfectionist, and it makes you feel as if you were watching television. Steve Martin has his moments, though, and he and Charles Grodin (as a veteran Lonely Guy) do a series of partly improvised sketches; they're a great manic-depressive team—Martin is starry-eyed and hopeful, Grodin is droopy and negative. With Judith Ivey, Steve Lawrence, Robyn Douglass, and pointless guest appearances by Loni Anderson, Merv Griffin, and Dr. Joyce Brothers. The adaptation is by Neil Simon; the script is by Ed Weinberger and Stan Daniels. The atrocious cinematography is by Victor J. Kemper. (2/20/84) (Criterion Theatres; through March 22.)

**Marlowe** (1969)—As Raymond Chandler's detective in this adaptation of "The Little Sister," James Garner doesn't disgrace himself, but the film, directed by Paul Bogart, isn't very exciting. With Gayle Hunnicutt, Carroll O'Connor, Rita Moreno, Sharon Farrell, Bruce Lee, William Daniels, and Jackie Coogan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 29.)

**Mean Streets** (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. This picture about the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has an unsettling, episodic rhythm, and it's dizzyingly sensual. The director, Martin Scorsese, shows us a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Richard Romanus, David Proval, Harry Northup, George Memmoli, Amy Robinson, Cesare Danova, and, in bits, David Carradine, Robert Carradine, and the director—he's the gunman in the car. Script by Scorsese and Mardik Martin; cinematography by Kent Wakeford. (Most of the film was actually shot in Los Angeles.) (Metro Cinema; March 30.)

**Missing** (1982)—Making his first American movie, Costa-Gavras uses the same approach that American directors have often used when they wanted to teach us something: he has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As the businessman Ed Horman, the father of a young American who had disappeared in Chile during the days after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is playing a variant of the role that Jane Fonda has been playing in films such as "Coming Home" and "The China Syndrome;" he's the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. And Lemmon is so eager to have depth that he looks on a serious role as a chance for redemption; Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the backgrounds: in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law—the sirens, the tanks, the helicopters, the feeling of abnormal silences and of random terror. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 28-29.)

**Never Cry Wolf**—Adapted from Farley Mowat's autobiographical book, this Carroll Ballard film is about a young biologist (Charles Martin Smith) working for the Canadian government, who is sent to spend a year in the sub-Arctic North. His mission is to find a way to get rid of the wolves that have supposedly been devastating the caribou herds, but he learns that men, rather than wolves, are the predators. Visually (and aurally, too), the film is magnificent. It needed a more stirring script and a central actor with more range (and some depth). But there's a lot of free-floating transcendence, and though it doesn't serve the prosaic story, it certainly holds you. Everything that Ballard (working with Hiro Narita as the cinematographer) shoots seems new, and it has a distinctive, shimmering purity. (12/12/83) (Embassy.)

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**The Night of the Shooting Stars** (1983)—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion;" and maybe, because it's about the Second World War and Renoir's film was about the First, at times it's like a more deracinated "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. The full fresco treatment that the directors give to the events of that summer is based on their own wartime experiences as adolescents, and on the accounts of others; it's this teeming, fecund mixture, fermenting in their heads for almost forty years, that produces the film's giddy, hallucinated realism. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (68th St. Playhouse; through March 27.)

**Nijinsky** (1980)—A lavish, chocolatey, unconvincing portrait of the great dancer at the height of his career and the beginning of his madness (1912-13), when he made a celebrated début in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," did the choreography for Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," and broke with his mentor and lover Diaghilev as the result of his own expected marriage. The director, Herbert Ross, a former choreographer, has unaccountably damaged his cause by interrupting most of the movie's ballet sequences with camera tricks and by his selection of a youthful dancer, George de la Peña, to portray the undanceable, and apparently unactable, title role. The picture is enjoyable for its colors and music and grand Edwardian interiors, and for a dominant performance by Alan Bates as the sensual, bullying Diaghilev, but it disappoints us by converting art and genius into the stuff of a homosexual costume drama. With Leslie Browne (as Romola de Pulszky), Alan Badel, Carla Fracci, Ronald Pickup, and Anton Dolin. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 27-28.)

**El Norte**—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan, Trinidad Silva, and Lupe Ontiveros. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (R.K.O. Century Art. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia Quad; through March 22.)

**On Her Majesty's Secret Service** (1969)—A worthy addition to the James Bond series. Less sex and sadism and more action, including a great ski chase. With George Lazenby (dull) and Diana Rigg (sly and charming). Directed by Peter Hunt, who stages the action sequences terrifyingly well. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 29-31.)

**Reunion in Vienna** (1933)—John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard in the vehicle that Robert E. Sherwood wrote for the Lunts to do their stylish romping in. The play has more vitality and spirit than most of Sherwood's work, and Barrymore seizes his chances for comedy.

With Frank Morgan and May Robson; Sidney Franklin directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 27.)

**Scarface**—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

**Silkwood**—An absorbing but cloudy and unfocussed account of Karen Silkwood's union activism, her contamination by plutonium, and her death in a single-car crash. Directed by Mike Nichols, this passive advocacy film is permeated with paranoia and hopelessness. As the heroine, Meryl Streep has the external details of "Okie bad girl" down pat, but she's like a replicant—all shtick. Kurt Russell, who plays Karen's lover, is used mostly for his bare chest and his dimples. Cher (as Karen's friend and roommate) has a lovely, dark-lady presence, but she's used as a lesbian Mona Lisa, all faraway smiles and shrugs. As a cosmetician in a mortuary, Diana Scarwid gets laughs out of her tight walk and line readings—she sounds like Jean Harlow as a Valley Girl. The cast includes Craig T. Nelson, Ron Silver, E. Katherine Kerr, Sudie Bond, Josef Sommer, and Fred Ward. The script is by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen. (1/9/84) (R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Baronet; through March 22. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; starting March 23. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting March 30.)

**Small Change** (1976)—François Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. Truffaut's deadpan, disjointed style is quicker and surer than ever before; the kids seem to be photographed in the act of inventing slapstick. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (Film Forum; March 25-26.)

**Splash**—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has long blond tresses, wide blue eyes, smiling curvy lips, and the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature; she moves like the glistening vision of mermaids that we all carry from childhood. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. There is a whole cartoonish side of the film, involving a nuthead scientist and a lot of dumb chasing around that has the familiarity of TV humor, but Eugene Levy, who plays the nut case, is inspired; he exults in the comic-book eccentricity of his role, and everything he does is insanely deliberate. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. The heroine's having a tail gives romantic love the edge it needs, and the movie is entrancing enough to suggest how blissful it might have been. The day after you've seen it, you may find yourself running the images over in your mind, and grinning. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (Gramercy, Manhattan, U.A. 85th St. East, Loews 83rd Quad, Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

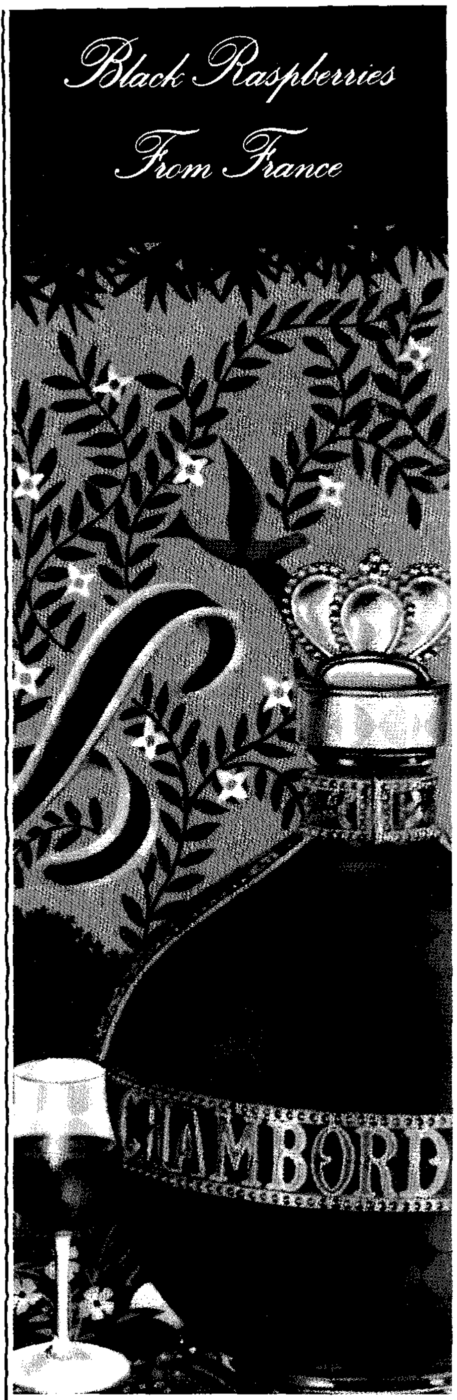
**Star 80**—Written and directed by Bob Fosse, this movie is based on accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. As Snider, Eric Roberts gets the film's central idea across: that Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving him crazy. Mariel Hemingway tries hard as Dorothy, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a Bunny type. Fosse has gone so far that the question arises: Can a movie get by with total disgust for its subject? Fosse piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself. With Carroll Baker, Josh Mostel, Cliff Robertson, and Roger Rees. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (11/28/83) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 22.)

**A Star Is Born** (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tearjerker about Hollywood, which featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and mythmaking. Garland's jagged, tremulous performance is nakedly intense; her (overproduced) musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). George Hoyningen-Huené served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, neurotic, emotional tones. (The 1976 remake, with Streisand and Kristofferson, switched the milieu to the rock world.) (Ziegfeld; through March 29.)

**Sudden Impact**—Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry Callahan of the San Francisco Police Department for the fourth time, and the picture is a slightly psychopathic version of an old Saturday-afternoon serial, with Harry sneering at the scum and cursing them before he shoots them. The murderer he's on the trail of is played by Sondra Locke, who, it turns out, is a saintly executioner, much like him; she's taking care of her quota of scum, and might just as well be called Dirty Harriet. The whole thing is so obvious that it might be mistaken for parody if the sledgehammer-slow pacing didn't tell you that the director (Eastwood) wasn't in on the joke. With Pat Hingle, Audrie J. Neenan, Bradford Dillman, Albert Popwell, Paul Drake, Jack Thibeau, Mara Corday, and Michael V. Gazzo. (1/23/84) (Criterion Theatres; through March 29.)

**Sunrise** (1927)—A near masterpiece, made in Hollywood by the great German director F. W. Murnau, who was given contractual assurance that there would be no interference by the studio (Fox). The script, freely adapted from Hermann Sudermann's "A Trip to Tilsit," was prepared in Berlin by Carl Mayer, and Murnau planned the whole film there, on the basis that the story was universal. The opening title reads, "This story of a Man and his Wife is of nowhere and everywhere; you might hear it anywhere and at any time." The man (George O'Brien) and his wife (Janet Gaynor) are rural Americans; their happiness is disrupted by a city temptress (Margaret Livingston) who seduces the man and persuades him to drown his wife. The story is told in a flowing, lyrical German manner that is extraordinarily sensual yet is perhaps too self-conscious, too fablelike, for American audiences. (Huge stylized sets were built.) The film failed commercially, and on his next two Fox projects Murnau didn't have the same freedom. There are some masterly sequences: the seduction under a full moon, the wife's flight (she boards a trolley). Cinematography by Karl Strüss and Charles Rosher; art direction by Rochus Gliese (Edgar Ulmer was one of his assistants). Silent. (Thalia; March 26.)

**The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe**



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(1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. In French. (Thalia; March 30-31.)

**The Ten Commandments** (1956)—Charlton Heston is the highly athletic Moses; Anne Baxter is the kittenish princess who loves him; Judith Anderson is the sinister slave who knows the secret of his Jewish birth; Cedric Hardwicke is the likable old Pharaoh; Yul Brynner is the prince who beats Moses to the Egyptian throne; Edward G. Robinson is the traitor to the Jews; Debra Paget is the young slave old Robinson has got his eyes on. Stir them all together, throw in stone tablets and a whopping big Golden Calf, part the Red Sea, and you've got Cecil B. De Mille's epic—three hours and thirty-eight minutes of it. As old-fashioned hokum, it's palatable and rather tasty. Also with Yvonne de Carlo, John Derek, John Carradine, Nina Foch, Douglass Dumbrille, Martha Scott, Vincent Price, Henry Wilcoxon, and H. B. Warner. (Embassy 1.)

**Terms of Endearment**—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slaphappy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (*12/12/83*) (Loews Paramount. No performances on Tuesday, March 27. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Coronet; through March 22. . . . ¶ Baronet; starting March 23.)

**They Live by Night** (1948)—Nicholas Ray made his début as a director with this near-hallucinatory, hardboiled, expressionist version of Edward Anderson's too little known 1937 novel "Thieves Like Us." The film—designed as a social tragedy—was ready for release in 1948 (under the title "The Twisted Road"), but R.K.O. apparently thought it lacking in entertainment values and shelved it; released in England, it became a critical and box-office success, which caused the studio to relent and open it here. A variation of such earlier Bonnie and Clyde, on-the-road movies as "You Only Live Once," it presents the girl, Keechie (Cathy O'Donnell), and her young escaped-convict lover, Bowie (Farley Granger), as doomed innocents, trying to evade the forces pursuing them, looking for a refuge where their baby can be born. Ray's tense choreographic staging and tightly framed compositions give the film a sensuous, nervous feeling of imminent betrayal. Yet this *film noir* stylization, elegant in design terms and emotionally powerful, is also very simplistic; the movie suffers from metaphysical liberalism—social injustice treated as cosmic fatalism. With Jay C. Flippen and Howard Da Silva, as Bowie's bank-robber friends, and Helen Craig, Ian Wolfe, and Marie Bryant. Script by Charles Schnee; produced by John Houseman, under the aegis of Dore Schary. (Robert Altman made another version of "Thieves Like Us," released in 1974.) (Film Forum; March 28-29.)

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**Time Bandits** (1981)—Written by two members of the Monty Python group, Michael Palin and the American expatriate Terry Gilliam, who also directed, this surreal adventure fantasy has been conceived as a movie for children and adults. It's about a little English boy who is hurtled from one era to another by a pack of six dwarfs who have stolen The Supreme Being's map of the holes in the space-time continuum, and it's as picaresque as you can get, with Ian Holm as Napoleon, John Cleese as Robin Hood, Sean Connery as Agamemnon, Ralph Richardson as The Supreme Being, who's too busy to get his three-piece suit pressed, and David Warner, who's a great-looking Evil Genius—he wears talons and a Nixon nose out of a David Levine drawing. (The light shining up from Hell makes his nostrils red.) All this seems to do something for the eight-to-twelve-year-old boys in the audience—the ones known to be very high on D & D (Dungeons & Dragons)—which it may not do for adults, who will probably see and hear a lot of jokes without feeling much impulse to laugh. The whimsical rhythms of the vaudeville-skit humor often seem to be the result of mistiming; the interludes with Palin and Shelley Duvall as wonky sweethearts are especially musty—the two of them seem more amused than the audience. Gilliam has a cacophonous imagination; even the magical incongruities are often cancelled out by the incessant buzz of cleverness. It's far from a bad movie, but it doesn't quite click together, either. The director doesn't shape the material satisfyingly; this may be one of those rare pictures that suffer from a surfeit of good ideas. With David Rappaport, Kenny Baker, Jack Purvis, Mike Edmonds, Malcolm Dixon, and Tiny Ross as the bandits; the boy is Craig Warnock. Songs by George Harrison. (Vandam; March 31.)

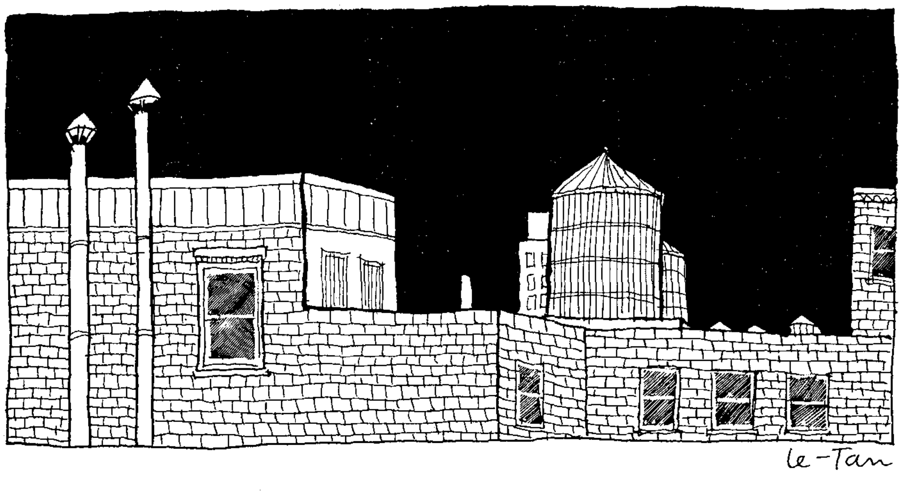
**Travels with My Aunt** (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. With Lou Gossett, Cindy Williams, Robert Stephens, and Robert Flemyng. Directed by George Cukor; written by Jay Presson Allen and Hugh Wheeler; cinematography by Douglas Slocombe. (Regency; March 29-31.)

**Twentieth Century** (1934)—A first-rate hard-boiled farce about theatrical personalities. John Barrymore was a great farceur, and his performance as the egomaniac producer Oscar Jaffe is a roaring caricature of theatrical drive and temperament. It was Carole Lombard's performance as Jaffe's protégée, Lily Garland (née Mildred Plotka), who has become a movie star, that established her as a comedienne. Lombard's talents here are not of the highest, but her spirits are, and in her skintight satins she incarnates the giddy glamour of thirties comedy. Most of the action takes place on the crack train of the title—the Twentieth Century, going from Chicago to New York—which represented the latest thing in speed and luxury. The script, by Hecht and MacArthur from their play (which was a reworking of Bruce Millholland's play "Napoleon on Broadway"), is freely, carelessly irreverent, with affectionate, corny ethnic humor and wisecracks about religion. Howard Hawks directed in a fast, entertaining style—punching up the lines; it's the style he later perfected in "His Girl Friday" (from Hecht and MacArthur's "The Front Page"). With Ralph Forbes, and a batch of character actors whose faces were once as familiar to audiences as the faces with great names: Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Charles Levison, Etienne Girardot, Edgar Kennedy, Edward Gargan, and Herman Bing. (The material was recycled in the 1978 Broadway musical "On the Twentieth Century.") (Metro Cinema; March 31.)

**Valentino** (1977)—By attaching the names of actual people to his sadomasochistic fantasies, the director Ken Russell gives the picture a nasty inside-joke appeal. The only redeeming element is Rudolf Nureyev in the title role; he doesn't evoke Valentino, but from time to time he has a captivating, very funny temperament of his own. Despite his inexperience in speaking lines, he is not a novice performer—and he knows how to laugh at himself. His eagerness to please is at war with Russell's spitefulness—Russell turns the great Alla Nazimova (Leslie Caron) into nothing more than a cheap, vengeful, blackmailing bitch, and he shows no feeling for Valentino's wife, Natacha Rambova (Michelle Phillips), who was a superb Art Nouveau designer. In this movie, everybody is out to defame Valentino's manhood and he is punched to a pulp while trying to defend himself against the charge of effeminacy. (He hemorrhages.) With Anthony Dowell as Nijinsky, and Carol Kane, Seymour Cassel, Felicity Kendal, and Huntz Hall. Shot in England and Spain, with little attempt (or small success) at matching the sleekness of the remembered Valentino—the beautifully dressed, almond-eyed Latin in his streamlined, California Spanish décor. Written by Russell and Mardik Martin. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 27-28.)

**The Wild Child** (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Film Forum; March 25-26.)

**You Only Live Twice** (1967)—Perhaps the best of the Sean Connery–James Bond pictures. Here his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and the harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 29-31.)



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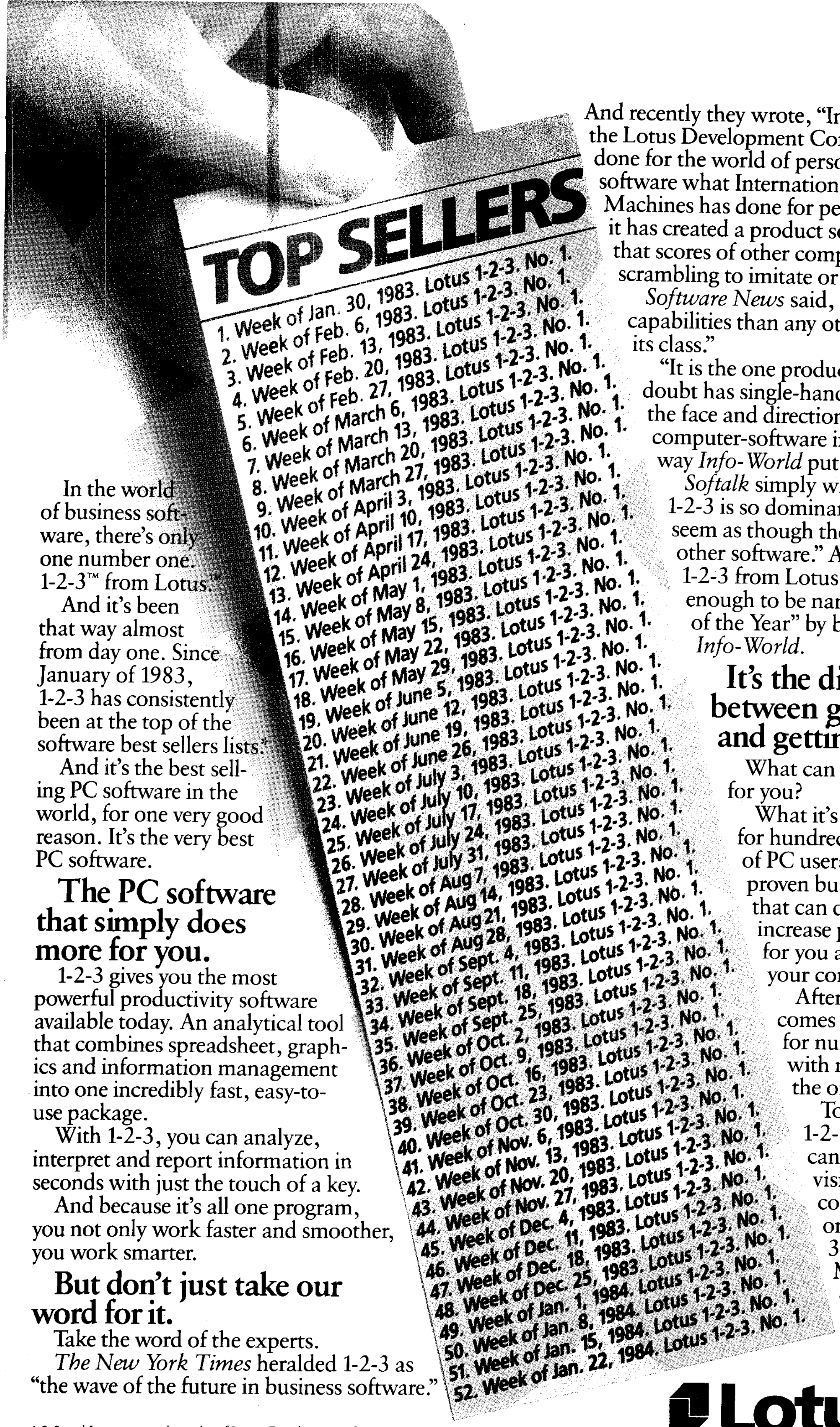

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39. Week of Oct. 23, 1983. Lotus 1-2-3. No. 1.
40. Week of Oct. 30, 1983. Lotus 1-2-3. No. 1.
41. Week of Nov. 6, 1983. Lotus 1-2-3. No. 1.
42. Week of Nov. 13, 1983. Lotus 1-2-3. No. 1.
43. Week of Nov. 20, 1983. Lotus 1-2-3. No. 1.
44. Week of Nov. 27, 1983. Lotus 1-2-3. No. 1.
45. Week of Dec. 4, 1983. Lotus 1-2-3. No. 1.
46. Week of Dec. 11, 1983. Lotus 1-2-3. No. 1.
47. Week of Dec. 18, 1983. Lotus 1-2-3. No. 1.
48. Week of Dec. 25, 1983. Lotus 1-2-3. No. 1.
49. Week of Jan. 1, 1984. Lotus 1-2-3. No. 1.
50. Week of Jan. 8, 1984. Lotus 1-2-3. No. 1.
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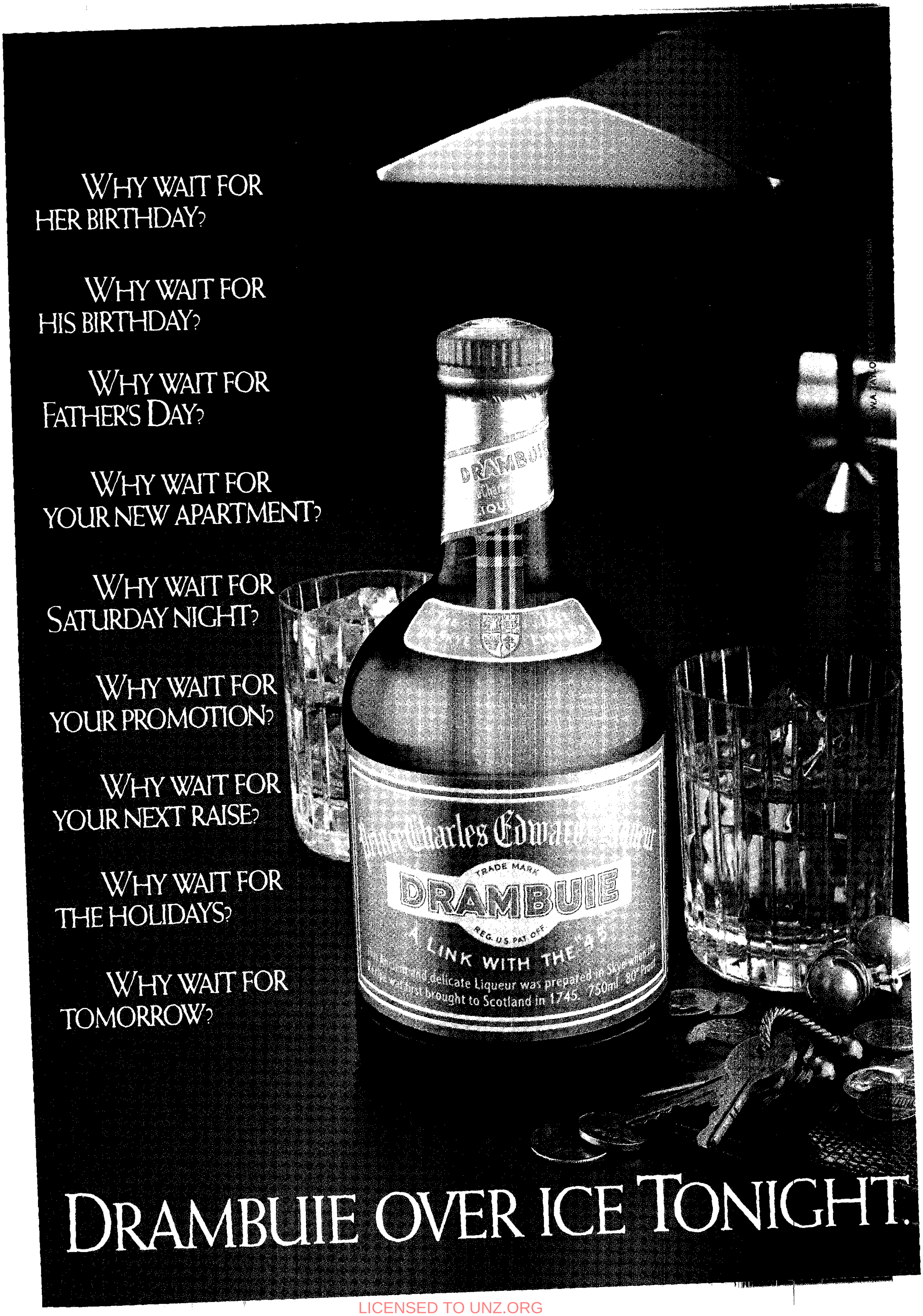
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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

NO one has been able to decide, it seems, what President Reagan has been doing to or with American life. That he is doing something from *within* American life, effortlessly, is acknowledged and wondered at. A hidden thread of emotion in all discussions about Ronald Reagan is *gratitude* that there should be a man who imagines that it is possible to do things from within American life effortlessly. Another hidden emotion is *relief* that time has been bought, some leeway provided. The gratitude and the relief are unacknowledged, because it is in the interests of neither political party to acknowledge them: Ronald Reagan's party must pretend that it is elated, enthusiastic, and hard at work (that is, that the policies of the government and the will behind them conform to the realities of the moment); the Democrats must pretend that they are appalled. In actuality, all Americans want the President to be a man who is comfortable in the Presidency. They want him to *find* the office as well as occupy it. Candidates talk and talk, but what we want to hear them say is: I have found a way to be President of the United States. Or maybe a better thing to say is: I have found the place where the President is, and it is right where I am standing. This is what Ronald Reagan has been saying. He says it in all sorts of unlikely circumstances; that is no doubt part of his power. He is so poised that he is mentioned, sometimes, in connection with President Franklin Roosevelt. The idea is that both men understood how they might act as President, in the theatrical sense. It might be worthwhile to examine this idea as it applies to Mr. Reagan.

President Reagan is not a demagogue; that is, he does not seek to overcome obstacles by raising the level of emotion in a debate. Not heat but warmth is his temperature. That he is not a demagogue is evidence that he is not acting, in the theatrical sense. An actor empties himself of himself and is capable of a wide range of emotion; very often an actor is a victim of this process of self-emptying. For hours of the day, he may lose a sense of himself or be subject to unruly feelings. The level of Ronald Reagan within Ronald Reagan is constant.

It is interesting how little the artifacts of Ronald Reagan's film career matter to anyone. His movie career is a red herring. It does not hurt him, nor does it help him much. People fasten on it because the idea of a film career is strange, and because it really does seem incredible that a film actor should be President. Film actors are not usually performers, in the old sense of people who pour their own personal power into a role, but they are usually more like performers than Ronald Reagan is. Ronald Reagan was closer to the top of his profession as an announcer or spokesman than he was as an actor.

Sometimes it is helpful to look at things simply—to notice, for instance, the difference between what one must do to be a good theatrical performer, what one must do to be a good performer in films, and what one must do to be a good announcer. A theatrical performer must give over his personal power (his "personality," if you will) to his role. A film performer must allow a public fact to be developed out of his personal power. An announcer does something else. An announcer must be able to say *under* whatever he is actually saying word by word: I am terribly glad to be telling this to you. Another thing he may be saying under his words is: I am in constant touch with the sponsor. An especial example of this would be the work of radio announcers in the nineteen-thirties. An actor has a role and an audience; a radio announcer had a sponsor and an audience. An announcer is a human location where sponsor and audience meet in a pleasant atmosphere.

It seems that the answer to the question "What is it that Ronald Reagan has done to us?" is "He has brought us into a relationship we understand." He is representing a product to us. The product is—well, it hardly matters. That is in the hands of the sponsor. Everything is unexamined: what is being produced, at what cost, whether we want it or not. And the familiar fiction of the marketplace is present: we are the sponsor (as well as the audience); the represented product exists because we demanded that it exist.

Enough. Here the idea was, after

all, to talk about Avon Long, not the President. Avon Long was a black entertainer. He played the role of Sportin' Life in "Porgy and Bess," for instance; he died recently. Something said by him (quoted by the *Times* in his obituary) sticks in the mind; it seems to settle once and for all what it is that an entertainer (as distinguished from a stage actor, a film actor, an announcer) does—in vaudeville, perhaps—before any very large purposes are put on him. If we can't be simple in our political life, perhaps we can at least keep it in mind what entertainment is, courtesy of Avon Long. He said, "In fifty years, I've learned that what's better than applause is that profound silence of someone listening to you. That is the best. And the best I can give back is wanting to please. There are greater dancers, greater singers, greater actors, but there's nobody wants to please like Avon. That's all I know."

• •

## *Raided*

SOME nonliving things hibernating this winter are the small seasonal museums spread around the Northeast. Places like the Gladding International Sport Fishing Museum, in South Otselic, New York; the Lock Museum of America, in Terryville, Connecticut; the Maple Museum, in St. Johnsbury, Vermont; the Lumberman's Museum, in Patten, Maine; and the Petrified Creatures Museum, in Warren, New York. These museums are still out there, all right. But since they are closed to visitors from, roughly, November through April of every year, now can't help being a pretty sleepy period for them. Or so we were supposing. But then we made a wake-up call to one we had toured last summer—the Nut Museum, in Old Lyme, Connecticut—to check on our assumption, and guess what! The place was alive and hopping, although not with its usual May-to-November sort of visitors—rather, with chipmunks and squirrels.

And if you were the museum's owner and curator, Elizabeth Tashjian, and you were living out in the country in a nineteenth-century mansion with an entire ground floor devoted to a collection of nuts from around the world that you'd spent a lot of years putting together, the last kind of visitors you'd want would be chipmunks and squirrels. They wouldn't do anyone much good roaming around the Metropolitan, either, but at the Nut Museum—forget it.

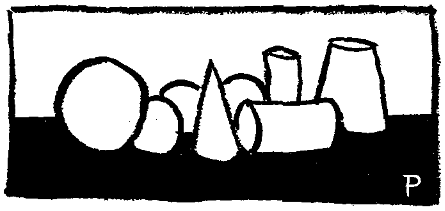
"I've always been heavily raided by chipmunks and squirrels," Miss Tashjian told us. Her voice reminded us of Imogene Coca. "And they're still up to their mischief this winter. For instance, my black walnut was missing several weeks ago. It was a *beau*-tiful large black walnut—quite a specimen—and it was a real letdown to come downstairs and find it gone. I'm really thinking of putting everything under glass now."

The fact that a chipmunk or a squirrel had made off with her prize black walnut was especially hard for Miss Tashjian to take, because this heist came not long after chipmunks and squirrels had completely harvested all four of the heavy-bearing black-walnut trees out in her yard. "And all my sweet chestnuts from my yard, too," she told us. "I only got my hands on one of those this year—which I roasted in the fireplace with great joy."

Of course, what we really wanted to know was how these pilferers broke in in the first place.

"Well, sometimes, when I'm off guard, I'll forget to close the flue to the chimney," Miss Tashjian said. "That's one way they come down. Then, sometimes they'll make a little hole in the roof. Those red squirrels have tiny little heads, yet if they can just get their heads in they can squeeze their whole bodies through. Then they'll come downstairs into the museum. They sit on the radiator sometimes then and look at me very bravely, as if to say, 'What are you doing here?' They're making a nut museum of their own, I guess. Those chipmunks—they're so fleet and nimble. Just one leap and . . . I'm *definitely* going to be glassing everything in soon."

Who knows, though? Maybe, someday soon, Miss Tashjian will keep the intruders out of her nut collection—and possibly even her museum/house—simply by satiating them with the ever-increasing quantity of nuts growing all around her yard. She told us that she's just about to plant two new pecan seedlings she ordered from the Burpee seed company, and, furthermore, that the two filberts she planted a year ago are coming along very nicely now. "I was just out looking at them," Miss Tashjian said. "And they're budding—yes! So I said 'Hello,' you know, and 'Let's do our best.' "



## *Spin*

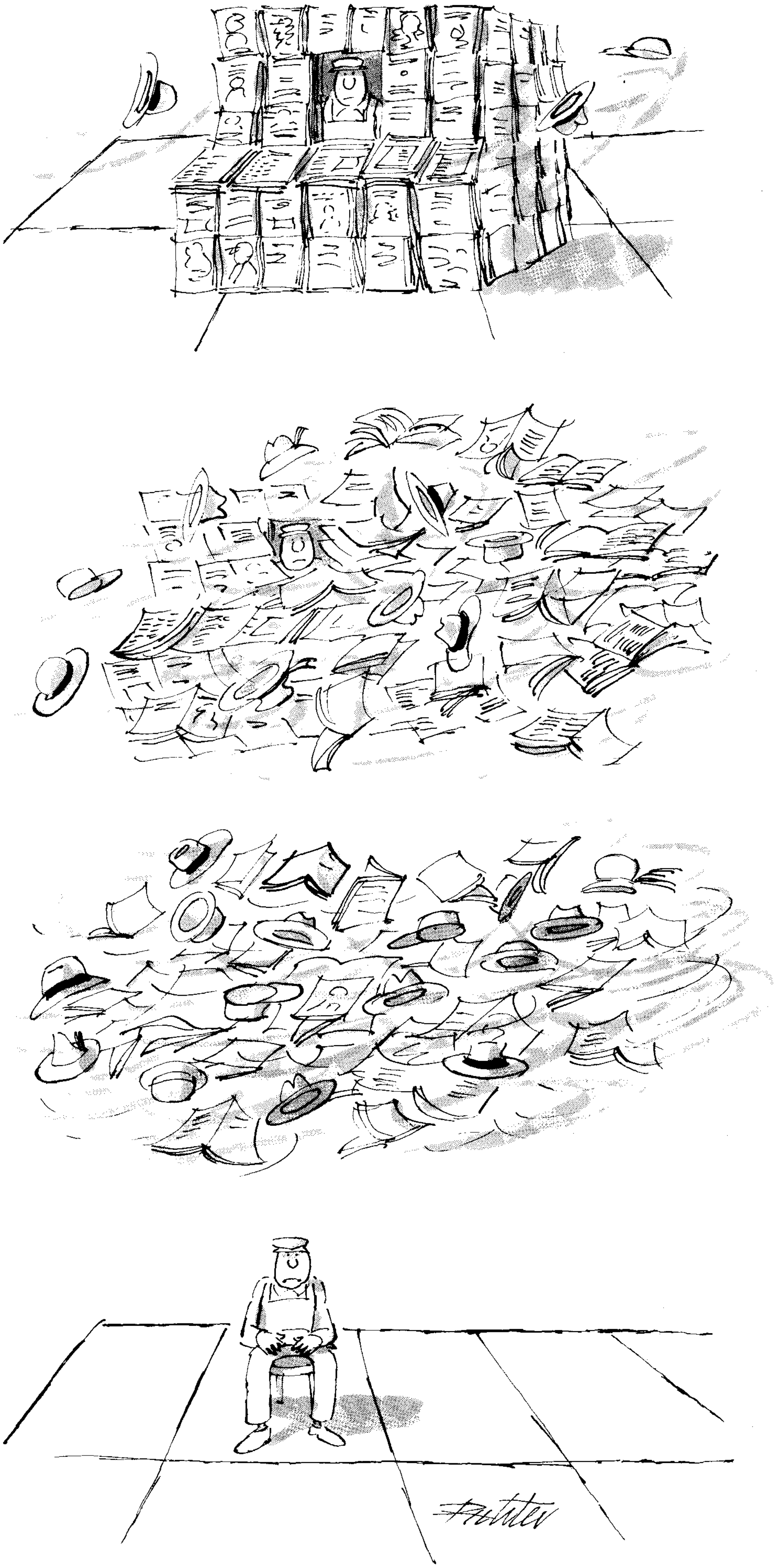
WE were walking, head down, on West Twentieth one day last week, mulling over the significance of Super Tuesday for America, when damned if we weren't nearly struck by a new idea. We flattened ourself against a wall as it roared by, and when it swung around for a second pass we flagged down its pilot, an exuberant forty-four-year-old man named David Gittens, for a few words of explanation.

"I call these Scootboards," he said, pointing to his machine. "They go on sale this month. If you can walk, you can ride it. Do you remember the old scooters we used to build from crates and roller skates—the ones you'd kick along the sidewalk? The Scootboard is basically a new-age version of that. In the front, there's a bicycle wheel and a small gas or electric engine. In the back, there's a smaller wheel and a platform to stand on. You stand upright, work the gas and brakes with hand controls, and just push off. And then you go—up to thirty miles per hour." With that, Gittens just pushed off and went, but only for a short trip. He rolled up next to us once more and started in on some personal history.

"I think of myself as a conceptualizer," he said. "I like making my dreams real. I built a prototype of a car and called it the Ikenga, which is a mythical West African figure with horns which denotes creative life force. And I built a solar-heated community shower, and designed voice-controlled furniture, which was intended for industrial use. If you wanted a particular cabinet, all you had to do was summon it on a loudspeaker. Anyway, in 1980 I arrived back in New York from London, and I didn't have a place to sleep my first night, so they let me stay at the Twenty-fourth Police Precinct, and while I was there I heard them all talking about the approaching transit strike. I said to myself, 'I better get some wheels.' I built the first Scootboard in a week, from bike parts. It was electric, and I was zooming past everyone. They all wanted to know what it was, and I told them it was, you know, a thing."

In the four years since, Gittens has improved on and patented his design (one model now weighs only twenty-eight pounds and folds up for storage) and found enough backers to begin production at a New Mexico plant. "I see people using it for commuting and for recreation. It's a new-age vehicle. New-age is taking things, often old things, and making them applicable to the solving of problems in the environment today; it means stepping away from conservatism. But I'll tell you the truth. I see Scootboards, at least in the urban setting, only as an interim thing. What I really believe in is sophisticated forms of mass transit. In people movers."

Gittens, who introduced the Scootboard at this month's International Cycle Show, offered to let us take it for a spin up and down the sidewalk. (It had been snowing, and the street was icy.) We gave it full throttle, sped to the corner and back as easy as that, and now predict that the Scootboard will be a hit. First of all, it produces a satisfyingly loud noise. And since the driver stands bolt upright, grasping the handlebars, it makes him appear to be delivering a sermon as he zooms along, jacket tails flapping—it's a sort of motorized bully pulpit, perfect for the end of the millennium. Best of all, the people we roared past stared up at us with wide eyes, and that's certainly worth five hundred and ten dollars (five hundred and forty-five with optional mag wheel).

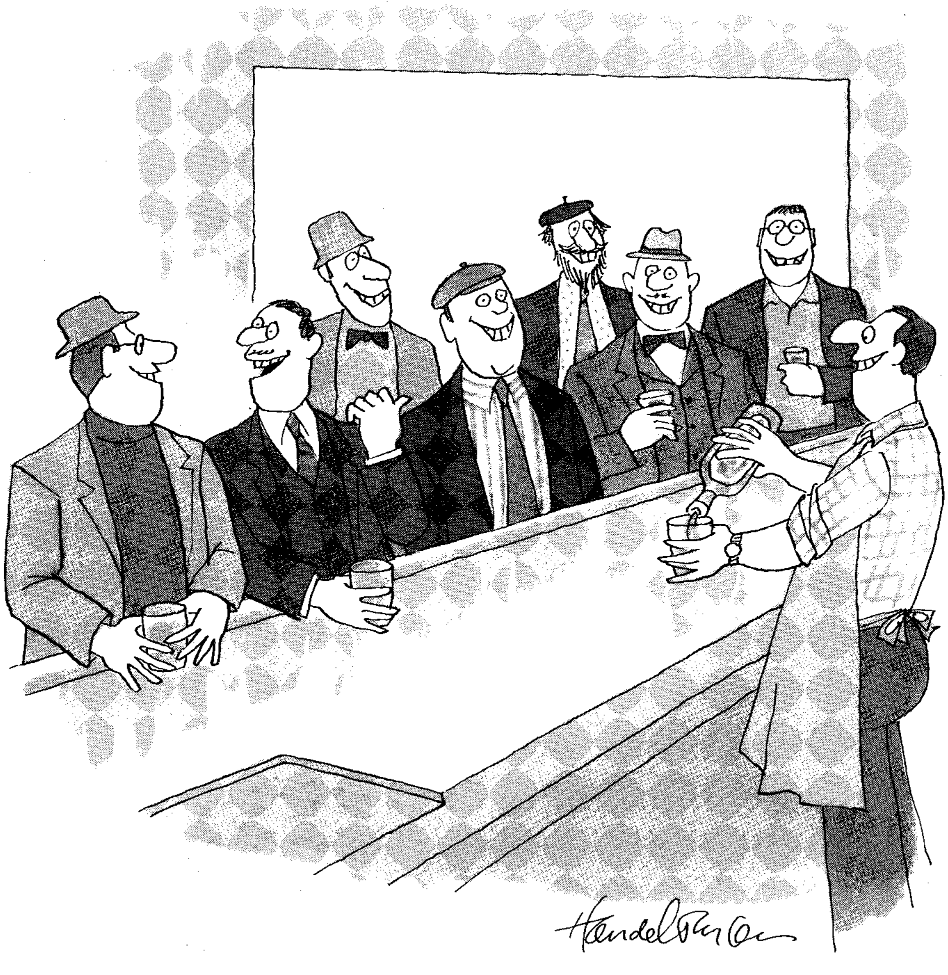


### *Tuchman*

WE had a bracing talk the other morning with Barbara Tuchman, the historian, whose new book, "The March of Folly—From Troy to Vietnam," has just been published. Mrs. Tuchman and her husband, Dr. Lester Tuchman, live the year round in Cos Cob, but they maintain a pied-à-terre on Fifth Avenue in the Eighties, and it was there we talked with her. We found Mrs. Tuchman trim, direct, and jaunty, dressed in a dark-red print dress and surrounded by masses of books, many of them of monumental size and odd shapes. "Lots of art books in this apartment," she said, offering us a cup of coffee. She speaks carefully and with great composure, but there is an underlying note of excitement in her voice, and her enthusiasm is contagious. “*We are just back from a week* at Dartmouth,” she said. “I was a Montgomery Fellow. One gets the royal treatment! A limousine to drive us from Cos Cob to Hanover, a house all to ourselves, appearances everywhere. I hate to lecture to rows of students with glazed eyes, but this was a whirlwind of seminars and group meetings, ranging from modern American to British history, and even getting into the Iliad and Plato. A mixed bag. Oh, and I met with humanities students, and touched on military history in the Second World War. I enjoyed myself, and I loved the perks. I *am not a historian in the* traditional, academic sense. I have no Ph.D. The academic people must often fit their subject to a certain form. They can get bogged down in form and procedure. Lots of rigmarole in academe. I have a tendency to ask questions that are not always asked. Some years ago, I began to wonder why medieval navigators took so long to learn to tack. Small Arab dhows had the knack of swinging the boom, but the British, with all their brains, were submissive to the winds. During the Hundred Years’ War, for example, the British, in 1356, had their supplies all set, and wanted to reach France. Finally, they got a favorable wind, but they reached France too late, and it was too cold. Well, I went to Mystic Seaport, to a seminar on medieval maritime history, and asked a great many questions, but it wasn’t until one evening some time later that the matter was cleared up—by my dinner companion, a yachtsman. It was not a question of the boom at all, he said, but a matter of the depth of the keel.”

Mrs. Tuchman shifted in her chair. We sipped our coffee.

“After ‘A Distant Mirror’ came out, in 1978, I searched for a new subject,” she said. “For a while, I toyed with the idea of writing a book about a woman, but I gave some lectures in 1979 on inquiring into the persistence of unwisdom in government, and the notion caught my fancy. I began the new book in 1980. Governmental folly—that is, persistence in the pursuit of policy contrary to the self-interest of the constituency or state involved—is ubiquitous. I did a great deal of travelling for ‘A Distant Mirror,’ but not for this one. I did go to Troy, across from Gallipoli, and found myself standing on the floor of history.” Mrs. Tuchman leaned forward and seemed about to take off. “Priam’s Palace. Myriad digs. The fields of Troy,” she said. “I felt the Iliad and all the gods and goddesses poking at me. I have a chapter on the wooden horse, and see no reason that there might not have truly been a wooden horse. Ruses and tricks of all sorts were not uncommon, and why not a horse? I wrote a great deal of the book in Cos Cob and at the Society Library, and I extensively used the Widener Library at Harvard and the Sterling at Yale. The Widener is such a *sensible* library! At Yale, though, Ludwig von Pastor’s ‘History of the Popes’ was in the Divinity School, somewhat off campus, down many strange streets, past a renovated spot, and, finally, in a basement—nine heavy, heavy books.”



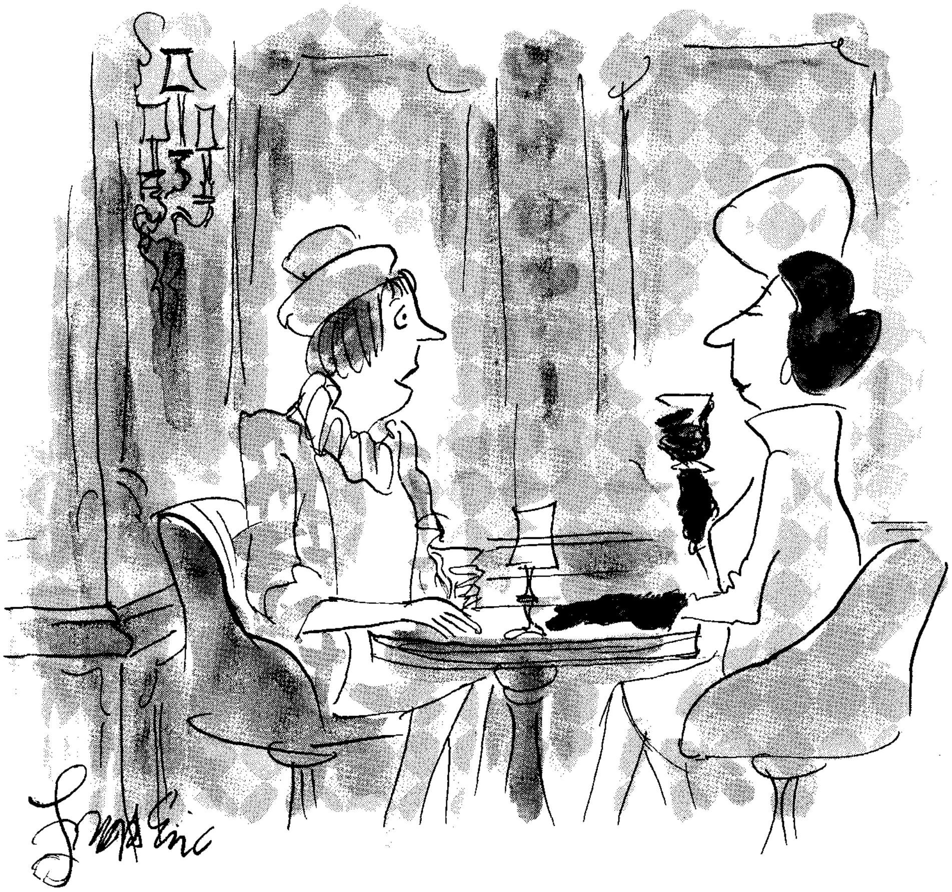
*“The person we have to thank is Arthur here. He’s the one with the infectious grin.”*

We wondered about the origin of her interest in history.

“My mental furniture—the attic of my mind,” she said. “I often think that it started with family trips abroad in my teens, with my father, my mother, and my two sisters. Another world—Cunard liners, dressing for dinner, no cocktails for my older sister even with well-spoken unknown gentlemen without arousing unbridled paternal fury, touring cars with isinglass curtains. I had read the historical novels of Dumas and was steeped in Conan Doyle’s ‘The White Company’—fourteenth-century mercenaries fighting for popes and princes. We went to the Loire, and to Blois, and I suddenly recognized rooms in which Dumas characters had actually lived, or been murdered. The rooms themselves, the room of the Duc de Guise! We climbed into the touring car and crossed the Alps. More isinglass curtains. At spots where cars had skidded off the road and plunged into the abyss below, our driver would dramatically lift both hands from the wheel and utter an exclamation of horror. Visiting Florence was a revelation—perhaps my first true experience of aesthetics. The Medici Chapel of Michelangelo hit me with the force of a hammer. I've never got over it. I don't think my father fully shared these interests. He very much enjoyed salmon fishing. On another family trip, we visited London, and I did a great deal of walking around alone. By this time, I was very well acquainted with English history and literature, and I remember my fascination with the Abbey, and I was moved by the Tower, and fascinated by the Great Fire of 1666. What affected me was being in direct communication, so to speak, with the historical figures themselves, like Wellington and Palmerston. I had some vague notion of writing a book, but I was not interested in creating plots. I don't have that ability. I was interested in re-creating actual happenings, with documentary evidence. But I didn't begin to write books until the birth of my third, and youngest, daughter, in 1948. This will give you some notion of my attic."

We accepted another cup of coffee.

Mrs. Tuchman said that as she progressed in her studies of governmental folly she became more and more aware of the need for people to seek out thoughtful men for public office. Character, she feels, *is* fate. "There simply must be a general awareness of the need to recognize and to support such men," she said. "As I did my research, I became engrossed in the overpowering effects of ambition—the urge to gain and exercise power. I found myself infatuated with the universal habit of people succumbing to folly. I took great care choosing the illustrations for this book. For my chapter on the British losing the American Colonies—an example of the march of folly—I was struck by a copy of a George Stubbs painting which I had seen at the Lewis Walpole Library, in Farmington, Connecticut. The picture is described in my book as 'racehorses belonging to Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of Richmond, exercising under the eye of the Duke and Duchess,' and as representing 'the distractions of great estate.' I had the devil's own time obtaining a color reproduction of the painting. Not a single color reproduction in the entire United States! Someone told me I could get one from the firm of Thomas Agnew, a dealer on Old Bond Street in London. At Agnew, they said the man who knew about Stubbs was on vacation. Finally, I wrote to the estate of the Duke of Richmond, and tracked down a color reproduction, and put it in the book. The picture of Charles Townshend, by an unknown painter, comes from the collection of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry." Mrs. Tuchman smiled. "I find myself attached—in my chapter on Vietnam—to a picture of a harried President Johnson and a group of his high advisers, including the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense, General Wheeler, the head of the C.I.A., Walt Rostow, and others, at one of their regular Tuesday luncheons in the second-floor dining room at the White House. There they were, talking away and eating, and right above them, over the fireplace, was a mural of the Battle of Saratoga, depicting the hopelessness of the British cause. Nobody seems to have looked up long enough to make the historical connection."



*"I've listened to all the Presidential hopefuls, Mary Beth, but none have defined the issues for me as well as you just did."*

Mrs. Tuchman clasped and unclasped her hands. "Our situation today is quite dangerous, since so many people spend so much time creating adversary situations," she said. "Everybody seems to be searching for the worst in everybody else. The media consistently run counter to wisdom. The electoral process is bogged down in excessive fund-raising. All this is drastically dangerous for democracy. I have always believed that good will prevail—I felt this even when I was a young correspondent during the Spanish Civil War. It is not a matter of optimism, it's a matter of hope. I cannot live without hope."

As we left, we told Mrs. Tuchman that, for our part, we were very much taken by a quotation in her book from John Adams reading "Government is at a stand; little better practiced now than three or four thousand years ago," and by a sentence of hers reading "Why do we invest all our skills and resources in a contest for armed superiority which can never be attained for long enough to make it worth having, rather than in an effort to find a modus vivendi with our antagonist—that is to say, a way of living, not dying?"

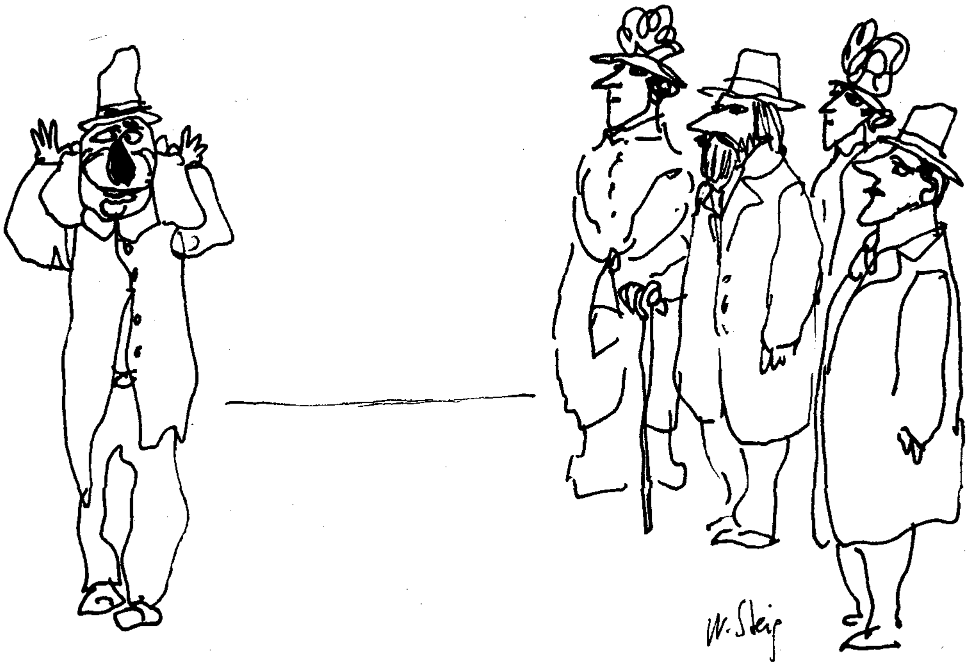
# IN THE WOODS

HORSES, goes the rap, are skittish and unpredictable and dangerous, but one I knew I got to love, although he was all those things. Sunny, the horse, lived with my sister and brother-in-law on their Indiana farm. A thousand-pound horse of the Tennessee Walking breed, Sunny was a strawberry roan, fifteen hands high. He would let me ride him around the periphery of Kenneth and Barbara's considerable acreage there—hours of riding, every day—and I could safely keep my mind on that, and on Sunny. And I was grateful, because my marriage and most of the rest of me had recently splintered.

It's hard work to ride, and it was usually thick hot weather that summer, yet I never missed a day. I'd gear up in tall black boots, canvas trousers, a velvet helmet. Wearing these clothes every day assured something in me, they were such a treat to wear. From the corrugated-fibre-glass stable, we'd go first across a grass meadow that my brother-in-law, Kenneth, kept mowed. It was washboard earth, ridged and baked hard, and so I'd let Sunny amble. Next, we would tour a lane of shade trees and then turn into a careful path that invaded the woods. Along here we'd often get up speed, with the thud of hoof and jingle of bridle and, after a bit, Sunny's rasping huge breath. Deep in, there was a ravine. I liked to rein up on its high side, admiring the frightening detail of full-blown summer. Weed wands would bow to me. Flower spokes would wag, and tree boughs, hideously muscled, would reach for me or shrug indifferently. There were mosses, bright green, and freckled toadstools layered like spills of pancakes against the trunks of trees. Sometimes, over the gabbing and ticking of bugs, I would listen to a tractor's thin ringing. Its noise pulsed every other second, saying nothing, which was best, for there weren't any *words* I wanted to hear.

We'd go on to the open fields, into amazing heat. There were graded and scraped paths there, so Sunny's cannons were safe. I could let him lope. Starting from points between my shoulder blades and breasts, the heat would hold me with its dullness and anger. My focus would soften.

Sunny's scent, I thought, was a regal one—leathery and old. And the heat would draw out other smells around us: cucumber, weeds, and dust. I'd dismount to eat wild scallions, but the blackberry canes that lined one pasture—like rows of spectators for Sunny and me—were so tall that I could pick from them while still in the saddle. Once, while I sat, scrunched in the saddle eating berries out of my juice-stained fingers, there was a weird, thrilling thing. The miserly breeze gave up. I saw total stillness, as in a freeze frame. It was as though the world had died but not quite yet bothered to topple. Blades of grass, bugs, blank sky, even Sunny, were all cast in glass. I was alone in it and feeling suddenly afloat, as if I had bolted a lot of champagne.



*Humor*

IN the weeks before my stay at the farm, I had been awake too much. Whenever I did sleep, what ugly dreams! One I remember was of me roller-skating down cement hill after hill, no way to stop. Marcus, my husband, and I lived in a three-bedroom, all-electric condominium north of Chicago. Marcus, an architect with a pretty good downtown firm, looked as if he could have been my dad or even my grandfather, with his prematurely white hair and silvery beard. Whenever we were in a place where someone might see us together—even if we just stepped out onto our second-floor balcony for a whiff of the morning—Marcus had to have his arm low on the back of my waist, or his hand on the back of my neck, almost in chokehold, announcing to everyone that I was in fact his. To me, that was sadder and a bigger problem than his skirt-chasing.

Evenings on the farm, Kenneth would grill steaks or chops outside, and my sister and I would do the salad, sometimes corn. We'd open wine. We would cut up muskmelon. After eating, we'd sit on the long flagstone patio, with its view of yard and pond, and maybe drink a Scotch. One night, we finally talked about Marcus and me.

"You're doing everything wrong," Barbara said, as if she had been holding back for a long time.

"For what it's worth, I agree," Kenneth said.

"You broke a window? You phoned one of these women? Those were stupid moves, honey," my sister said.

"The surest way to drive him off forever," Kenneth said.

"While making anybody else look good," Barbara added.

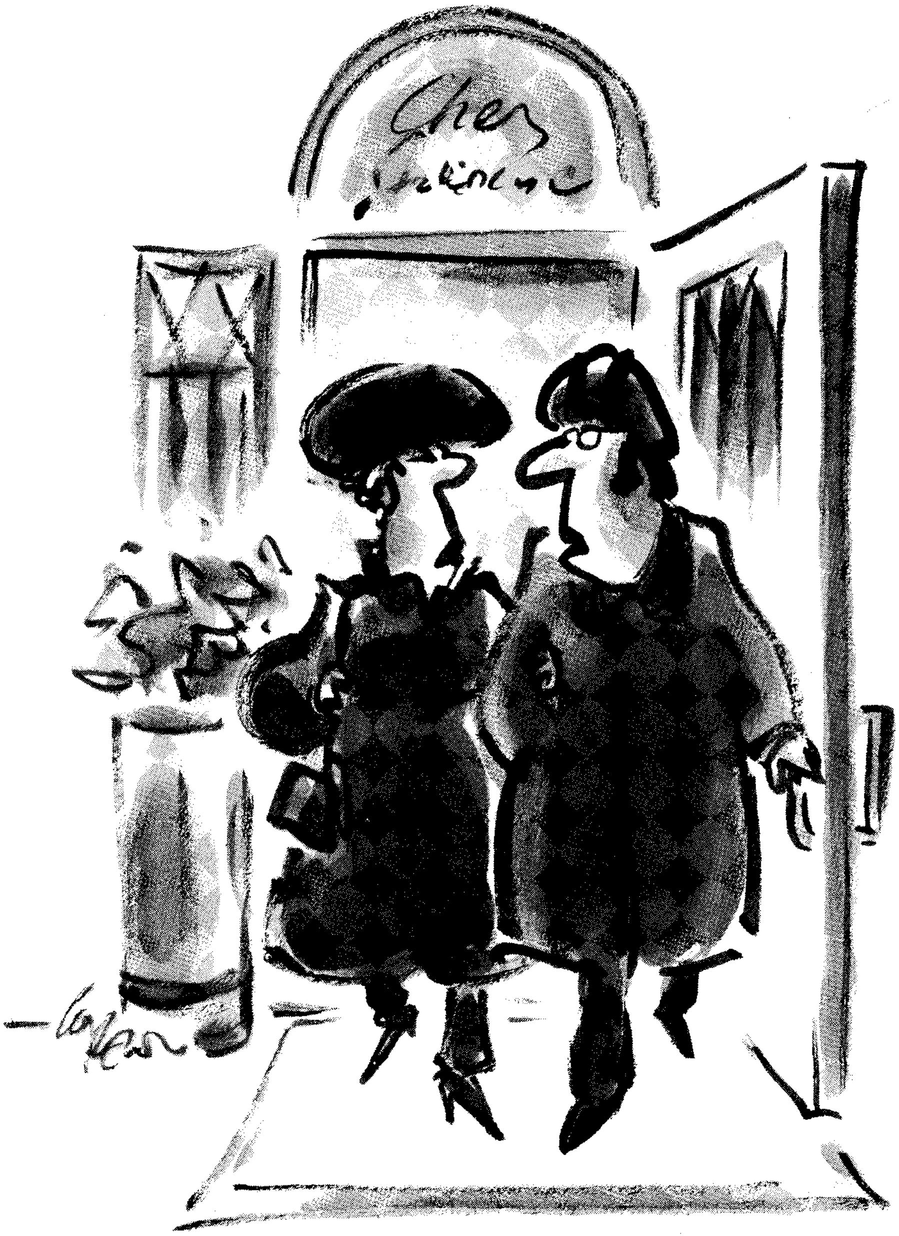
So I had all that, their opinions, to consider, one afternoon while I was brushing Sunny down, pushing the curry brush along his flanks. Sunny started, kicked back, twisted his great neck, and bit me. Kenneth heard my yelp. He came from the tack room—authoritative in jeans, Dingo boots, a white shirt with pearl snap buttons—and scolded me. "Tie up his lead, for heaven's sake. Get his head up. He doesn't know enough not to hurt you. That's a horse you're playing with, not a puppy dog." And he went on and said I might do well to learn a bit more about barn etiquette before I slapped on Barbara's equestrian clothes and rode out "like Princess Di or somebody."

A week or so before, at the aluminum water trough, I had surprised Kenneth when he wasn't wearing his dentures. Of course I knew Kenneth had been stuck with a removable upper plate for many years although he was only just over fifty. A truck wreck had knocked most of the teeth out of his teen-age smile. He faced me there at the trough with an unusual gentleness. And then he winked. I made no mention of this to Barbara. Kenneth impatient or Kenneth embarrassed could lose no grace by me—he was tops. He deserved every minute of Barbara, to my mind. He deserved his smart wife and his good farm. Self-absorbed as I was, I had watched him going about the chores of his farmer's life—some piddling, some awful, duties. He labored with a kind of patriotism, as though finishing things and doing them well meant the health of his home, his country.

AT the tail of August came a series of savage thunderstorms. The rain flailed in the woods and made Amanda Creek wide. Thunder rolled through the afternoon skies, and lightning whitened the world in strobe flashes. Riding was out. I was talking to Marcus long-distance, in daily sessions—five minutes, then fifteen, finally half an hour—and in our pauses I could hear the crackle of electricity in the lines. When I rang off, I would go stand out in the soupy yard, unsheltered, getting soaked sometimes.

The storms ended in fiery, poignant sunsets. In the blush of one of these, with the frogs and crickets ratcheting away down by the pond, Barbara talked to me. She said, "You know, it's all work. Marriage, money, property—the big things. It's not your fault you're too young to know if it's worth it—seeing to all the details. You've got to—you've got to *insist*."

She was riding in the giant doughnut hole of a tractor tire. The tire was roped to a monster willow, off on the side lawn.



*"I'd say we were served adequately but not lavished."*

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"Or maybe you think there's a simpler way to be. All by yourself." Barbara was turning the swing in circles, winding up the hemp. "I hear you sobbing into the phone. I know what Marcus is like."

Five days of not riding and I was feeling flabby and earthbound. In the mirror in the mornings, my hair was very tired, my sunburn drying away and peeling off beneath my eyes.

"Kenneth's cheated on me. I've done it to him. It's terrible," Barbara said. "But being so selfish and wrong often brings with it a sort of strength. You know?"

I knew. That was the look I'd seen in Kenneth's face when I'd seen him with his teeth out. He didn't care.

She raised her anchor foot and let the tire spin. I was dizzy for her. Whatever that moment was in the woods, I wanted it back. I wanted Barbara to stop revolving and the rain to end and the summer to start over—for everything to just hold off until I could catch up.

—MARY ROBISON

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## SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Navy Times*]

Before the lawmakers left for the year, several members in the Senate and House joined together in introducing a bill to exempt all service members who die in hostile action overseas from federal income taxes.

# TOO MUCH ELECTRICITY

Gordy got into the moving business by accident, when he was hitching down to L.A. from Oregon after a long summer of ranch work. Eighty-four cars passed him by outside Portland before a small truck with Idaho plates pulled over. Some lightweight chairs were strapped to the cab. The driver offered Gordy a smoke from a crushed pack of Camels and then said in an offhand way, staring at Gordy's muscular chest, "Looks like you been pumping a lot of iron."

Well now, Gordy thought. He folded his arms and touched his biceps protectively, fearing the onset of highway weirdness. "It comes from digging postholes," he said. He slid toward the door and watched the macadam slipstreaming by. Could he jump if things got bad? Not without dying. So he said to the driver, "I think you ought to know I have a Buck knife strapped to my ankle. It's sharp enough to shred onions."

"Wait a minute," the driver said. "This is some kind of misunderstanding. I got a job of moving to do. My buddy, he was supposed to ride down with me, but he got drunk last night and flaked out. If you help me unload the truck when we get to Los Angeles, I'll pay you seventy dollars flat."

Gordy considered the proposition. The cash sounded attractive. "I'll do it if you pay me in advance," he said.

"Half before and half after. They only paid me a deposit so far."

"Deal," Gordy said, shaking hands.

The driver's name was Earl Phillips. He told Gordy he did these long hauls only once in a blue moon. People travelling from state to state usually hired a brand-name mover, because brand-name movers were responsible and professional and all that crap. "It's just advertising," he said. "Those old boys bang stuff around like the rest of us do."

JOSEPH FARRIS

"You ever moved a piano?" Gordy asked.

"Not too many pianos in Boise," Phillips said.

They reached L.A. the next day and drove out toward the ocean through traffic and neon streaks. Gordy hadn't seen the city for six months. He felt tired and dreamy, relaxed in every particular, and he started singing softly to himself, barely opening his mouth. The song was one he'd written in Oregon. It wasn't country-and-Western, but it had some mountains in it. It had trees and a river. It was clear.

"You have a nice voice," Phillips said. "Not too high and not too low."

"Before I dropped out of college, I used to play the club scene around here. I was in a band for a couple of years."

"Sure you were."

"Hey, I'll prove it to you." Gordy leaned toward Phillips and bowed his head, so that it was directly in Phillips' line of vision. "Check out my hair."

Phillips turned on the dome light and ran his fingers over Gordy's scalp. "I'll be damned," he said. "There's a little bit of purple in it."

"It used to be all purple. But I had a fit and cut it off with a pair of nail clippers."

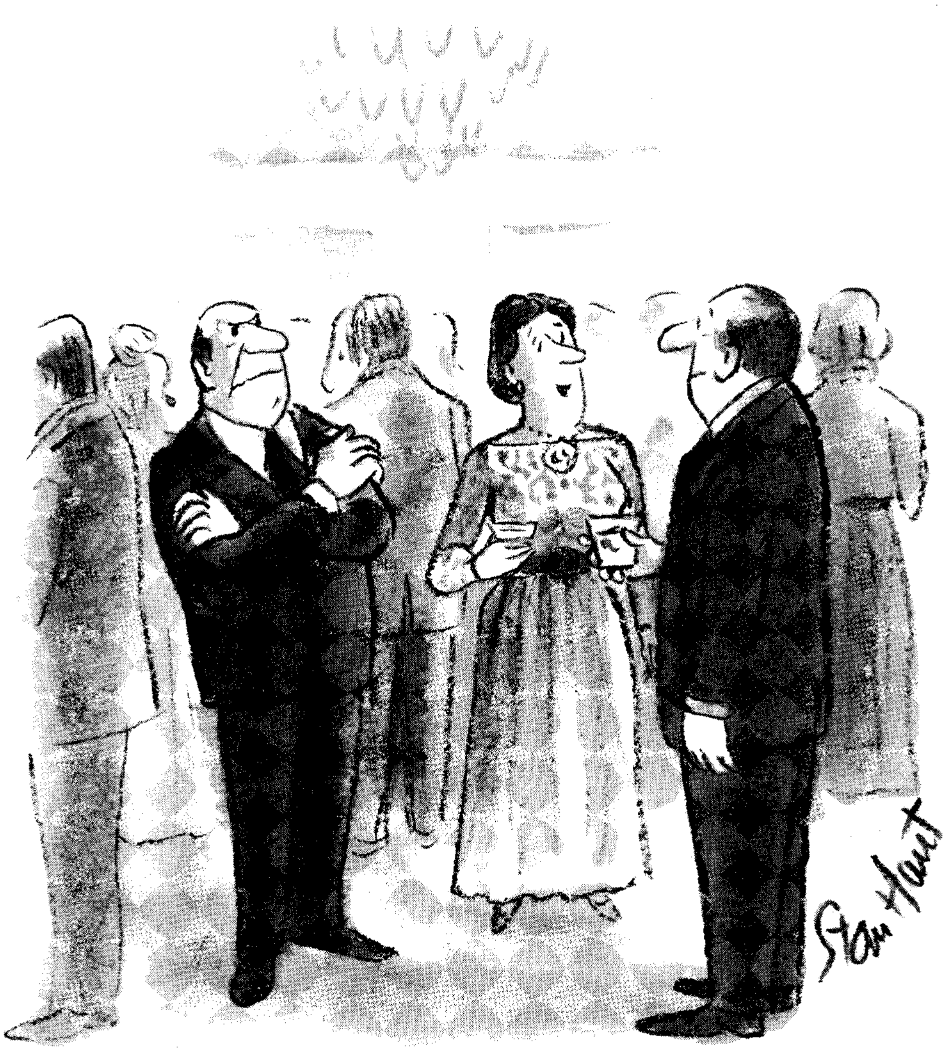
"Nail clippers!" Phillips shrieked. "I never heard of such a thing."

Gordy laughed. "Now you know why I needed a vacation," he said.

The barbering incident had taken place after a very dissatisfying gig at a Hollywood club where the audience started beating each other up with broken-off chair legs even before the band finished its first number. Gordy was furious about the stupidity of it all. In his apartment, aided by a fifth of Rémy Martin, he reduced his skull to brown and purple nubbins; then he packed a knapsack and headed for the airport. A friend from his abortive college days managed a cattle ranch east of Portland, and Gordy had stayed with him once before when his circuits had got fried. This time, the friend put him in a bunkhouse with two local guys, who taught him to spit between his teeth and carve figurines from deadfall. They were impressed that he'd cut a record with his band, and they wanted the inside scoop on the music business. "First off, it doesn't have anything to do with music," Gordy said.

Before long, he was helping his bunkmates with their daily chores. Out on the range, he mended fences and rode herd on strays. Muscles he hadn't used since grade school suddenly doubled in size, and he had to buy a new supply of T-shirts at a country store that had a rack full of the latest paperback romance novels. Gordy read "Love's Endless Ache." He read "Pomegranate Autumn" and "Nurse Reilly's Affair." Then, in the midst of all those passionately beating hearts, he found something called "Secrets of the Ancients," which was about the great religions of the world, and he read it through in a sitting, learning important lessons about meditation, karma, and the path to peace and understanding. When his former manager finally stopped phoning, he interpreted it to mean that his previous incarnation as a purple-haired keyboard man for Vampire Baby had officially been terminated. He took a certain pleasure from the loss of that life. Eight to go, he told himself.

One afternoon, while he was pitchforking hay, he heard some music in his head and paused to scribble a couple of lines in a pocket notebook. He took this as a sign of health. It reminded him of experiences he'd had before he'd joined the band, back when he was struggling to write honest songs. The music continued day after day, and he decided he was ready to return to the city. His friend tried to discourage him, but Gordy wouldn't listen. "Don't worry about me," he said. "I know I can break the cycle." It was a matter of pride to him, putting things right in a context of chaos.



*"Mr. Johnson, this is Mr. Belknap. Mr. Belknap defies explanation."*

THE address Earl Phillips was looking for was in Santa Monica. He got lost twice before he found the right little stucco bungalow. It belonged to a writer who'd just sold his first screenplay to Twentieth Century-Fox. The sale had allowed him to give up his teaching position at the University of Idaho, divorce his wife, and move to California with a former student. It was the student who explained all this to Gordy as he was carrying in boxes of books. She was young, blond, and built for speed. She said that Robert De Niro might be interested in starring in the movie—at least, some agent who knew his agent thought he might be interested—and that several directors, including Steven Spielberg and George Lucas, had asked to see the script.

"Life will be very different for me here," she said. "Idaho was so, I don't know—boring."

Another lost one, Gordy thought. "Excuse me, please, Miss," he said. "I need to put these where you're standing."

Gordy liked the moving work. It was simple and direct and left his mind free to wander. When it came time to bring in the heavy stuff, Phillips showed him a different grip to use. The writer's couch—a flagrant black leather item—put a crimp in his back. "Just let it down real easy," Phillips advised him. "It's only got those skinny little legs." Next, they strapped a washer to their dolly and wheeled it in. The truck was empty now, except for some paintings wrapped in old blankets. Gordy peeked at one. It was squiggly red lines on soiled canvas, with no discernible shape or pattern. Too much electricity, he thought.

Sweat ran down Phillips' cheeks and nose as he latched the truck door. He gave Gordy a fifty-dollar bill. "That makes eighty-five all told," he said. "The bonus is because you're a good worker. How'd you like to buy me supper?"

They had steak sandwiches and chocolate malts at a diner on Wilshire Boulevard. Gordy watched the cook slaving over a flaming grill. "I worked in a hash house when I first came down here to go to U.C.L.A.," he said. "The grease smell gets into your skin. You become a walking hamburger."

"What were you studying?"

"Music theory and composition. I

## EINSTEIN'S BATHROBE

I wove myself of many delicious strands
Of violet islands and sugar-balls of thread
So faintly green a small white check between
Balanced the field's wide lawn, a plaid
Gathering in loose folds shaped around him
Those Princeton mornings, slowly stage-lit, when
The dawn took the horizon by surprise
And from the marsh long, crayoned birds
Rose up, ravens, maybe crows, or raw-voiced,
Spiteful grackles with their clothespin legs,
Black-winged gossips rising out of mud
And clattering into sleep. They woke my master
While, in the dark, I waited, knowing
Sooner or later he'd reach for me
And, half asleep, wriggle into my arms.
Then it seemed a moonish, oblique light
Would gradually illuminate the room,
The world turn on its axis at a different slant,
The furniture a shipwreck, the floor askew,
And, in old slippers, he'd bumble down the stairs.
Genius is human and wants its coffee hot—
I remember mornings when he'd sit
For hours at breakfast, dawdling over notes,
Juice and toast at hand, the world awake
To spring, the smell of honeysuckle
Filling the kitchen. A silent man,
Silence became him most. How gently
He softened the edges of a guessed-at impact
So no one would keel over from the blow—
A blow like soft snow falling on a lamb.
He'd fly down from the heights to tie his shoes
And cross the seas to get a glass of milk,
Bismarck with a harp, who'd doff his hat
(As if he ever wore one!) and softly land
On nimble feet so not to startle. He walked
In grandeur much too visible to be seen—
And how many versions crawled out of the Press!
A small Pre-Raphaelite with too much hair;
A Frankenstein of test tubes; a "refugee"—
A shaman full of secrets, who could touch
Physics with a wand and body forth
The universe's baby wrapped in stars.
From signs Phoenicians scratched into the sand
With sticks he drew the contraries of space:
Whirlwind Nothing and Volume in its rage
Of matter racing to undermine itself,
And when the planets sang, why, he sang back
The lieder black holes secretly adore.

At tea at Mercer Street every afternoon
His manners went beyond civility,
Kindness not having anything to learn;
I was completely charmed. And fooled.
What a false view of the universe *I* had!
The horsehair sofa, the sagging chairs,
A fire roaring behind the firescreen—
Imagine thinking Princeton was the world!
Yet I wore prescience like a second skin:
When Greenwich and Palomar saw eye to eye,
Time and space having found their rabbi,
I felt the dawn's black augurs gather force,
As if I knew in the New Jersey night
The downcast sky that was to clamp on Europe,
That Asia had its future in my pocket.

—Howard Moss

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wanted to be a songwriter. But then I started messing around with a synthesizer. Next thing I knew I was onstage in some joint on the Strip, biting the neck of a mannequin."

Phillips chewed thoughtfully on a French fry. "You going to join up with your band again?" he asked.

"You make me sound like Jesse James, man."

"I'm just a country boy, Gordy. I don't always say things right."

"What I'll probably do is drive cab," Gordy said. "I've done that before, too. When I get enough money together, I may go into the studio on my own."

"You ought to look into the moving business," Phillips said, signalling for the check. "It's independent work. You can buy a truck pretty cheap. The first few months might be tough until you establish a reputation, but after that it'd be smooth."

"Can you really make a living at it?"

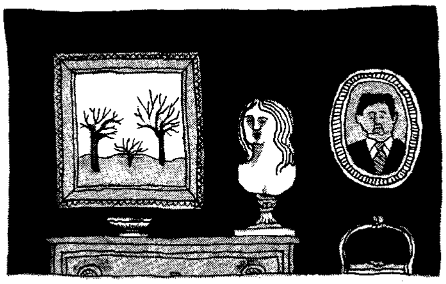
"You know what a bass boat is?"

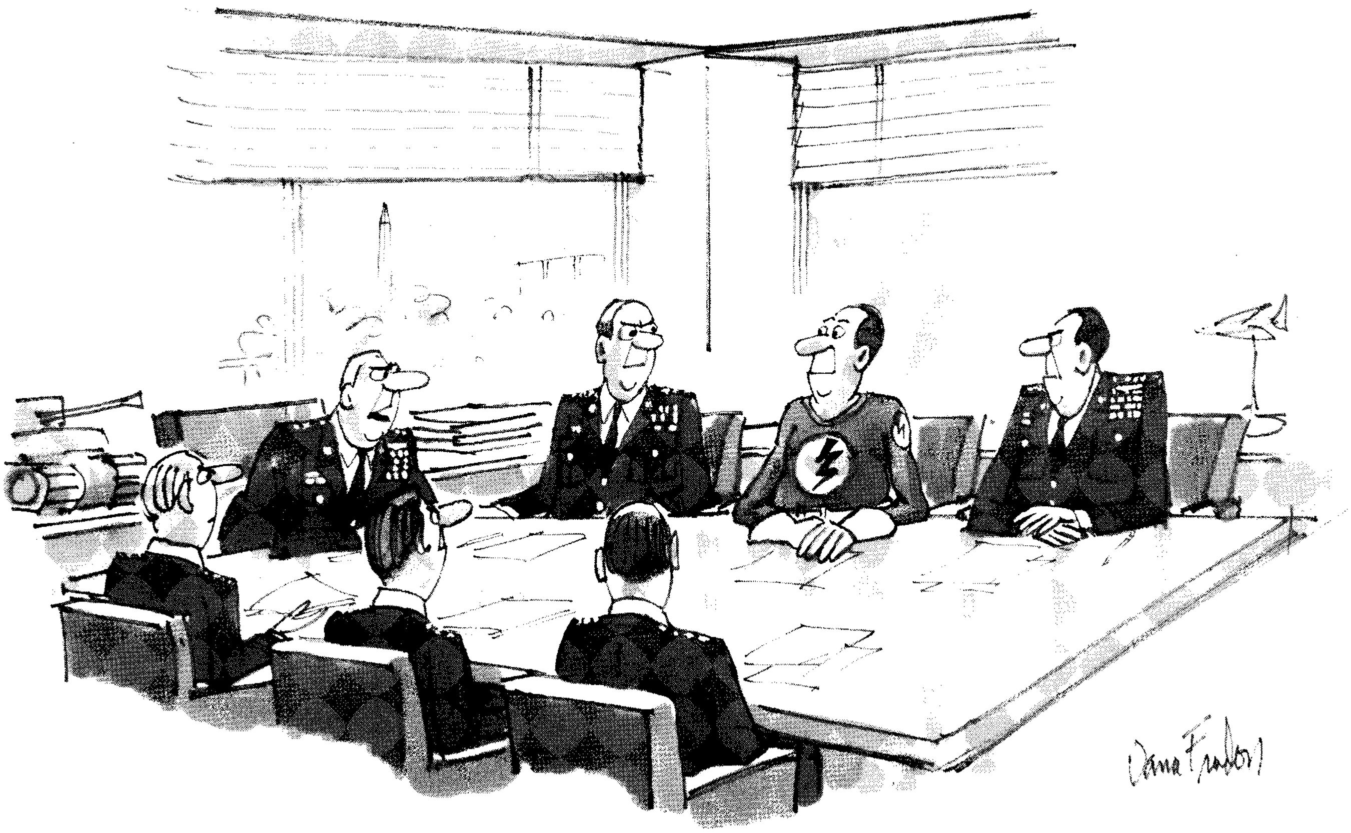
Gordy nodded. "The kind with chairs. Built for bass fishing."

"I own one of those outright," Phillips said.

IN Laurel Canyon, Gordy found a tiny one-room cottage to rent. Although the place was trashed, the landlady insisted that he pay a cleaning deposit, and he had to fork over seven hundred dollars in all. The outlay almost exhausted the bankroll he'd earned in Oregon. What little he had left went toward a down payment on an old Ford truck that had been involved in an accident on the Ventura Freeway. He bought it from the Count of Discount, who specialized in Vehicular Mayhem, with particular attention to the Slashing of Automotive Prices. "I'm not going to lie to you, son," the Count said, tugging on his goatee. "This vehicle needs brakes. It might could use a clutch. The transmission's not so hot. But where else are you going to get just what you want at a price you can afford?"

Gordy put the truck up on blocks in the driveway of his cottage, slid beneath it, and studied its innards. The Count had indeed not lied to him. Copious oil and motor sludge dripped onto his head. He spent the next week scavenging appropriate parts from junk yards. When he had the truck running, he painted the outside a deep metallic blue. Then, in flowing yellow script, he wrote on it "A Moving Experience." But that night he slept poorly, troubled by the notion that he was being cute; he could feel his lips on the neck of the cold plastic mannequin again. So in the morning he painted over the script





*"General Hoskins, I don't care if you are in charge of our star-wars defense. You must wear a regulation uniform."*

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and changed it to substantial white block letters that read "GORDON SLAUGHTER MOVING, INC."

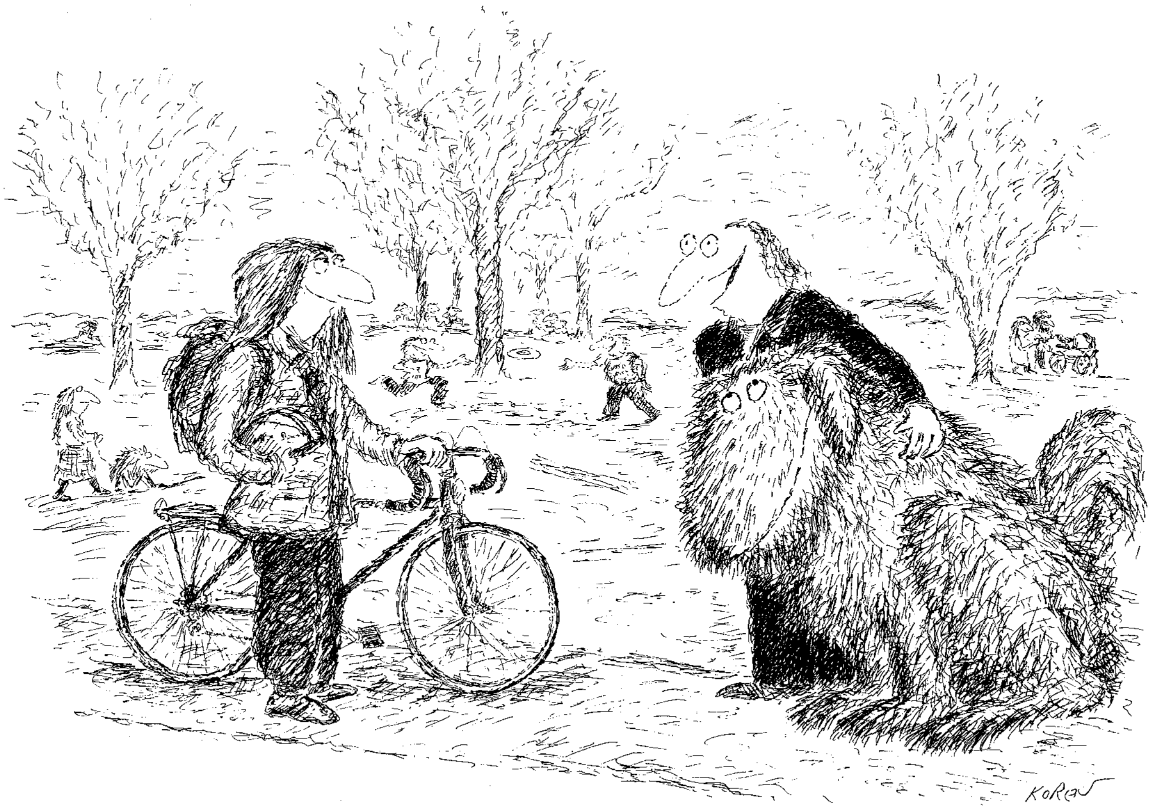
As Earl Phillips had warned him, business was slow at first. There was a lot of competition for the marginal work of moving singles and young marrieds from one apartment to the next. Gordy put ads in two shopper newspapers and in an artsy New Wave sheet, but almost a month went by before anyone phoned him about a job. His first call was from an airline stewardess who said she'd had it with Marina del Rey; she was going to Venice, where the people were more in tune with her life style. Gordy sucked in his breath and asked her, in his best professional manner, to inventory her possessions. They struck a bargain, and Gordy went out to hire an assistant mover. It wasn't difficult for him to get help—in Los Angeles struggling musicians outnumber successful ones by about ten thousand to one.

Gordy hooked up with Ollie Squeeze, a big Jamaican who was knocking around town trying to cut it as a reggae man. Ollie had a twice-a-week gig at a punk club in Encino, but it didn't pay much, and he was glad for the extra money. On moving day, Ollie showed up at the cottage in bright-orange coveralls. He had a Dodgers cap on top of his dreadlocks. "I been doin' roadie work, mon," he told Gordy as they drove over to the stew's place. "Totin' around amplification for some New Jersey boys. Heavy metal! It do affect me in the negative. Now furniture totin' becomes my line of work. I tell you true, Gordon, there ain't no justice in this Babylon world."

Ollie was strong and eager, but he had a tendency to wrestle with every object as though it were a demon, and Gordy had to instruct him in delicacy. Still, they finished the job in a very short time. The stewardess was happy to arrive at her new condominium with all her glassware intact, so she referred two of her friends to Gordy, after which he got a pilot and a woman who worked for a rental-car agency. In a little while, he had enough jobs to pay the rent on his cottage and provide some upkeep for the truck. He banked everything extra in an interest-bearing checking account, thinking that he'd use it someday to cut a solo album, or at least a 45. He wanted to pay for it himself, so there'd be no interference from record companies or managers or anybody else who might meddle with the material. The music would be simple, pure, directly from the heart.

ONE afternoon, Gordy and Ollie went to Redondo Beach to move a Valerie, no last name given. The woman who answered Gordy's knock was so hideously deformed that he had to look away. She had great wens and blisters all over her face. After motioning for Ollie to stay in the truck, Gordy followed her inside and got another shock when she touched her cheek and peeled off a hunk of skin. It took him a moment to realize that the skin was latex—some kind of mask. He watched in silence as she continued her peeling, dropping fragments of fake skin on the apartment floor.

"I almost didn't get here in time," she said as she walked toward the kitchen, where hot water was steaming in the sink. "The damn director kept shooting my scene over and over



*"Henry is into total loyalty."*

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again. I mean, really, how artistic can a shot of corpses be?" She peeled off the last of her mask, then began bathing her face. "I swear, I feel like I've been in the grave for forty years." Her real skin was shiny and unflawed. "It's like I'm trapped in a cliché."

"I know you from somewhere," Gordy said, trying to place her.

"Did you ever work as an extra out at the studio?"

It came to him then. "You were living in Santa Monica with that writer. You were my first moving job."

She looked at him in recognition. "You have a lot more hair," she said.

"This is really amazing," Gordy said. "Secrets of the Ancients" had spoken about the importance of people who turn up unexpectedly. "It must be my karma to meet you again." He remembered the screenwriter's couch, and said, "I guess things didn't work out for you over there."

"Charlie's nuts," she said flatly. "His deal fell apart, and he started doing coke. He kicked me out. I didn't have a cent, so I called some of his friends and one guy set me up with this extra's job in a grave-robbing flick."

"So you're moving downtown?"

She nodded. "There's this residential hotel somebody told me about. It's not too bad. No roaches, anyway. At least, it's cheaper than this place."

Gordy waved to Ollie, and they loaded the truck. There wasn't much to carry—a secondhand armchair, a mattress, a box of clothing, a hot plate, some kitchen things. The hotel was a decaying structure without any air-conditioning. It had no roaches, but it housed many other varieties of insect life. Valerie paid Gordy in ones and fives, carefully pulling each bill from a child-sized coin purse. He watched her turn and climb the stairs, thinking how foolish she'd been to fall into such an obvious trap. "There's one who never should have left Idaho," he said to Ollie, shaking his head.

But that night, when he couldn't get her out of his mind, he saw the situation differently. Hadn't he made the same kind of mistake himself when he'd dropped out of school to join the band? You couldn't blame people for being susceptible to dreams. A sympathetic impulse began to gnaw at him. He worried about Valerie all the next day—the hotel was full of junkies and perverts—and in the evening, after he'd showered, he drove back over there and went up to her room. She was sitting in her armchair, eating Japanese soup noodles from a coffee cup and watching the news on TV.

"Now, don't take this the wrong way," Gordy said, being as clear about things as he could be. "I'm not trying to hit on you." He told her that if she wanted to she could move in with him until she got her life into gear. His cottage wasn't much, but he kept it neat and it had no bugs other than the common ones. "Bugs you'll know and love," he said. "Ants, flies, maybe a spider."

She laughed and offered him a spoonful of soup. He slurped it and then carried her stuff to the truck. He slept in there that night, on her ratty old mattress, with the truck door open, while she made herself comfortable in his bed.

THREE days later, when it rained, he joined her in the bed, although they didn't become lovers right away. He tried touching her, but she stopped him and turned on her side. "I have a bad history with men," she said.

Gordy used his knuckles to rub her back. "It's O.K." he said. "We don't have to do anything." Pretty soon, he fell asleep, taking surprising comfort from the simple fact of a warm body next to his. Valerie had a funny way of breathing. It reminded him of the sound young heifers on the ranch had sometimes made. "Deviated septum," she told him when she woke. "It's my birth defect."

She walked naked to the shower, and walked out of it naked and slipped casually into her underwear. This was only the first example of her gift for intimacy. She liked secrets and gossip, and there seemed to be nothing she wouldn't confide to him. In less than a week, Gordy learned that her breasts were of a remarkably even shape and size, that she used a rinse on her hair, and that she hated to shave under her arms. She also gave him a great deal of information about her family, so that he became an expert in the Hawthornes of Idaho, their many branches and offshoots. He'd figured from the start that she'd run off with Charlie the writer simply to escape, but she confirmed it for him anyway, and told him that Charlie had been her eighteenth lover. She was twenty-two years old.

Gordy kept his mouth closed about his own past. He liked the idea that Valerie might have fallen for a furniture mover. In his Vampire Baby days, it had bothered him sometimes to think that the women he went with were interested only in his status as a semi-star, but he had to admit that there were other times when he hadn't cared at all. Anyway, the thing with Valerie was a novelty to him—sweet and innocent, a part of his new life; he was willing to let it be. He stored his music notebooks in a drawer, and Ollie, who was sworn to secrecy, arranged for him to practice piano at a friend's rehearsal hall once a week.

Valerie was eager to explore the city with him—eager for discos and clubs and L.A. flash. She wanted to visit all the spots that Charlie—being too old—wouldn't take her to. Gordy begged off, claiming to be low on funds, but there wasn't much he could do when, after her final day as an extra, she insisted on blowing her paycheck on a little action. "Let's do something wild," she said. "Let's go to the Brown Derby. I want to eat inside a hat."

From his closet Gordy unearthed a suit coat and a thin pink tie. Valerie wore a vagrantly flowing dress of powder blue, with her hair piled high, prom-queen style. They drove over in the moving truck and parked a block away. The maître d' didn't like the look of them and gave them a table near the kitchen. "Don't you love Hollywood?" Valerie asked Gordy, sipping on an Orange Blossom.

She kissed him in the truck afterward and started breathing funny, and said that if she made it with him he shouldn't interpret it as a commitment or anything like that. She was very serious but also very hot.

Gordy's own breath did something odd. "Fine," he said, and returned her kiss.

Valerie remained very hot. After a month or so of intense adventure, Gordy began to wonder if she was trying to compensate for being out of work. There was nothing else for her at the studio, especially without Charlie's juice, or the juice of his friends, and she frequently complained of being useless and leeching off other people. She had no idea what she wanted to do with herself. She perked up when he took her to an occasional movie, but the rest of the time she was a pain. "For all the fun we have," she complained, "I might as well be back in Idaho."

Gordy tried to be gentle with her. "Something will come along if you're patient," he said.

"But I'm bored right now, Gordy." She gave him a coquettish look. "Why can't I help you and Ollie on the truck?"

"Don't be silly," Gordy said.

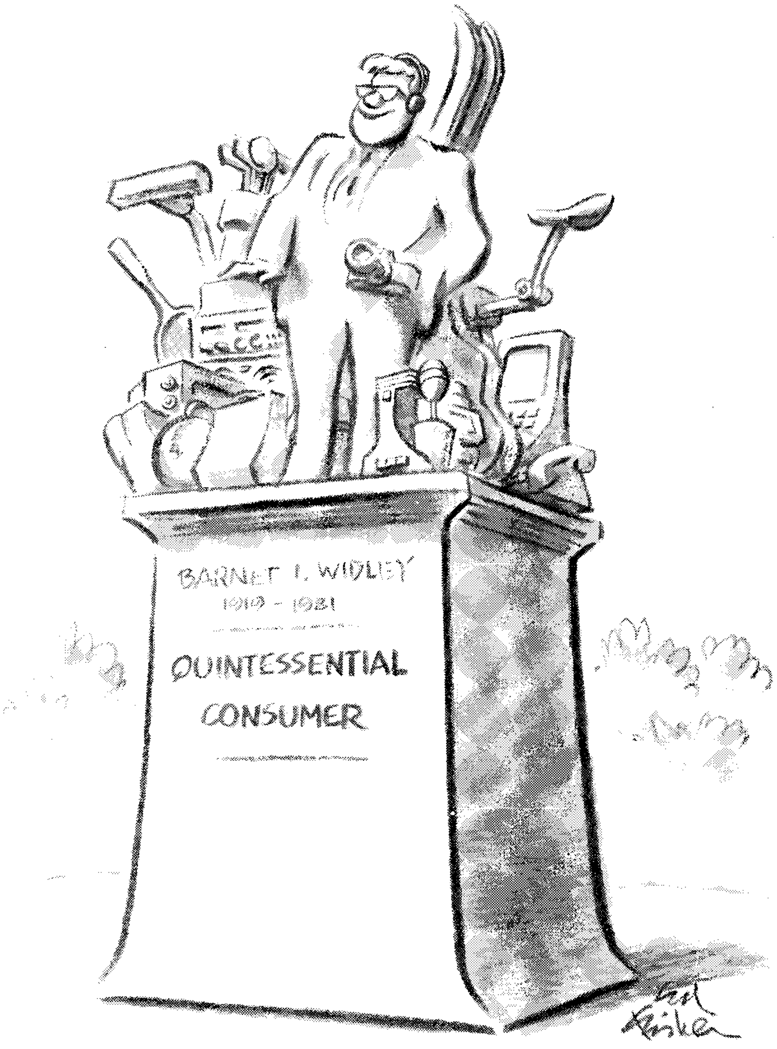
But Valerie persisted. Women climbed telephone poles and fixed the wires; they went down into the mines of Kentucky; they were cops and firefighters.

"All right," Gordy said, getting up from his armchair. It was a heavy old Art Deco item he'd bought at a thrift shop, and, as a test, he asked her to move it across the room. She rolled up her sleeves and pushed it. There were bad scratches on the floor when she was done, and he pointed them out to her.

"You're the same as Charlie," Valerie said. "You treat women like dirt."

SO Gordy put her on the truck. He let her carry boxes, lamps, paintings—all the easy stuff. She was more in the way than anything else, but he ignored it, since he was certain that she'd tire of the work before long. Her arms hurt, her legs hurt, she had blisters on her feet. At night, he ran hot baths for her and afterward rubbed her down with baby oil, touching his lips to her slippery skin. She was crazy but alluring. He was beginning to love her a little bit.

There was a night when everything seemed perfect. He sat down at their rickety table and ate a dinner of stir-fried vegetables she'd cooked. She was wearing a robe, and her hair was wet at the tips from her bath. He recognized again that she was beautiful, but that wasn't what appealed to him then. It was more the rightness of her, in the small kitchen, eating the brilliantly colored vegetables with her chopsticks. You are full of romantic crap,



he told himself, looking away, but the idea of rightness, or perfection, stayed with him later, when he sat outside and breathed the terrible canyon air and listened to the traffic on the perilous roads below him. The night was really big and sweeping. He wanted to fix the moment in his mind, knowing even as he tried that he was probably putting too much stress on something that wasn't meant to take it.

In Playa del Rey, the very next morning, against his better judgment he let Valerie help him move a heavy mahogany armoire. She dropped her end, and he sprained his back so badly that he had to go to a doctor. The prescription was for muscle relaxants and bed rest. The pills kept him in such a goofy stupor that he had to cancel a job. He thought he'd be fine in a day or two, but even after resting he was still so stiff and sore he could barely walk. Valerie had to help him into his clothes. He made it to the truck and climbed into the cab, but when he stretched a leg toward the gas pedal he pinched a nerve along his spine and howled in pain.

"You're not doing what the doctor told you to do," Valerie said.

"If I stay in bed much longer, I'll be out of business."

"Ollie and I can handle things."

Gordy wouldn't accept this; he argued with her about her inexperience. "O.K., O.K.," she said. But once she had him bedded down again, she lifted the keys from his pants and went out and did a job. He could see how proud she was when she came home, so he didn't say anything about the smell of burning rubber or the horrible whine the transmission made as she wheeled the truck up the hill.

VALERIE did another job that week, and one the next, while Gordy stayed in bed and smoldered. His back wasn't getting any better, so he went to the hospital for some X-rays. The pictures showed that he was developing a disc problem. A young interne examined him, manipulating his spine with icy fingers, and mentioned the possibility of corrective surgery. "Fat chance I'd let you cut me, man!" Gordy cried. Immediately, he was sorry and apologized for having lost his temper. All during the bus ride home, he did silent meditation, but the sight of the cottage strewn with Valerie's dirty clothes—she didn't have time for the laundry anymore—upset him again. He drank a fast six-pack (the first beer he'd had in months) and then taped his X-rays to the wall, so she could see with her own eyes the damage she'd done.

He made some soup for dinner, thinking she'd be there to share it with him, but she was late getting home. When she hadn't arrived by ten o'clock, Gordy just assumed that she'd cracked up the truck out in Encino, where she'd gone to move some newlyweds into a tract house. Probably it was the truck's karma, he thought. It would keep having accidents, over and over again, until its truck soul soared off to Nirvana, or whatever that Indian holy place was.

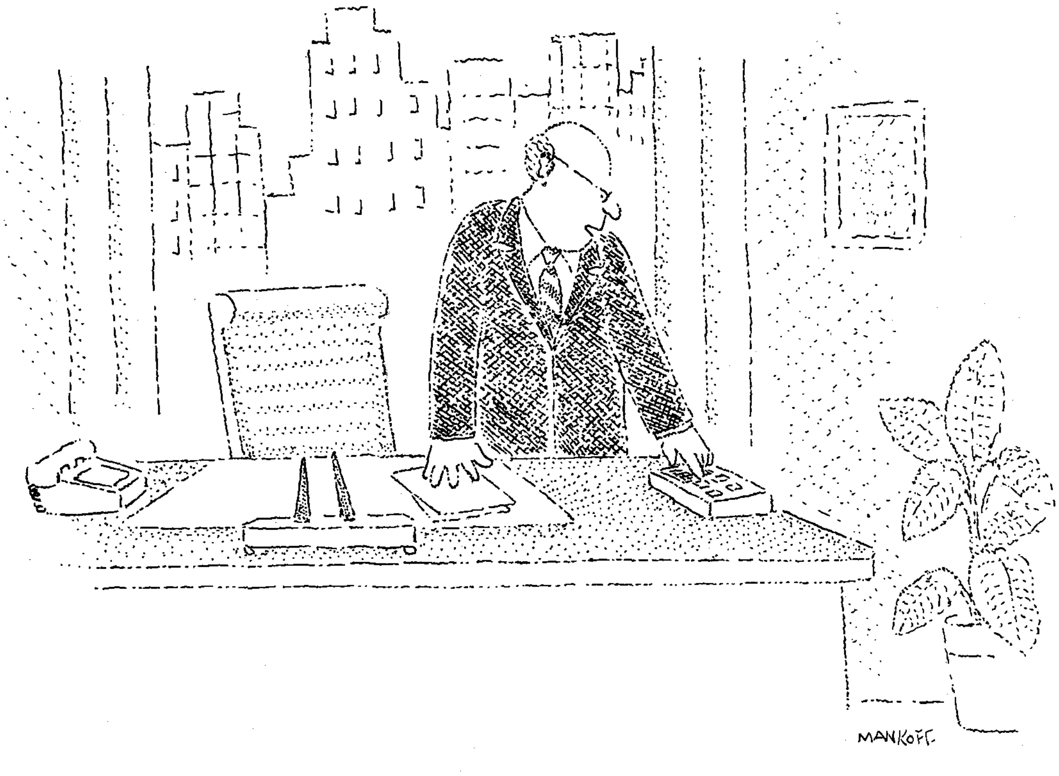
He was dozing when Valerie finally came in. "How bad?" he asked sleepily.

"What do you mean, 'How bad?' " she asked.

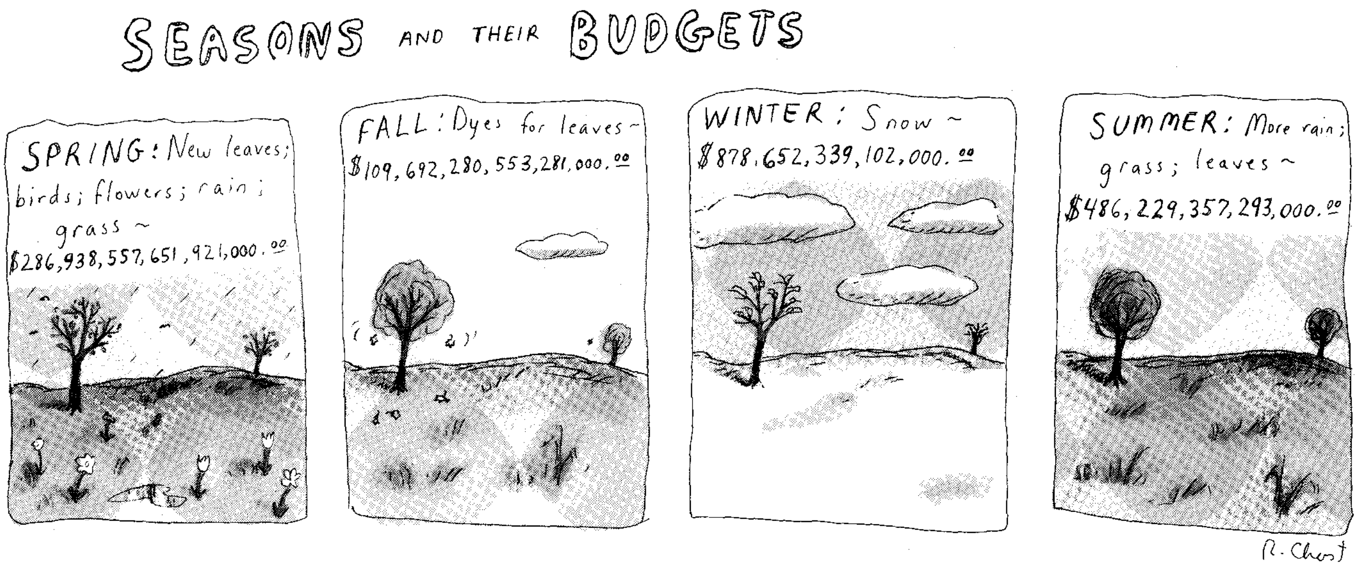
"I mean how bad was the goddam wreck?" He switched on the light and saw that she was giggling. She was wearing Ollie's cap backward, like a catcher.

"The only thing that's wrecked is me," she said.

Valerie had a story to tell. After they finished with the newlyweds, Ollie asked her if she wanted to stop in for a drink at the club where he played. So they stopped. The club was dark, smoky, with Mylar on the walls. The bartender wore a vest made of beer-can poptops over his bare chest. Valerie would have been ill at ease if Ollie hadn't known everybody. He introduced her to a bunch of punks at the bar. At first, she thought they were too aggressively disgusting to be believed, but once she'd talked to them for a while she began to enjoy herself. She felt obligated to buy a second round, since Ollie had bought the first, and she almost got into a fight with the bartender when she asked him to make her an Orange Blossom. He said it was a bourgeois drink and gave her a beer and a shot of mescal instead. "Unreal," she said when she saw a worm inside the mescal bottle. She'd always thought that such worms belonged to the realm of special effects. When she told this to the bartender, he rattled his vest, poured the mescal into a wine carafe, and fished out the worm with a long-handled spoon. "Eat it," he said, and Valerie, feeling herself on the spot, opened her



*"Any plaudits for me while I was out, Miss Jenkins?"*


SEASONS AND THEIR BUDGETS
SPRING: New leaves; birds; flowers; rain; grass ~ $286,938,557,651,921,000.00
FALL: Dyes for leaves ~ $109,692,280,553,281,000.00
WINTER: Snow ~ $878,652,339,102,000.00
SUMMER: More rain; grass; leaves ~ $486,229,357,293,000.00
R. Chast

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mouth and somehow managed to get it down.

"It had like a magical effect," she said, kneeling next to Gordy on the bed, with her eyes wide. "All I wanted to do was dance."

"You should have had the decency to let me know where you were," Gordy said. "I've been lying here worrying about you."

"Don't play daddy," Valerie said. "I'm a big girl." She touched his cheek. "Poor Gordy. When you get better, we'll go out there together and dance."

"No way."

"Never say never, Gordy. Besides, it would do you good to cut loose once in a while." She glanced around the room and made a face. "What's that junk on the walls?"

"X-rays," Gordy said.

ALMOST a month passed before Gordy, wearing a back brace, was ready to work again. By then, Valerie had got her hair cut in a geometric style that was longer on one side than on the other. In her right ear she wore a pendant earring in the shape of a golf club. She had her own Dodgers cap to match Ollie's.

Two or three nights a week, she went out to the club and stayed until three or four in the morning. For a while, she tried to drag Gordy along, but then gave up. "People can be together without having all the same interests, right?" she asked. And Gordy said, "Sure they can," although he was becoming increasingly intolerant of her infatuation with the scene. He tried to control his temper, but he found himself picking at her silly clothes and accusing her of having a bad attitude.

"Just lay off me," she said, pacing around the cottage. "You know what you are? You're like a Fascist. You're so superior, you want everybody to be just like you."

"That's not it," he said. "C'mon, Valerie, you're not sixteen anymore. You ought to act your age."

"What do you want me to do? You want me to settle down and have ten kids and feed them Mrs. Paul's Fish Sticks and all that crap? I don't have to be on TV, Gordy. It's almost the twenty-first century. Why shouldn't I enjoy myself before I get old? The world could end tomorrow."

Then one night she didn't come home at all. Gordy tossed and turned and thought about calling the cops to report her absence, but he knew in his heart that nothing was wrong.

He was looking out the window the next morning, brushing his teeth, when he saw her get out of a rusty Datsun. The driver he knew from the old days—green-haired, snaggle-toothed, the guy played rhythm guitar for Instant Despair.

"Don't tell me," he said when she walked in. "You're just friends."

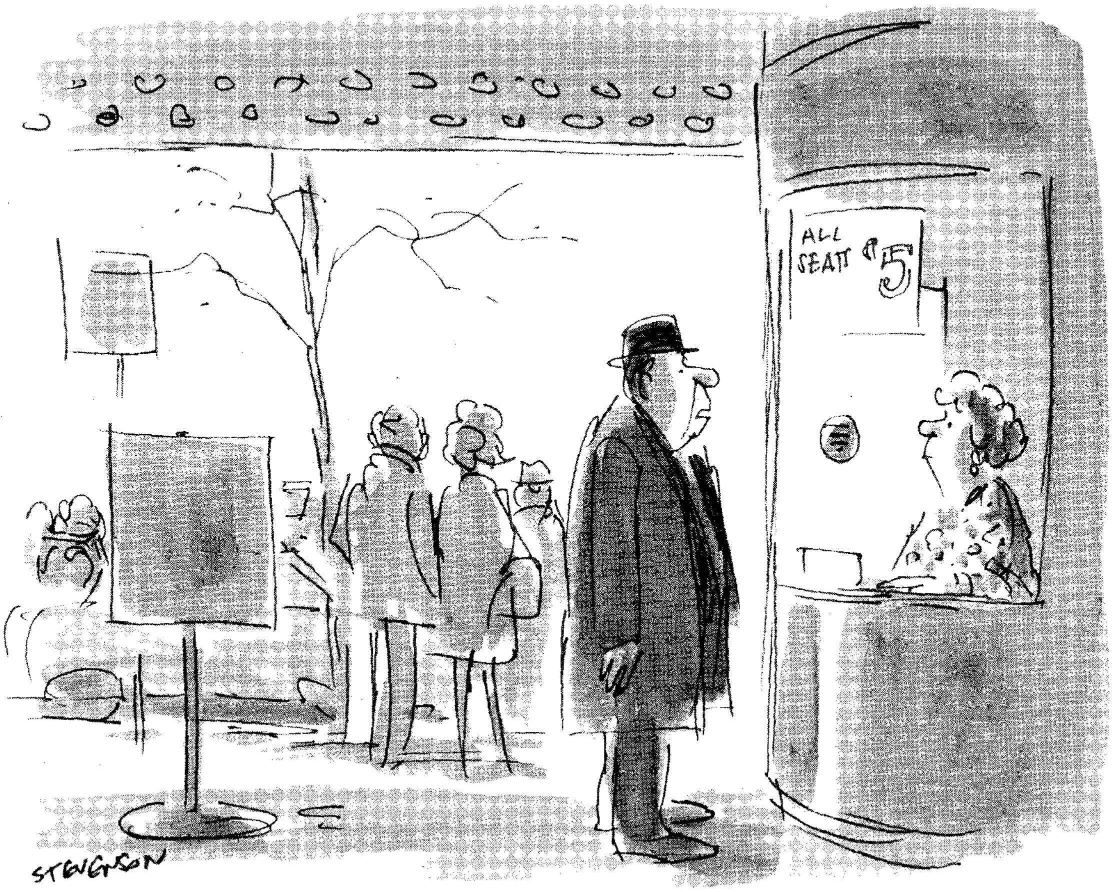
"As a matter of fact, we are," Valerie said. "All we did was buy a bottle of wine and go out to the beach for the sunrise."

"Ain't love grand?" Gordy said.

Somehow he expected the indiscretion to make her guilty, but after work she put on her makeup and her new leopard-skin pants and left without a word. She strolled downhill from the cottage, wobbling a little on her stiletto heels; then she picked up the pace and ducked around the corner, to where the Datsun was idling. He watched her get in and lean toward the driver and kiss him on the cheek.

For more than an hour, Gordy sat on his bed with his legs crossed and let positive images flow through his mind. He thought of pastureland rippling under a noon sun, of rain drumming on the bunkhouse roof. He decided to cool out by practicing some piano, but on the drive to the rehearsal hall he went by a twenty-four-hour dime store and wandered in. Everywhere ugly people were buying ugly merchandise they didn't need. Gordy had a sudden desire for a personalized black sweatshirt bearing the motto "Niceness Is Down for the Count," but some wimp clerk behind the counter refused to print it, on the ground that it didn't make sense. Gordy couldn't believe it. "You know what doesn't make sense?" he yelled. "The way people live their lives!" In the toy department, he found a miniature electric organ, and he began fingering the keys. When he couldn't get any volume out of the goddam thing, he put it on the floor and jumped on it. Then he ran to the nearest liquor store and bought himself a pint of tequila.

The tequila was gone by the time he got to the club where Valerie hung out. A couple of customers at the bar recognized him as a former headliner and bought him drinks. Instant Despair was due to take the stage at midnight, after the warmup band finished its set, and Gordy asked the club manager if he could go backstage to the greenroom and pay his respects. Valerie was there, sitting on an old couch. The guitarist was next to her,



"How much will I hate this?"

with his arm around her shoulders. "Hey, wow, Gordy man, have a beer," he said.

"You *know* him?" Valerie asked.

"Sure, Val. He was with Vampire Baby. A very hot band from the past. What, like 1982, Gordy?"

Gordy removed the guitarist's sunglasses and looked him in the eye. "This is a great country," he said. "I don't want to hear any bad words about it in any of your songs. You got that?"

"Sure," the guitarist said. "I hear you on that. Have a beer, man."

Gordy accepted the beer and drank it in a swallow. He shook hands politely with the guitarist. Then he grabbed the guy's rhythm guitar and smashed it to bits. He hitched up his jeans and said to Valerie, "Don't you dare think that had anything to do with love."

"How could I love somebody who lied to me?" Valerie said. Clearly, she was hurt. "You didn't trust me. You were playing games."

"I wasn't playing games."

"You lied to me," Valerie said. "I knew you were as bad as Charlie."

Gordy couldn't stand the confusion. He couldn't remember anymore what he'd intended to say to her, or even what he'd hoped for. "Well, I wasn't playing games," he said, but she wouldn't look at him. She had her hand on the shoulder of the guitarist, who was mumbling threats while he sifted through splinters and busted strings. Gordy said, "O.K., see you later. I'm going outside to wreck the truck."

"You what?"

"Going outside to wreck the truck."

The truck was in the parking lot. Gordy climbed into the cab, feeling both stupid and liberated. He laughed to himself, started the engine, and backed up to a point some ten yards from a concrete pillar. Then he strapped himself in and drove directly into the pillar at a speed designed to maximize damage while still preserving the driver's health. Impact was forceful and loud. The hood buckled. The radiator was demolished, along with part of the engine block. Gordy bumped his nose lightly on the dashboard. Through hissing steam and a shower of spray, he saw Valerie standing in the doorway of the club, looking so ashen that she seemed already to have become a ghost from some forgotten time.

OLLIE SQUEEZE drove Gordy home in a borrowed car. Whenever Gordy's head flopped forward, Ollie would push it back with the palm of his hand and say wearily, "Provocation of the complication, Gordon. Provocation simple and true."

Gordy slept through the night and into the next afternoon. He didn't really expect Valerie to be there when he woke, but he still felt a slight pang of loss to find that she hadn't returned. He thought of her in bed with him and shivered. The very dimensions of the cottage appeared to have changed. After many cups of coffee, he wrote a note and left it for her, knowing she'd be back sooner or later for her clothes. He told her that he owed her some money for her work, but that he didn't have much of it—the best he could do was a check for five hundred dollars, which was all he had in his interest-bearing account. She could also have the truck if she wanted to bother with the repairs. He apologized for what he'd done, and said that he was planning to leave town. He had this friend in Oregon he stayed with whenever things got heavy, and they were heavy now. He propped the note against an empty beer can and put a few belongings into his knapsack. On his way out of the cottage, he promised himself that he would do better next trip, and that if he didn't do better he would continue to repeat the trip until he got it right.

—BILL BARICH

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## THE CREATIVE LIFE

[*From the Bernardsville* (*N.J.*) *News*]

Childe Hassam, who is represented by 10 paintings, the largest number of any artist exhibiting, also had a pension for poppies.

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## HARVARD LAW

NOT long ago, a Harvard Law School professor I had asked to compare Harvard with other prominent law schools began by saying, "Well, this is the unhappiest place." I was a bit startled. By the time of our conversation, I had heard a number of other professors describe a deep and at times bitter division in the faculty—a division that began with a challenge from the political left and has taken on some aspects of a generational dispute and an intellectual debate and a way to settle old grudges—but it is not the sort of division that provokes people into shouting in the halls. Several professors had mentioned to me that the faculty's leading oenophiles, one a radical and one a conservative, had seen no reason to discontinue meeting regularly for wine tastings. With all the talk of trouble, I had still taken it for granted, I suppose, that anyone who wanted to be a law-school professor and had fetched up at Harvard Law School had reason to be happy with his lot. The impressions we have of established institutions have a half-life of many decades, and the impression of Harvard Law School I was carrying around was formed in the late fifties and early sixties, when people I know were there as students. They were, of course, unhappy at the time, but it was assumed that unhappy was what law students were meant to be. In those days, Harvard Law School had the reputation of being an academic version of the Marine boot camp on Parris Island, with badgering law professors as the drill sergeants and impossibly long assignments as the forced marches through the swamps—the sort of place where that dean of academic legend really might have said to the assembled students on their first day, "Look to your left and look to your right; by the time you graduate, one of those people will no longer be here." Harvard Law School was thought of as an awesomely competitive, high-pressure manufacturer of high-powered lawyers—a place where students were happy only in the sense that some Parris Island recruits found cheer in contemplating which of their number might collapse on the obstacle course in a particularly spectacular way.

Who seems happier in his work than a drill sergeant? I assumed that professors at Harvard Law School were about as happy as people who have to grade a lot of exam papers twice a year can be. The Law School faculty was considered a fine perch for someone who had very high marks and a disdain for commerce and a reasonably well-developed social conscience—a place where a professor could impart legal principles and legal values and legal thinking to the future leaders of a society run by law. A few of the people I knew when they were studying law at Harvard eventually joined the faculty themselves, and my occasional conversations with them over the years did nothing to alter my view that Harvard Law professors were fortunate in being well cared for, permitted to show off in front of classrooms full of respectful students, invited to conferences held in comfortable surroundings, called upon regularly for advice by Democratic or moderate Republican Administrations, and untroubled by the pressure for published scholarship that torments other academics. (In the late fifties, Harvard Law School began to require a scholarly article from those seeking tenure—an effort so far removed from the routine requirements of their life that it became known as "the tenure piece.") Law-school faculties have traditionally been thought of as collegial—academic extensions of the courtroom civility that calls for the enemy to be spoken of as "my learned

*"Let me say in advance: If you boys are ready to play by the rules, we're ready to play by the rules."*

opponent" even in the heat of battle. "Law professors were never like economics professors," a Harvard Law professor told me. "If you disagreed with someone, you didn't call him a fool." Faculties of economics or political science or English or medicine have sometimes been described as collections of feudal baronies—the baron of a well-endowed institute here, a baron presiding over a horde of vassal research assistants there, a world-class scholar baron alone but impregnable in his ivory tower somewhere else. Being on the Harvard Law School faculty, on the other hand, has sometimes been spoken of as similar to being in a senate—a senate where virtually all your colleagues are civilized people with enlightened views, and where, once the tenure piece is out of the way, no one has to worry about the next election. A certain amount of contentment was inherent, I always assumed, in a position that provided the satisfaction of having rejected the commercial rat race while also providing a salary of seventy or eighty thousand dollars a year for ten months' work.

What could make people in such a position unhappy? There are faculty members at Harvard Law School—particularly those close to the deanery—who would say that describing it as an unhappy place exaggerates its difficulties. They would argue that factionalism on the faculty is essentially no different from the bickering that takes place routinely between, say, two schools of literary criticism in an English department, and that what is remarkable is not the bickering but the fact that it showed up only recently. There are, naturally, people who believe that contention among professors on intellectual and political issues is nothing to be deplored: the professor who told me that Harvard is the unhappiest law school went on to say that it is also the most interesting. There are people who think that the tensions in the Harvard Law School faculty are just ephemeral rumblings caused by a small band of left-wing nihilists who are interested in turmoil for its own sake; there are also people, though, who think that the arguments provoked by the left have brought to the surface doubts that a lot of Harvard Law School professors have had about whether they are serving society in quite the way they thought they were. I met professors at Harvard Law who at one moment could see the situation as little more than faculty bickering—something the students are justified in calling "a source of amusement"—and at the next moment could consider it what one professor described to me as "a struggle for the soul of this institution."

## SPRING TRAINING

The last of the birds has returned—
the bluebird, shy and flashy.
The bees carry fat baskets of pollen
from the alders around the pond.
The wasps in the attic venture downstairs,
where they congregate on warm windowpanes.
Every few days it rains.

This is my thirty-fifth spring;
still I am a novice at my work,
confused and frightened and angry.
Unlike me, the buds do not hesitate,
the hills are confident they will be
perfectly reflected
in the glass of the river.

I oiled my glove yesterday.
Half the season is over.
When will I be ready?

On my desk sits a black-and-white postcard picture
of my father—skinny, determined,
in a New York Giants uniform—
ears protruding, eyes riveted.
Handsome, single-minded, *he* looks ready.

Thirty-five years of warmups.
Like glancing down at the scorecard
in your lap for half a second
and when you look up it's done—
a long fly ball, moonlike,
into the night
over the fence,
way out of reach.

—LYNN RIGNEY SCHOTT

• •

THE modern American law school was invented at Harvard. In the eighteen-seventies, a lawyer named Christopher Columbus Langdell became dean and developed a method of studying law by reading cases, using mainly appellate opinions to teach the governing legal doctrines. A Langdell student who was presented with a case—a case, for example, in which a landlord moves to evict a tenant for nonpayment of rent and the tenant replies that there has been no heat in the building for two years—was expected to find the doctrine that would logically decide it. According to the doctrine of Caveat Lessee, for instance, a contract between a landlord and a tenant promises nothing beyond what is specifically written into it: if there is no undertaking on the part of the landlord to keep the building heated, he isn't obligated to do so. Case closed; the tenant's on the street. Langdell's method—sometimes called the doctrinal approach—operated from the assumption that law was a science, a coherent body of doctrine from which the correct answer to a question could be logically deduced. Those who take a cynical view of history say that the method appealed to him

*"John, I've had it up to here with both the man* and *the legend."*

• •

because it gave law, then considered something a young man could learn easily enough by apprenticeship, the form of a respectable academic subject.

The notion that law is a science was eventually undercut by a movement called Legal Realism, which became influential during the twenties and thirties in the law schools of Yale and Columbia. The realists argued that, as any lawyer who has ever tried a case knows, a judge can find precedents for deciding in favor of either side, and the side he favors may have less to do with his powers of deduction than with his point of view. Someone about to be evicted from a heatless apartment may face a judge whose point of view comes partly from knowing a lot more landlords than tenants. (The cynical historian would say that Legal Realism emerged in part as a way to argue against anti-union injunctions that conservative judges were issuing in the twenties and to justify some New Deal legislation that conservative judges were finding unconstitutional in the thirties.) According to Legal Realism, cases are decided within the context of the society's cultural and economic and political values, and the law changes when the context changes—when, for instance, the society as a whole begins to worry a little more about protecting the tenant and a little less about protecting the landlord. In the sixties, in fact, poverty lawyers and authors of law-review articles began arguing that the condition of an apartment had to be relevant in deciding whether to evict a tenant for nonpayment of rent, and eventually some judges agreed. In 1970, Judge J. Skelly Wright, of the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit, held that the contract between landlord and tenant contained an implied warranty that the premises were habitable.

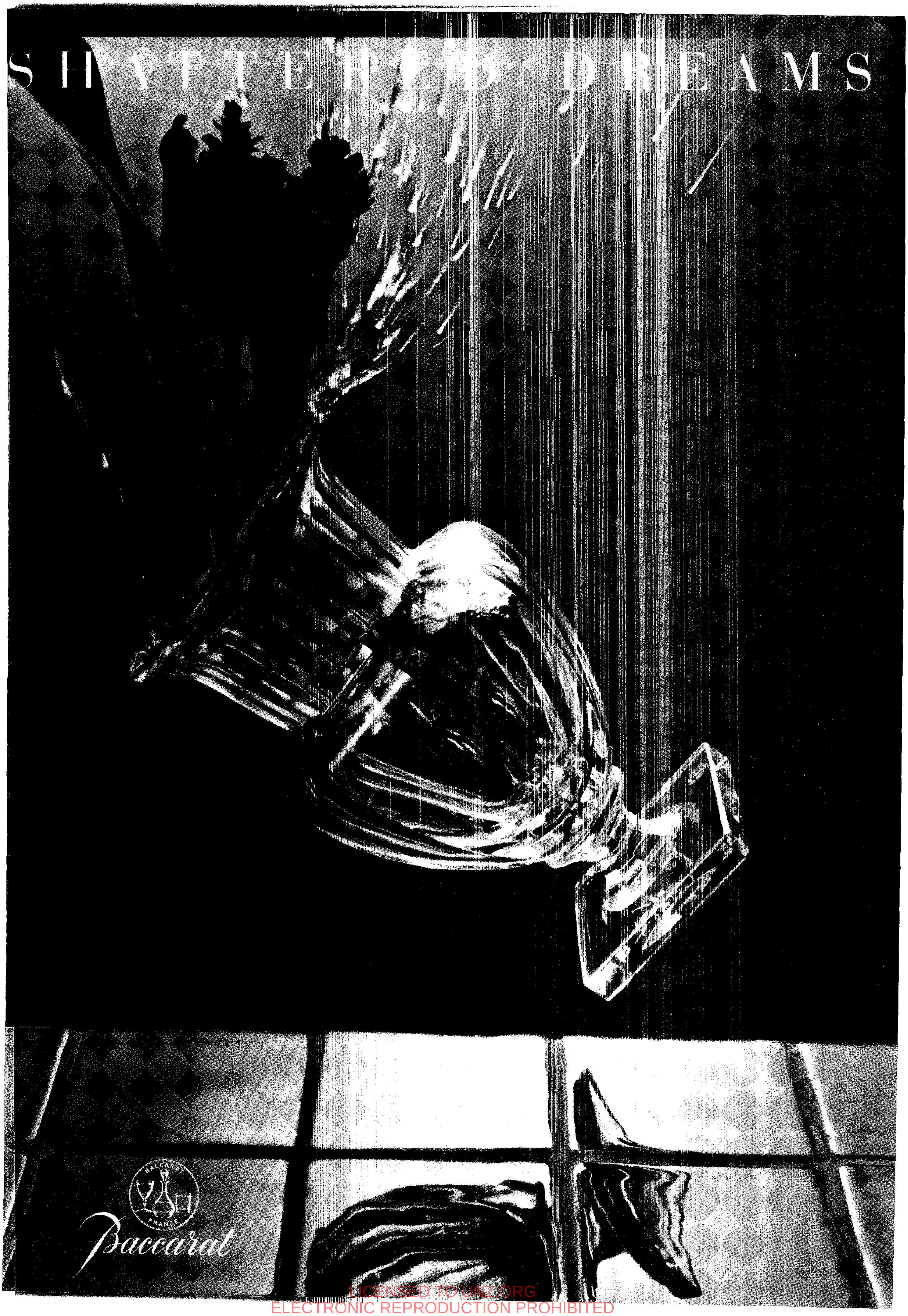
A strict doctrinalist would have said, "What ever happened to Caveat Lessee?"—except that by 1970 there were few strict doctrinalists left. Virtually no law professors completely dismissed Legal Realism and the other movements that put law within the context of the society as a whole. But Harvard may have been one of the places where Legal Realism had the least impact. In the years after the Second World War, the Harvard Law School faculty was dominated by such renowned scholars as Henry Hart and Lon Fuller. Hart was one of the commanding figures in an approach to law called Legal Process, which is sometimes seen as a response to Legal Realism. If the substance of law is not precise and predictable, the Legal Process people said, at least the procedure is. Divorcing the procedure from the substance, they concentrated on questions like which court has jurisdiction and when someone has a right to a hearing and how responsibility is di-

*"It's basket clocks this year, Lucy. Babcock sells them to the wicker freaks in the Hamptons."*

vided between courts and legislatures—what is sometimes called "institutional formalism." In the case that Wright decided, a Legal Process judge might have refused to stay the eviction order because the landlord who did not provide heat had violated the city housing code rather than a rental agreement, and would therefore have to be brought to court by the city housing authority instead of by his tenant. When I remarked to a Harvard Law professor that institutional formalism didn't strike a layman as substantial enough to support an entire school of legal thought, I was reminded that the United States Constitution, in concentrating on the parcelling out of responsibilities, is essentially a Legal Process document—except, of course, for the Bill of Rights. The implication of Legal Process was that the law is a separate, value-free institution, unconnected to political or moral considerations—more like the Constitution than like the Bill of Rights. For the people I knew as Harvard Law students, that was translated into approaching law in a rigorous, unsentimental, analytical way—or, as it was often put, "thinking like a lawyer." It's a shame about the tenant's being on the street, a lawyer would think, but what's important is the law.

As the great figures of that era retired, in the sixties and early seventies, they were not succeeded by legal scholars of equivalent renown. I don't mean that Harvard Law School fell into the hands of slow learners. The people on the faculty had the same credentials that Harvard Law professors have always had—astonishing law-school marks, editorships of major law reviews, clerkships with Supreme Court justices or certain distinguished appellate judges. Some of them were recognized authorities in their specialties. But the faculty was no longer dominated by commanding intellectual figures who were identified as leaders of some broad theory of law. The influence of the legendary professors remained. Students at Harvard Law School were still taught that the law is neutral. The faculty members, many of whom considered themselves political liberals, retained a kind of detached, conservative style. Even through the turmoil of the sixties, the Harvard Law School faculty was thought of as cool, homogeneous, careful to preserve the separation between faculty and students, deferential to an inner circle of senior professors. The style of the faculty of that period is sometimes spoken of as "mandarin," although "stifling" is also a word I've heard applied to it.

When people at Harvard try to explain how the faculty changed from a place where just about everyone agreed—or, at least, expressed his disagreement in a polite way—they almost always mention the arrival, in the early seventies, of three young faculty members: Duncan Kennedy, Morton Horwitz, and Roberto Unger. All three came to be associated with Critical Legal Studies—a movement that developed around that time among people who had known one another as students or young faculty members at Yale Law School. Critical Legal Studies is sometimes described as "the New Left played out in the law." Scholars identified with the movement tend to show the influence not just of thirties Legal Realism but of German neo-Marxism and French structuralism and Berkeley nose-thumbing. The effect that the Critical Legal Studies people eventu-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ally began to have on the Harvard faculty concerned not so much their intellectual theories—a lot of Harvard Law professors still have not read those—as their style, some of which happens to be based on their intellectual theories. What others might have seen as the privileges of seniority, for instance, they attacked as the evils of hierarchy—hierarchy being to the Critical Legal Studies types what Demon Rum is to the drys. Like the New Left of the late sixties, they tend to see compromise as "an attempt to paper over fundamental differences." They have the New Left belief that nothing is neutral or nonpolitical. (They would maintain, for instance, that the effect of a Legal Process approach in the fifties and sixties was to argue for judicial restraint during a period when the courts were trying to extend individual rights and racial equality.) They have the New Left inclination to make their political issues out of whatever's at hand, wherever they happen to be—partly because they see society as a cluster of small battlegrounds of almost equal importance. Kennedy—who can turn out slightly antic left-wing slogans practically as a parlor trick, the way some people can recite the verses to old songs—has said, "Resist at the bourgeois dinner party as well as on the assembly line." The Critical Legal Studies people tended to resist at the faculty meeting as well as at the bourgeois dinner party ("Workplace politics are real politics . . ."), and they seemed to take some pleasure in resisting their elders (". . . and therefore Oedipal politics are real politics"). It was as if, after some years in deep freeze, Mario Savio had returned—except that he is all grown up, and he has tenure, and, astonishingly, he seems fond of quoting Roland Barthes and the German phenomenologists.

*"And, might I add, that's a lot of suit."*

Even three Savios would have had little effect on a faculty of sixty-five, and for some time Kennedy and Horwitz and Unger amounted to no more than what Kennedy calls a "groupette" or a "groupuscule." One way that the groupette differed from the rest of the faculty was in its willingness to lobby, and trade votes, and proselytize. On one issue or another, Kennedy and Horwitz and Unger were able to attract the votes of other professors—although not enough others to win. They challenged some of the traditional notions about qualifications for appointment to the faculty. They argued that the *Law Review* should be more of an open forum and less of a prize for high marks. They proposed that a lot of courses award no marks beyond pass or fail. After picking up allies gradually for several years, they were given a sudden boost when it turned out that they often got the votes of a new batch of young, untenured professors, who arrived at the Law School a few years ago and stuck together, referring to themselves as the Shrimps. In the late seventies, the administrators of Harvard Law School could still dismiss the Critical Legal Studies crowd as a loud but insignificant minority. As votes on the left grew into an identifiable faction, however, other professors began to identify themselves as part of one group or another—not only a group in the broad center but a small group on the right. In the spring of 1982, still a minority but no longer insignificant, the people on the faculty who were identified roughly as being on the left were able to muster the one-third vote necessary to block the appointment of a professor they opposed. By then, nose-counters of some precision could slice the faculty into five or six factions. Some people were already using the sort of language I heard around Harvard to belittle the scholarly work done by some senior professors ("dronework") or to dismiss Critical Legal Studies gurus as "the Children of Light." In the view of one conservative professor, "They goaded us into being uncivil." No one was describing the Harvard Law School faculty as collegial.

IN a way, Harvard Law School seems to be the same sort of place it was when the faculty was clubby and the students I knew were suffering on the obstacle course: a high-powered transformer of student achievers into legal achievers. Yet the atmosphere has changed, for students as well as faculty. I was surprised to hear, for instance, that it is virtually impossible

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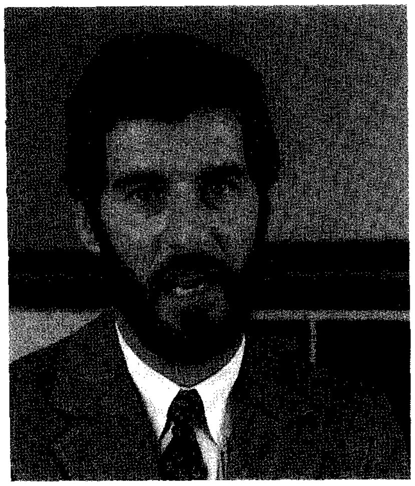

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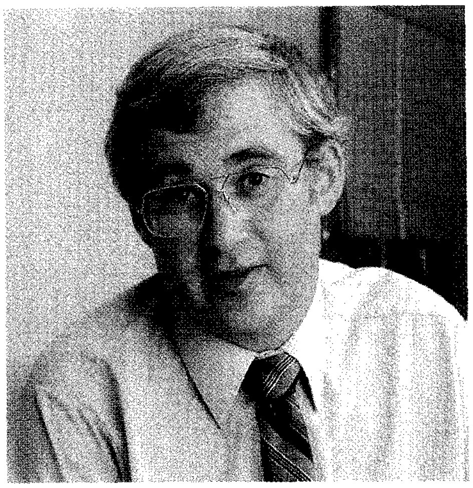

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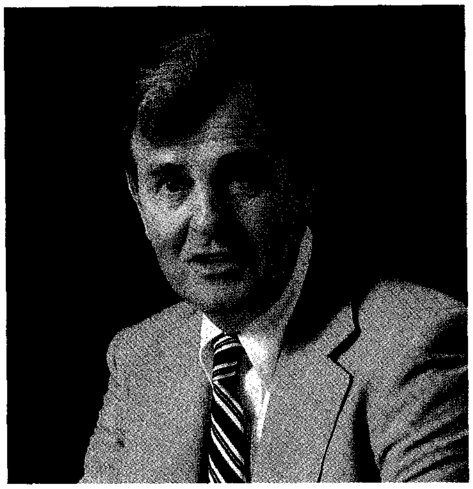

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to flunk out of Harvard Law School. I suppose that the dean's speech about looking left and right may have had a hollow ring in the fifties—if in fact he ever delivered it in the fifties—because a law school like Harvard already had a large applicant pool and the Law School Aptitude Test to help in selecting people who had a pretty good chance of staying the course. Harvard was affected by the grade inflation that went on everywhere in the sixties, and whatever tendency to flunk people was left got wiped out when minority students started being admitted in large numbers. Minorities pressed for preserving students' anonymity in the marking of tests in order to avoid discrimination, and professors, worried about the possibility that they might flunk half a dozen students and then discover that all those flunked were black, decided that a C was punishment enough for just about any inadequacy.

In the sixties, there was also a gradual move away from the style of teaching in which the professor singles out some unfortunate in a large lecture hall and puts him through difficult and perhaps humiliating exercises in order to extract the correct answer—a method that one student I talked to called "Socrates gone mad." By now, anybody at Harvard Law School who wants to witness the undiluted drill-sergeant approach has to take Professor Arthur Miller's course in civil procedure or tune in on "Paper Chase," episodes of which are shown in the student lounge on Tuesdays. The first year of Harvard Law School is still an ordeal of sorts, but virtually all the serious rewards—all but a few spots on the *Law Review*, most job offers—are decided early in the second year. At Harvard and at most other prominent law schools, the concern about second-year and third-year students is not how to keep them from collapsing under the strain but how to keep them from growing listless with boredom. It's possible, of course, that Parris Island has softened up a bit by now, too.

For a few years during the early seventies, there was an increase in the number of Harvard Law students who went into public-interest or poverty law after graduation, but these days the career choices for graduates are no different from what they were twenty-five years ago: at least ninety per cent of the graduates join corporate law firms. Figures like that are sometimes used to demonstrate that today's stu-

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dents have returned to the careerism of the fifties, but I don't think the students now at Harvard Law School have been unaffected by the history of the last twenty years. The students I knew at the Law School in the late fifties and early sixties tended to think of themselves as nonpolitical. Both they and their professors took it for granted that the American system—particularly the American legal system—was a basically good system, with some flaws that could eventually be cleared up by precisely the sort of principled, tough-minded people Harvard Law School was producing. "When you assumed the system was good, you could do the work of the Lord at Covington and Burling as well as anyplace else," a Harvard Law professor told me. There are still students, of course, who believe that corporate law firms are at least neutral and maybe noble; they came to Harvard for the opportunity it offered to be hired by one. A lot of students, though, see a corporate law firm not as a neutral institution but as the institution that helps a corporation avoid pollution-control laws or guides a corporation in using Chapter 11 of the bankruptcy act as a way to break a labor union. Students at Harvard Law School these days tend to have a vaguely left style. The lines they applaud in a speech are likely to be lines about the triumph of an indigent plaintiff or the defeat of a bigot. They think of themselves as being nicer to one another than the students of twenty-five years ago were. When they enter law school, at least half of them name as the sort of legal specialties that interest them civil rights and environmental law and civil liberties. A significant minority of them spend some time at the Legal Services Center, which offers clinical experience while carrying out a poverty-law practice in a run-down Boston neighborhood called Jamaica Plain. A couple of years ago, though, when the Jamaica Plain project offered a different sort of program, which was really suitable only for students basically committed to practicing poverty law—it replaced all classes for an entire year—no more than a couple of dozen of them applied. Last fall, the Law School held a forum designed to inform first-year students about the opportunities in what is sometimes called "good-guy law." The hall was packed. One of the professors on the program, Alan Dershowitz, said, "Look to your left and look to your right, because by the time

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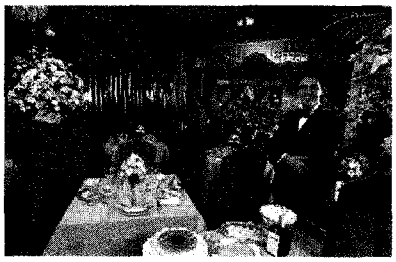

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you graduate there'll be no Left left."

There are any number of reasons for that—starting with the simple, astounding fact that a law-school graduate who is hired by one of the major New York law firms begins work at between forty-five and fifty thousand dollars a year. A lot of law-school graduates are in debt for student loans—a condition that does not inspire them to work for a lot less than they can command on the open market. Public-interest organizations that litigate the great issues in, say, civil liberties or the environment rarely hire people just out of law school, and poverty law has acquired the reputation—an unwarranted reputation, many of its practitioners insist—of being unchallenging and dull. Someone who graduates from Harvard Law School has not really been trained in the nuts and bolts of practicing law, and it is said that the large firms provide what amounts to an apprenticeship. Most of all, the large firms are there. Someone who wants a job as a good-guy lawyer almost certainly has to go out and scratch one up. Someone in the placement office has estimated that the amount of money spent on recruiting at Harvard Law School by the largest firms in the country—counting the travel and the office expenses and the summer-job perks and the hours that would otherwise be billable to clients—is comparable to the school's annual budget. These days, a summer job after the second year of law school—a job that might pay eight or nine hundred dollars a week, plus a housing allowance—almost invariably leads to the offer of a regular job. The big firms, it is said at Harvard, have a van parked right outside, with the door open and the motor running.

Not many people climb into the van with a song on their lips. They join up with a sense of resignation that tends to be festooned with small, cynical jokes about selling out. Someone who sees the eventual career choices of Harvard Law School students simply as an indication that they have matured in three years might argue that by the time they have practiced with a Wall Street law firm for a while they will have matured enough to drop the small, cynical jokes. Why, it might be argued, should anyone think it is anything but inevitable that the preëminent law schools of a capitalist society produce lawyers to serve the society's preëminent capitalists? There may be Harvard Law School alumni who would be alarmed at hearing Dersho-

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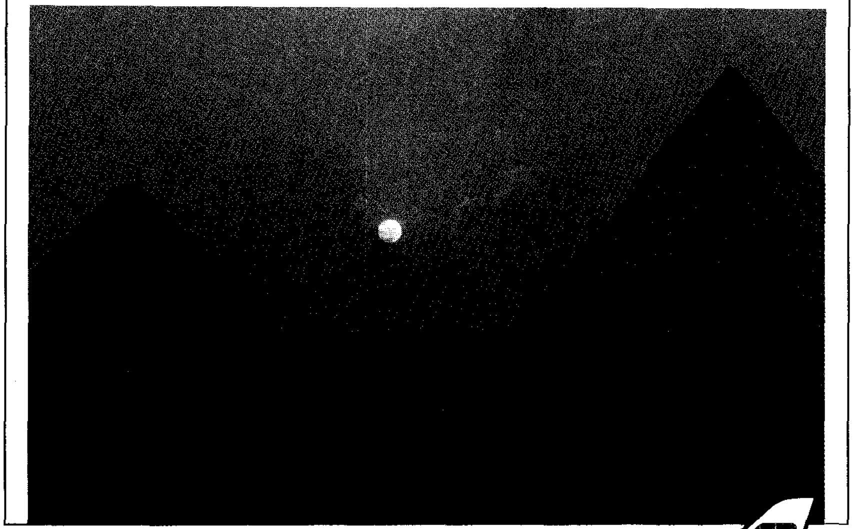

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witz advise the first-year students attending the forum on good-guy law to "do anything to keep from spending your life helping corporate fat cats get fatter," but the alumni truly trained in tough-mindedness would point out that such advice is routinely ignored. I suppose it's possible to see Harvard Law School as an institution willing to harbor left-wing professors who are trying to subvert the young, but another way to look at it is as an institution that each fall takes five hundred of our brightest, most idealistic young people and in three years transforms them into Wall Street moneygrubbers.

Although that might be a source of comfort to the alumni, it is a source of distress to the faculty—and not simply to the small slice of faculty that believes corporate law firms to be the enemy. In his speech to the faculty last fall, James Vorenberg, the dean of the Law School, mentioned his hope that something could be done to present a broader picture of career opportunities to the students—not because he believes corporate law firms to be wicked but because he believes that the students should be "making choices, not just following a beaten and easy track." A lot of the faculty would agree with Vorenberg that the students "feel less free than they are" when it comes to deciding their future. For some members of the faculty, the concern goes further than that. Like the students, they have not been unaffected by recent history, and they are no longer certain that the Lord can be served as well at Covington and Burling as anyplace else. "In the fifties, this was a reasonably self-assured institution," one of them told me. "People understood what they were educating the students for, and the students understood what they were being educated for: to be highly responsible, sophisticated, generous-spirited, but hard-nosed high-ranking officers in the ranks of those upholding and improving what was on the whole a pretty decent civilization. Society needed us in order to be as good a society as it could be. In the sixties, cracks began to appear, but professors at Harvard Law School didn't identify with the student rebellion, because of its style and its anti-intellectualism. What all that meant, though, is that a number of middle-aged faculty members no longer had the confidence levels they previously had in the society's being fundamentally decent, fair, and just. When they began to wonder about society, they began to wonder

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whose side this institution was on. If in fact the system is wrong—not just in need of a bit of tinkering here and there—the idea of producing brigadier generals who make it work better is not really palatable."

I suspect that even professors who would not agree with the premises of that assessment—professors who believe, for instance, that the society is fundamentally decent, fair, and just—think more than they once did about the end product of their teaching. If the students are being prepared for what one professor described as "a societal role not perceived as particularly useful," was the faculty of Harvard Law School really the place for a very smart boy with a social conscience to have gone? In the view of one professor on the far left—who, naturally, has his problems justifying his own role in training brigadier generals for the capitalists—the question of what happens to Harvard Law School students after graduation underlies some of the discontent and bitterness on the faculty. It is, he told me, "the sociopsychological explanation for a lot that goes on here."

THE percentage of Harvard Law School graduates going into corporate law may be a fair reflection of how successful the far left on the faculty has been in subverting the young—although Duncan Kennedy, ever hopeful, keeps piles of literature outside his office under a sign that says "Free Subversive Trash." Most students seem to treat any sort of political or legal theory as disposable wrapping on Contracts or Torts or Property. ("We'll take our competence where we can get it.") There is a small student left and a Third World organization, but they have rarely acted in unison with the left wing of the faculty. Although professors on the left have pressed for more minority faculty members, the Third World students who raised that issue last year in boycotting a three-week course in civil-rights law were almost completely on their own. To a remarkable extent, students—what to teach students, which students to admit, how to discipline students—have not been central to the arguments of the faculty.

The theory identified with Critical Legal Studies that has the most bearing on the students' lives as students is Duncan Kennedy's view that the organization of the Law School perpetuates just another "illegitimate hierarchy." (His detractors say that Kennedy's view is based on "a vision of students and professors sitting cross-legged under a tree, equal in status and knowledge—or ignorance.") Efforts to translate the theory into an issue that engages both students and faculty have had mixed results. Last year, at around the time that some students complained of having been bullied in Arthur Miller's class, Kennedy and a colleague sponsored a motion at a faculty meeting to institute a "no-hassle pass"—a student could simply say he was unprepared, without fear of embarrassment—and the measure was soundly defeated. In the spring, without giving what the students considered proper notice, the faculty passed a rule permitting professors in large lecture courses to raise (but not lower) a student's grade on the basis of classroom performance, and, to everyone's astonishment, hundreds of students turned out to protest. Although a lot of students may have joined the demonstration simply because it was held on a nice spring day or because they did not, in fact, want to have to worry about classroom performance—that would be the view of the center and the right of the faculty—the left-wing students who organized it presented the issue in political terms familiar to the followers of Critical Legal Studies. They said that the new rule would strengthen the hierarchy that already existed, for instance, and that it could work to reward students whose background and viewpoint conformed to those of their professors. Most of the demonstrators were apparently less offended by the new rule (which was later withdrawn) than by the suddenness with which it had been adopted and by the implication, considering the earlier defeat of the no-hassle pass, that the faculty was unsatisfied with merely winning the game and was now trying to run up the score. One student who was at the demonstration told me that the students around her, citing a landmark due-process case to indicate their belief

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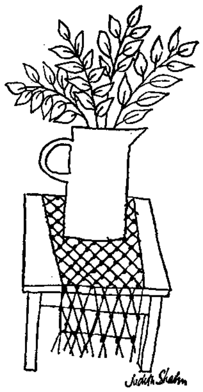
that the new rule had been slipped in without proper notification and discussion, began chanting "Goldberg v. Kelly, Goldberg v. Kelly, Goldberg v. Kelly."

There are a few study groups at Harvard for students who are interested in Critical Legal Studies; the most splendidly named of them is the Phenomenology Five. There is also a feeling, among some centrists on the faculty as well as students, that the faculty left may have a disproportionate number of interesting talkers and exciting personalities. Still, in the words of one student, "there's a general feeling that these people are all dreamers." The intellectual theories associated with Critical Legal Studies—what is sometimes called "the fancy stuff"—are pretty heavy going for a law student, even after he has grasped how words like "legitimation" and "mystification" and "hegemony" are used. (Critical Legal Studies may have given "hegemony" its best workout since the British had it in India. One faculty member I spoke to claimed that common usage at Harvard Law School includes not just "hegemony" and "hegemonic" but also "hegemond," as in "he's a dirty hegemond," but, of all the things I heard people called at Harvard, I can't testify to having heard anyone called that.) Critical Legal Studies is sometimes explained as a way of "decoding" the legal system to show that it is incoherent where it presents itself as logical, and that it is loaded in favor of one class where it appears to be accessible to all, and that it operates not to produce clear doctrines but to mask essential contradictions. Asked about the question of whether a landlord can evict a tenant whose apartment has had no heat, a Critical Legal Studies scholar might say that words like "landlord" and "tenant" are part of the mystification process obscuring the right this society gives one human being to throw other human beings out of their home. Or he might say that the real question is not the way the decision goes but how its language adds to the various "belief clusters" that permit "hegemony"—the class domination that is so firmly built into the culture and the language of a society that the dominated accept it as necessary and unchallengeable. He might even say that the legal-services lawyer who brought the case in the first place was simply helping to legitimate the system by furthering the impression that the law is accessible to all.

"If someone doesn't think it makes any difference who wins the case, how can he practice law?" I asked one student who was trying to explain the various theories of Critical Legal Studies to me.

"Why do you think these guys are teachers?" he said.

There has, in fact, been some tension on the left between theorists and practitioners, but Gary Bellow—who with his wife, Jeanne Charn, founded Harvard's Legal Services Center—told me that he saw the Center partly as a way of translating Critical Legal Studies theories into the practice of law. Bellow is one of the people on the faculty I've known for some years, and the neighborhoods I find him in don't seem to improve. The last time I visited one of his law offices was fifteen years ago, when he was in a little San Joaquin Valley farming town called McFarland, as the deputy director of a poverty-law project called California Rural Legal Assistance. It was at a time when legal-services attorneys thought they might be able to effect monumental changes in the society through class-action lawsuits. Despite some extraordinary class-action victories in the early days, that did not turn out to be the case. The grand strategy that some legal-services lawyers adopted to replace class action—focussing hordes of ordinary cases on the same area—also turned out to have less impact than had been expected. Although Bellow sometimes files class-action lawsuits and sometimes tries to cluster cases, he operates in Jamaica Plain without "millennial expectations." He no longer believes that poverty lawyers will sooner or later come upon some brilliant device that could cause all the walls to come tumbling down—not simply because no such device has turned up in all these years but also because, like Critical Legal Studies theorists, he sees society as a collection of shifting battlefields rather than as one monolithic structure. Bellow says that he now makes short-term strategic judgments within a system of values but with no grand design—a view of his role that is consistent with what is sometimes called the "irrationalist" wing of Critical Legal Studies. He is also much more concerned than



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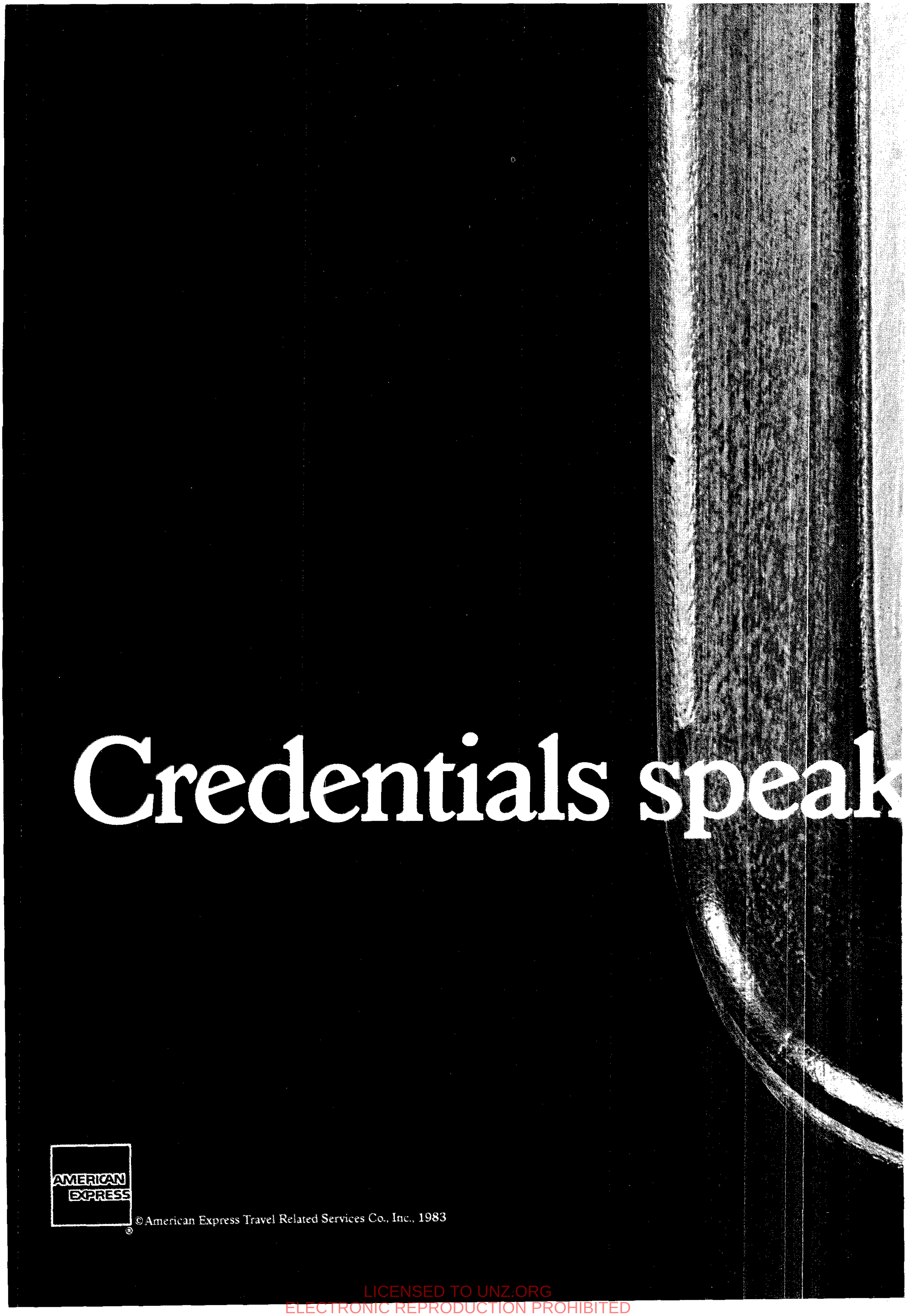
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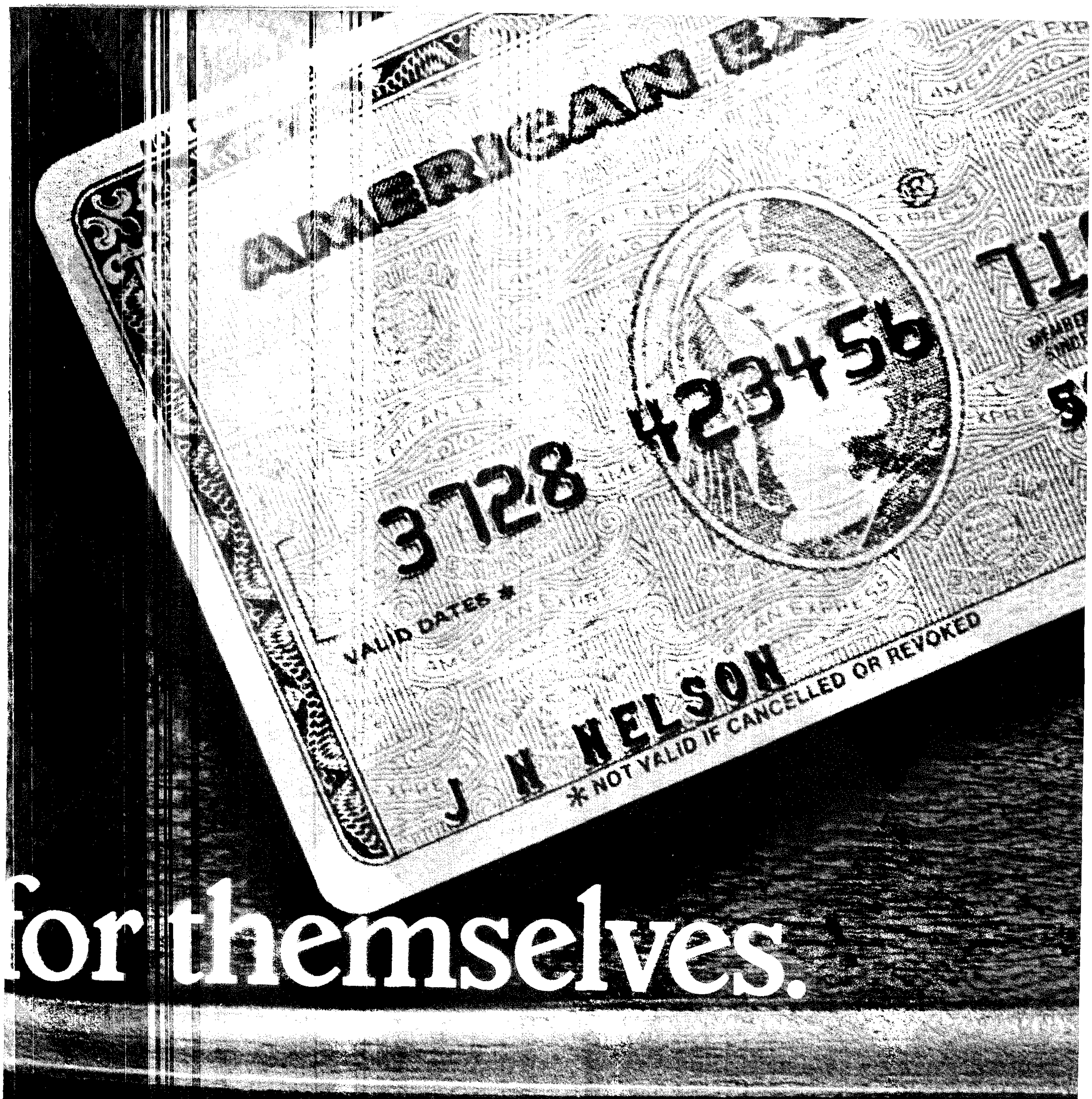

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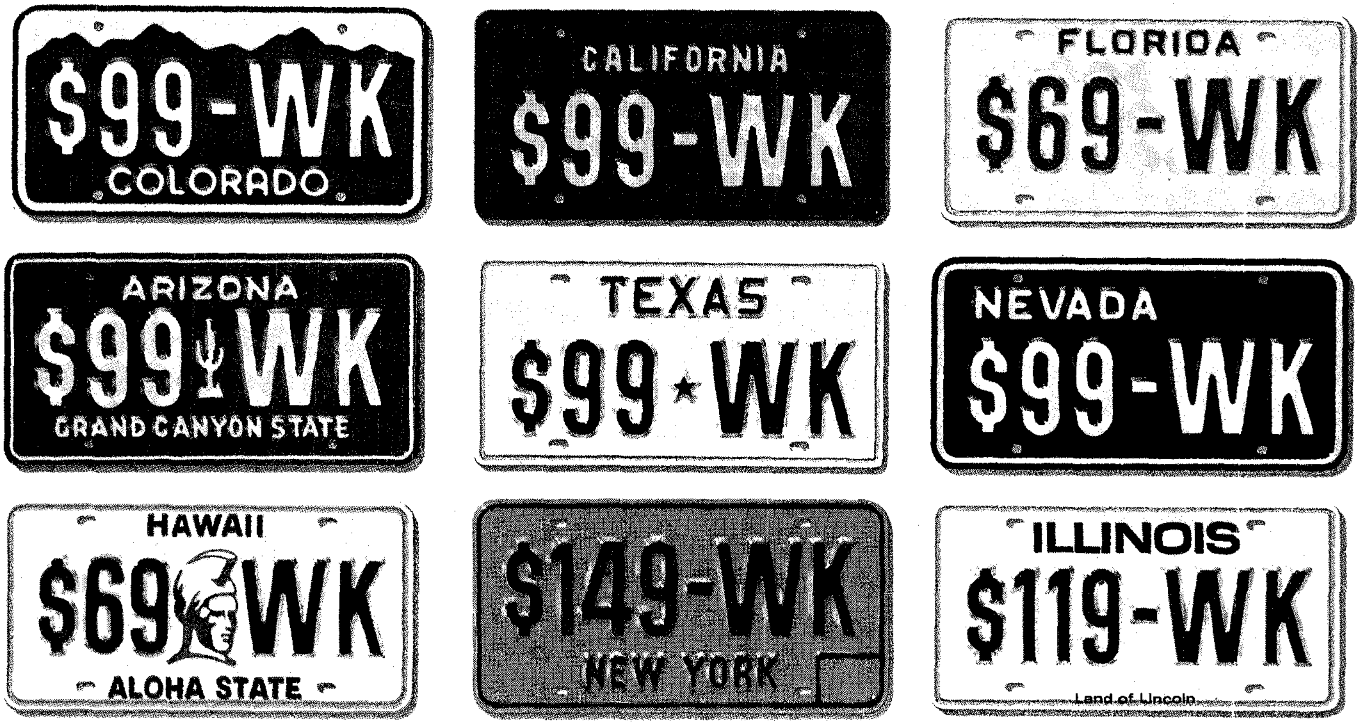
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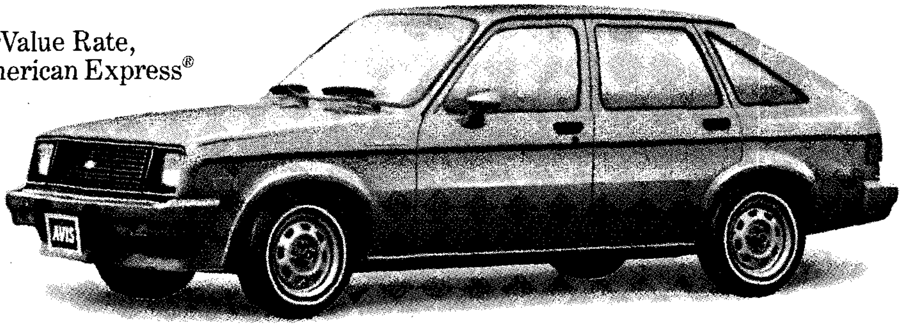

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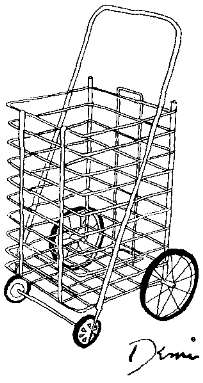
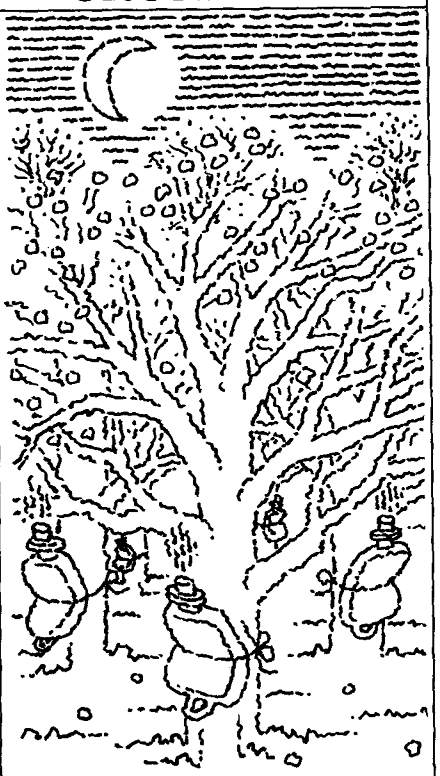
he was fifteen years ago about trying to avoid establishing a hierarchy in his own office, so he now spends some time worrying about how to erase distinctions among lawyers and paralegal workers and community organizers and secretaries. Bellow now thinks of the California Rural Legal Assistance operation in McFarland as having been a traditional law firm that happened to have a storefront for an office and poor farm workers as clients. Most of the students I talked to about the Legal Services Center said they had decided to spend some time in Jamaica Plain because they wanted some clinical training or because they were bored with conventional classes or because it was the least they could do, but one student told me he went there because he wanted "to learn how to run a non-hierarchical law firm."

I expected to find Bellow's program a subject of contention among the various factions of the faculty—and only partly because whatever Bellow had run had always been a subject of contention wherever I'd found him in the past. Most of the clinical work offered for credit at Harvard Law School is at the Legal Services Center, so a student who is interested in practical training—one sort of training that is being advocated these days by people interested in reforming law-school curriculums—is likely to find it in an anti-establishment setting. One rather conservative professor I spoke to refers to that as "rubbing the nose of the élite in poverty," but he doesn't particularly object to it. The mainstream of the faculty seems to support the Legal Services Center partly on the ground that a law school, like a medical school, should do its bit in the community, and partly on the ground that alternatives to conventional classes should be offered. Bellow's notion that even students who intend to join corporate law firms should understand how the law works on the streets is not really so far from the old ideal of producing tough-minded corporate lawyers who also have a social conscience. The existence of the Legal Services Center also provides a little bonus for those on the faculty who are the bitterest opponents of the Critical Legal Studies types. If the people on the far left were truly interested in helping the downtrodden, it is said, they would not be carrying on like spoiled children at faculty meetings or trying to figure out how many hegemonies can dance on the head of a pin—they would be out in Jamaica Plain with Gary Bellow.



IN March of 1982, Charles Nesson, a member of the Harvard Law School faculty, wrote a memo to his colleagues urging them to begin working toward some sort of reconciliation. Like a lot of attempts at peacemaking, Nesson's memo did not make either side happy, partly because it stated the case bluntly. "We are a highly politicized faculty, whether we admit it to ourselves or not," Nesson wrote, outlining the split between what he called the left and the right and some people were calling the left and the center. "Much of our life is defined by how we vote, not simply because of the outcome, but because friendship, respect, empathy and intellectual discourse are bounded to a significant extent by party lines." Nesson's memo called on the faculty to work toward "an intellectual environment less defined by political lines" and an atmosphere in which colleagues would be less willing to resort to vilification. "What is involved," he wrote, "is recognition by the right that the left is not a lethal threat to the future of the school—that, to the contrary, they have helped to revitalize it—and that the statements and actions which the right finds so provocative do not justify ignoring or disparaging the accomplishments of the left. The left, for its part, must be more open and generous to others, personally and intellectually." In fact, the dean did hold a retreat for the faculty in Gloucester as classes got under way the next fall, and its effect was sufficiently soothing that the occasional references I heard at Harvard to "the spirit of Camp Gloucester" were only mildly ironic. Some residue of good will lasted pretty much through the 1982-83 academic year, until it evaporated in the demonstration against classroom grading and an unsuccessful attempt by the left to have a black professor appointed to the faculty. Some conservative professors saw the demonstration as a result of the left's having mobilized students to win in the street what it could not win by a faculty vote. The argument over minority appointments was even more bitter. "It's one thing to be called a fuddy-



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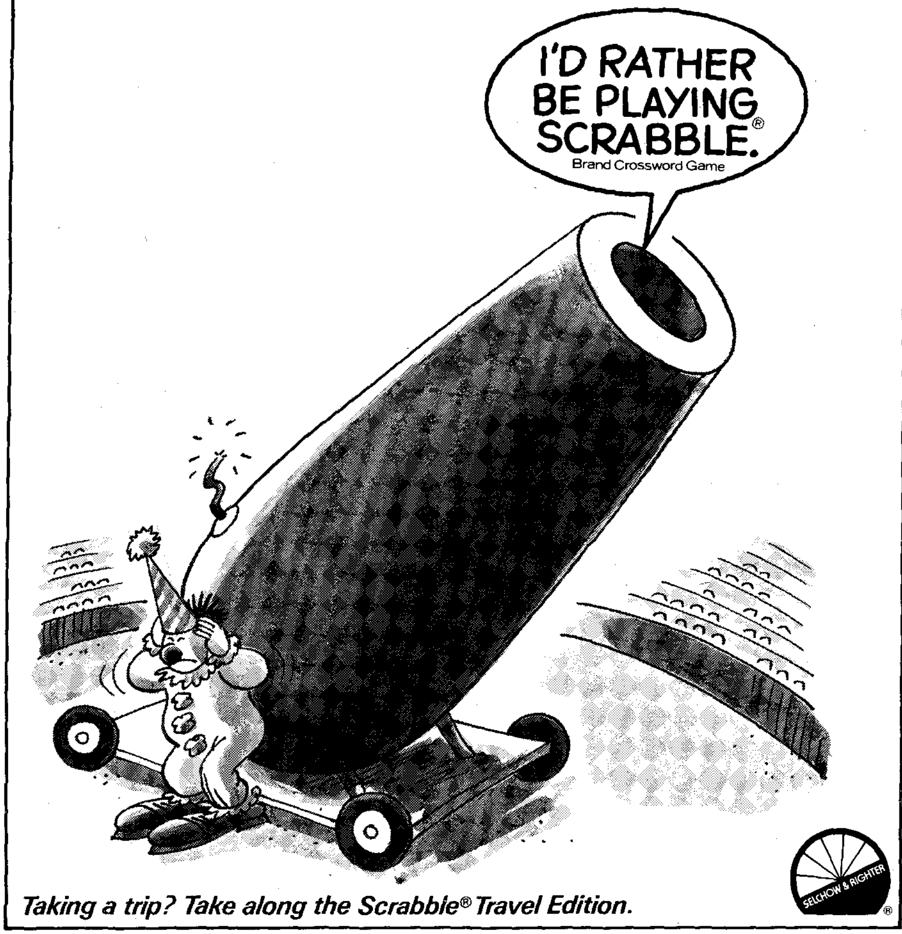
duddy who's missing the boat on semiotics," I was told by a professor who, like most of the people considered centrists in faculty politics, thinks of himself as a liberal. "But it's another thing to be called a racist." Since then, bitter contention over appointments has continued, and the faction clearly identified as being on the right rather than in the center has become more of a force. Two years after Charles Nesson's plea for reconciliation, the Harvard Law School faculty is more politicized than it ever was.

It's obvious that disagreements about appointments or grading exist in just about any law school. Why are they so intense at Harvard? One reason is sheer size. Harvard, which has fifteen hundred students, compared with, say, five hundred at Yale, has a faculty that can accommodate five or six factions. It is about the only prominent law school where people involved in Critical Legal Studies have acquired a large enough base to be effective in faculty politics. "This is the Rome of Critical Legal Studies," Duncan Kennedy told me, putting aside for a moment Rome's association with hierarchy. At Yale, most of the young left-wing faculty members who developed the ideas that later became known as Critical Legal Studies were not given tenure—the left would say that they were purged—and the faculty is now strongly influenced by a school of legal thinking known as Law and Economics. (The Law and Economics people tend to think of the law as social engineering—something that helps make the wheels go around—so their question about Skelly Wright's decision on eviction might be what effect it had on the housing market and the supply of housing stock. Although it is possible to do Law and Economics from a liberal perspective, most of its adherents assume that the machine whose wheels should be turning is a free-market economy, and the movement is generally thought of as right of center.) Stanford is sometimes spoken of as the one other major law school that has on its faculty the full array of political and legal positions, but Stanford is apparently much more peaceful. Harvard professors who are asked to speculate on what causes the difference in atmosphere are likely to say "The weather, maybe," or "Personalities."

When Harvard Law School professors say that the ill will on the faculty is caused by personalities, the personality they are referring to is Duncan Kennedy's. Kennedy is an inspired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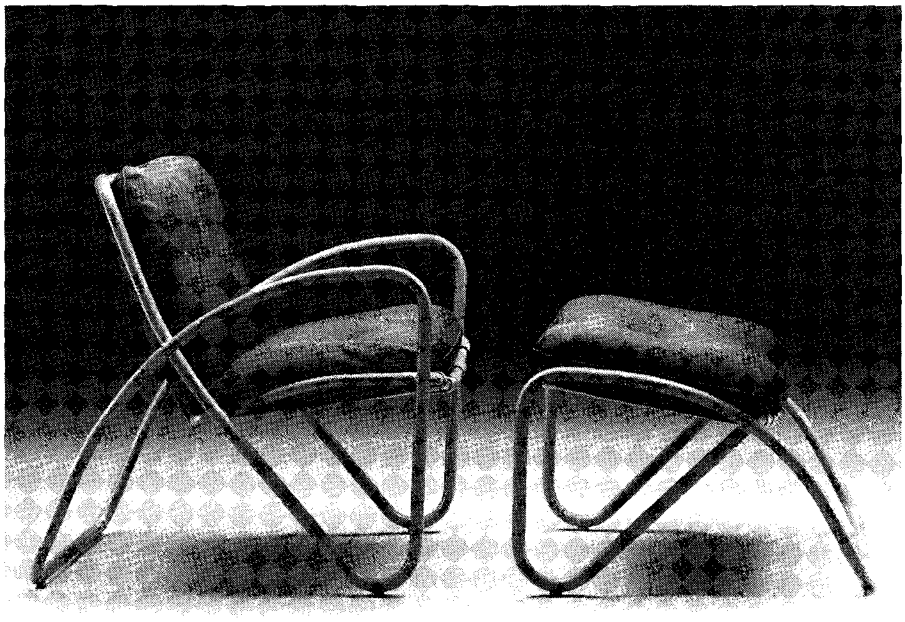

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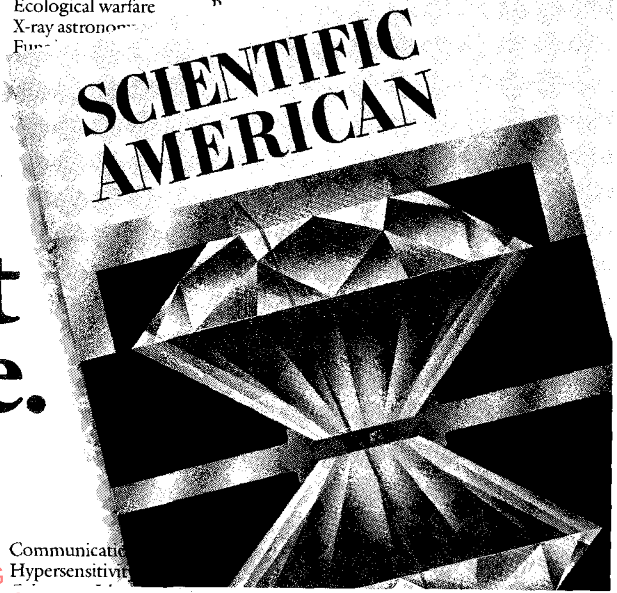
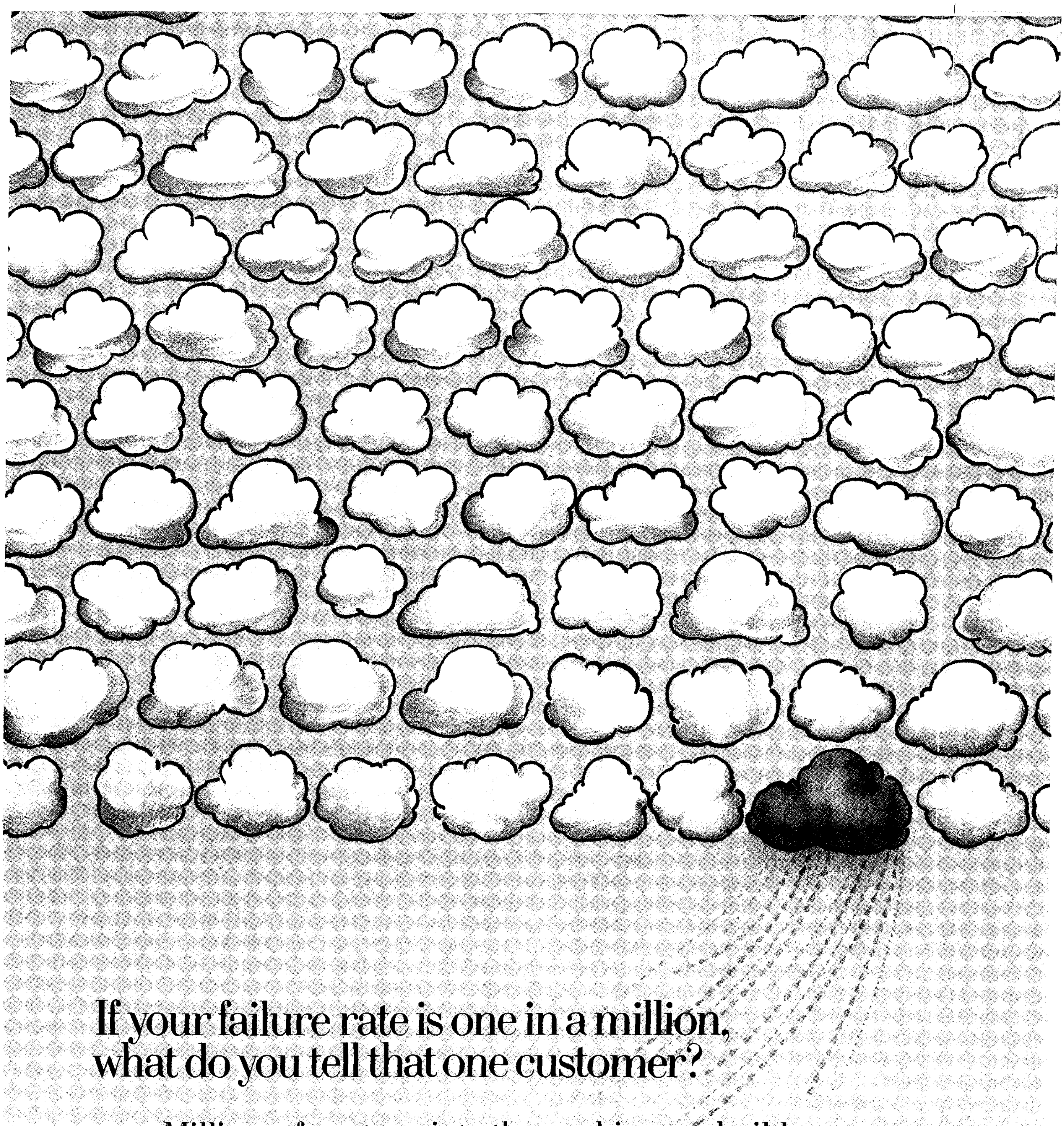
- Caffeine
- Weightlessness
- Voters' attitudes
- Spider webs
- Education
- Cockroaches
- Prairie dogs
- Mendelian inheritance
- Eggs
- Ptolemy
- Evaporation
- Italian families
- Tape recorders
- Toxicology
- Tomato harvester
- Middle classes
- Neanderthal man
- Cellulose
- Lava
- Medical statistics
- Sea routes
- Siamese cats
- Electronic circuitry
- Slime mold
- Fireball blackout'
- Atomic radiation
- Language
- Artificial satellite
- Poison
- Binary stars
- Meteorology
- Prostheses
- Sexual reproduction
- Caribou
- Ozone
- Ultraviolet radiation
- Central nervous system
- Synchrotron radiation
- Eiffel Tower
- Reptiles
- Kerr effect
- Hydrocarbon cracking
- Celtic Britain
- Sexual behavior
- Tunneling
- Quantum mechanics
- Tumors
- Zenith tube
- Rubella
- Nickel plating
- Computer memory
- Antibodies
- Manned space flight
- Cholesterol
- Hinduism
- Criminology
- Leonardo
- Paralysis
- Inverted coefficient
- Bubble chambers
- Mediterranean wines
- Shrimp
- Hopi Indians
- Pharynx
- LSD
- Metabolism
- High-energy physics
- Voting systems
- Barium clouds
- Self-esteem
- Magnetic resonance
- Gossamer Condor
- Gravitational collapse
- Opossum
- Economic development
- Steroid hormones
- Computer translation
- Gas clouds
- Whistling
- Measles vaccine
- DNA replication
- Work attitudes
- Drug resistance
- Sleep
- Rheumatoid arthritis
- Heat
- Gross national product
- Mandarin Chinese
- Polygons
- Earthquake zones
- Child development
- Gamma-ray astronomy
- Hominoid
- Logic circuits
- Pascal's triangle
- Image amplification
- Sonic boom
- Centrifugal compressor
- Chinese writing
- Hippopotamus
- Sound waves
- EMP
- Amoebae
- Cardiac pacemaker
- Helicopters
- Weather forecasting
- Airglow
- National security
- Dust storms
- Lobsters
- Magnetic tape
- Computer applications
- Leukocyte
- Ghettoes
- Ultradense matter
- Gene manipulation
- Orion nebula
- Triassic period
- Actin
- Nuclear-waste disposal
- Lawn mower
- 'Alice in Wonderland'
- SOFAR
- Gas chromatography
- Oxidation
- Penguins
- Bicycle technology
- Ovulation
- Mackenzie River
- Andromeda Galaxy
- Neutron bomb
- Magnetic storms
- Delinquency
- Speed of light
- Locomotion
- Migration
- Pythagorean theorem
- Maser telescope
- Cosmic ray shower
- Yacht design
- Wind tunnel
- Combat fatigue
- Malpractice insurance
- Intermolecular force
- Hunting
- Stratosphere
- Matrix
- School attendance
- Eskimo
- Air pollution
- Taxation
- Gothic arch
- Glaucoma
- Boredom
- Animal husbandry
- Attitude survey
- Running
- Mariner 7
- Marshland
- Chaucer
- Earth core
- Hybrid cells
- Apollo 11
- Health economics
- Carcinogenesis
- Syllogisms
- Tankers
- Operant conditioning
- Jazz musicians
- Gout
- Larvae
- Jury trial
- Herbicide
- Continental drift
- Swimming
- Tobacco
- Mars
- Dwarfism
- Mesons
- Mountain formation
- United Nations
- Hyperactive child
- Atmospheric circulation
- Ecological warfare
- X-ray astrono
- Hieroglyphs
- Irrigation
- Lathes
- Industrial research
- Pollen
- Group therapy
- Viola
- Cocaine
- Electron micrographics
- Zirconium
- Light absorption
- Electron optics
- Vector
- Giberellin
- Solar wind
- Dust
- Hadrian's Wall
- Brain circuitry
- Artificial respiration
- Oxygen storage
- Dyslexia
- Locust
- Iron Age
- Monarchy
- Lymphatic system
- Endoplasmic reticulum
- Neurosis
- Rust
- Mirages
- M81
- Ultraviolet light
- Women's aspirations
- Magnesium
- Ziggurat
- Gunn effect
- Ceramics
- Nerve cells
- Thermal updraft
- Drug addiction
- Radio astronomy
- Non-linear reactions
- 'Greenhouse effect'
- Voder
- Clone
- Memory
- Coherent radiation
- Marsupial
- Symbolic logic
- Krakatoa
- Astrophysics
- Computer technology
- Intercellular fluid
- Cathode-ray tube
- Plasmids
- Ecological niche
- Contraception
- Hypothalamus
- Potato blight
- Membrane
- Cygnus X-1
- Diving women
- Greek civilization
- Babbage
- Photons
- Agronomy
- Discrimination
- Athletics
- Precipitation
- Vietnam war
- Troposphere
- Cell organelle
- Camouflage
- Luminosity
- Carnivorous plants
- Tubercle bacillus
- Counterforce strategy
- Hoar frost
- Australopithecus
- Microfiche
- Gothic cathedrals
- Fermentation
- Venus
- Optical illusion
- Eggshell
- Semicircular canals
- Decision making
- Light diffraction
- Kilomegacycle waves
- Product safety
- Computer algorithms
- Quinine
- Water table
- Wound healing
- Embryonic development
- Military strategy
- Learning behavior
- Van Allen belts
- Fasting
- Kimberlites
- Telescope
- Taconite
- Energy economics
- Mathematics teaching
- Mormons
- Salmon
- Tear gas
- Myoglobin
- Aristotle
- Molecular science
- Manic depression
- Tactical weapons
- Halloween
- Tides
- Liquid hydrogen
- Midgets
- Facial

# Name a more important magazine.



- Radiocarbon dating
- Gallium arsenide
- Tranquilizers
- Lung cancer
- Daddy longlegs
- Steel production
- Waste recycling
- J particle
- Communicatio
- Hypersensitivi



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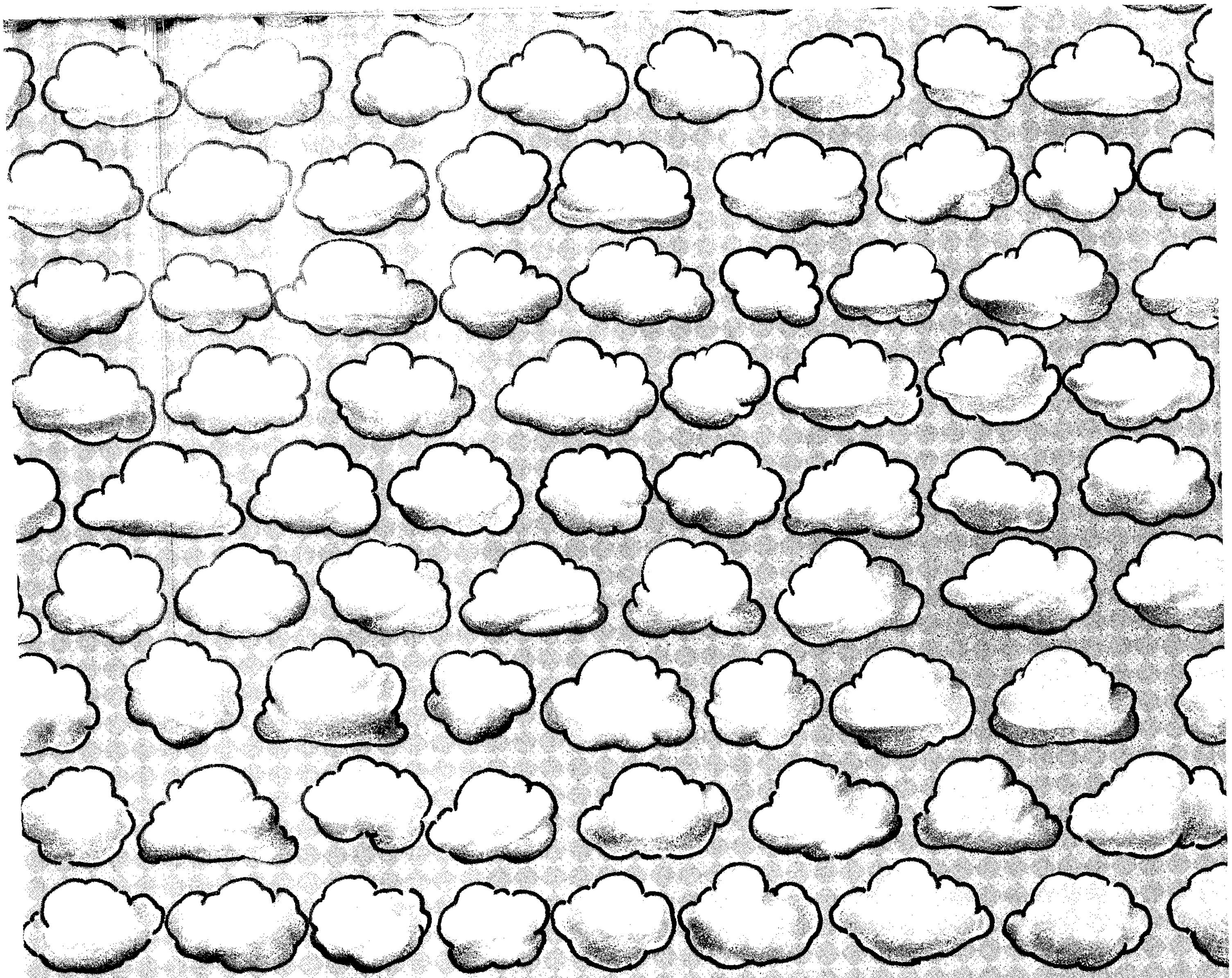

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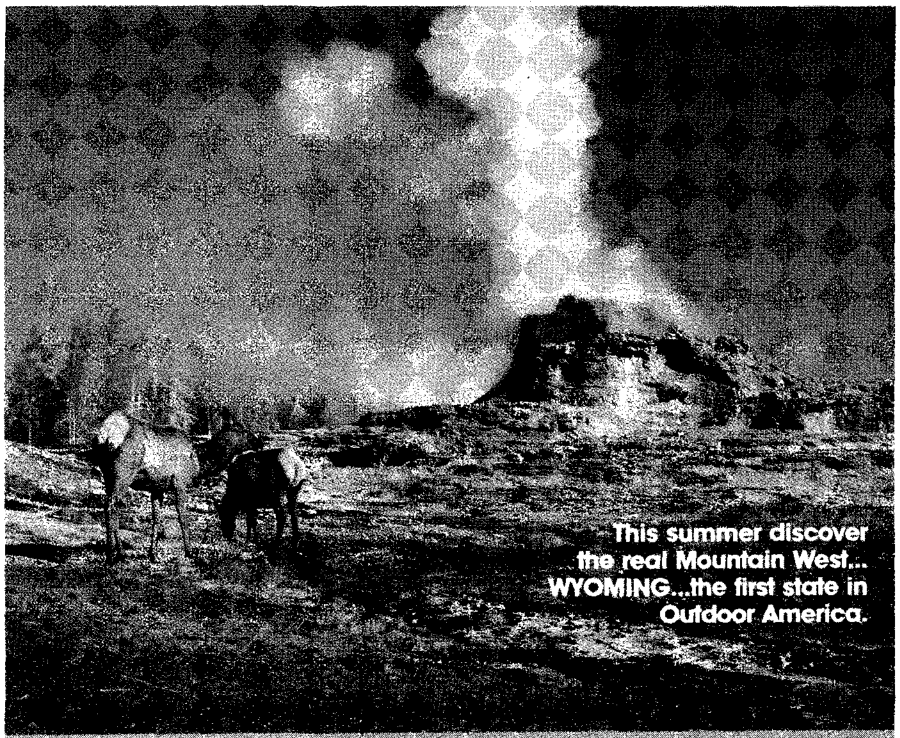
taunter. As a legal scholar, he is known as the author of "The Structure of Blackstone's 'Commentaries' " and a number of other erudite law-review articles; as a taunter, he is known as someone who might respond to an episode at a faculty meeting by saying, "We really freaked them out that time." Kennedy likes to make proposals that seem astonishing—he once proposed that students who met minimum requirements be admitted to Harvard Law School by lottery—and then tell his opponents the tactical advantages of that sort of approach: "Things previously unthinkable become the extreme, and the center has to move." The best-read work of Kennedy's among the Harvard faculty is not his study of Blackstone's "Commentaries," or even a booklet he published called "Legal Education and the Reproduction of Hierarchy: A Polemic Against the System," but "Notes of an Oppositionist in Academic Politics"—an unpublished paper in which Kennedy, perhaps on the assumption that brazen tactics are even more effective if you announce them in advance, gives advice on such topics as "factional discipline" and "speaking off-the-wall to retain self-respect" and "distinguishing yourself from the academic eccentric" and "discovering how little they can do to you." He could add a section on "how to disarm the opposition by calling yourself whatever they'd like to call you": he will occasionally begin a sentence with a phrase like "Speaking as a nihilistic exhibitionist . . ." When I asked him how his views differed from those of, say, Morton Horwitz, one of his allies in what the Shrimps have now taken to calling the Old Left, he began his answer by saying, "I think I'm marginally crazier than Morty."

Kennedy's best-known contribution to the discussion about the number of Harvard Law graduates who join corporate firms was an article exhorting such graduates to "sly, collective tactics" within the firm in order to "confront, outflank, sabotage or manipulate the bad guys"—an article he managed to place in the magazine distributed to Harvard Law School alumni. On the theory that everyone should "resist illegitimate hierarchy and alienation anywhere, any time, on any issue," Kennedy urged resistance that could take the form of organized criticism of the firm's hiring policy, or even the refusal of a young associate to smile at the partners' jokes ("Young associates should think of it as a requirement of



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moral hygiene that they defy the people they work for, and do it at regular intervals, even if the defiance involves only a little risk"). The response from the alumni was spirited. One school of thought was summed up by a graduate whose letter to the editor described the essay as a "masterful parody of the ramblings of a narcissistic twit." On the faculty, the truly offended allude to the article as an example of Kennedy's irresponsibility, and the sarcastic mention it as an indication that Kennedy believes "the revolution will come when someone manages to tie up the Xerox machine at Cravath, Swaine and Moore."

I think that the fancy stuff produced by the Critical Legal Studies people is also provocative, even if it often goes unread in Cambridge. Young professors at a place like Harvard Law School—young professors on the right as well as on the left—tend to be more engaged by intellectual theories than their middle-aged colleagues do. One source of friction at Harvard Law is not simply that the left is intensely involved in a body of legal theory that others disagree with but that the left is involved in a body of legal theory at all. There are certainly professors at Harvard Law School who dismiss the fancy theory of Critical Legal Studies as the jargon of the trendy left. ("They read a few books badly translated from the French.") It is common, though, for professors somewhere in the political center of the faculty to say that the writing associated with Critical Legal Studies—perhaps difficult to get through, perhaps clogged with jargon, perhaps dead wrong—has to be considered the most high-powered and exciting scholarly work going on at the Law School. Some of the people doing it have sometimes, as Nesson's memo suggested, been ungenerous about the scholarship of their colleagues—some of whom happen to be less certain than people like Lon Fuller or Henry Hart would have been about what will happen to the textbooks they've written after they are no longer around to assign them. One professor on the left has said, "They regard us as arrogant and dismissive of their work, and they're right in some cases. We've threatened them down to the foundation." A young professor can be hurt by having an older colleague call his work incomprehensible, but the older colleague may be hurt even worse by the response that he is simply not up to understanding it—all of which may be

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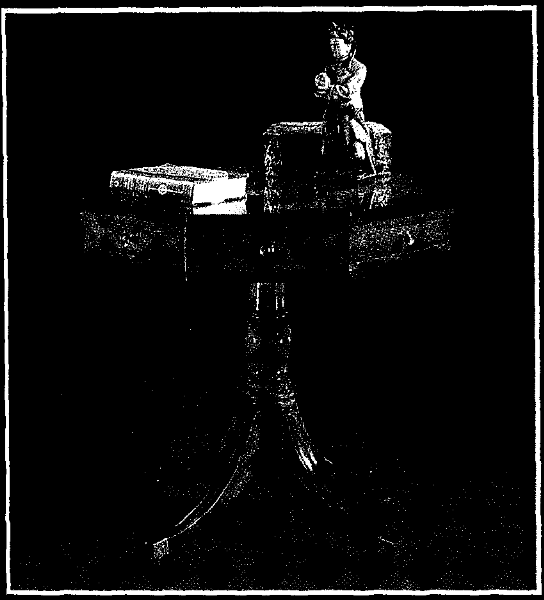

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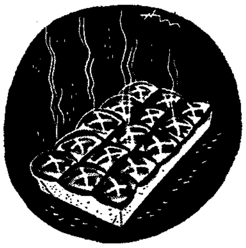
further complicated by the fact that the older colleague is considered one of the country's leading authorities on some area of the law and is in a position to judge the younger colleague's tenure piece. Oedipal politics may or may not be real politics, but they are definitely damaging politics.

THE Kennedy provocation that turned out to be the most provocative was his proposal that students be admitted to Harvard Law School by lottery. Part of the outrage was presumably due to the fact that most professors at Harvard Law School have a strong interest in its continued preëminence. (“If these people have their way,” a senior professor told me, “in ten years people will say, ‘What ever happened to Harvard Law School?’ ”) They have an equally strong commitment to meritocracy in general. If there is any belief that has been secure among members of the Harvard Law School faculty in the past, it is that those who excel should be rewarded. It's a belief that goes beyond the common academic argument about the importance of keeping up standards. Dr. Alan Stone, a psychiatrist on the Harvard Law faculty, has pointed out that Harvard Law School plays “a vital role in the American dream of meritocratic success and power.” In reviewing a biography of Felix Frankfurter a couple of years ago, Stone wrote that excellence at Harvard Law amounted to “a purification ritual that cleansed men of the taint of their social, class, and ethnic origins and made them members of America's ruling class, experts at everything to which they set their minds.” A lot of professors of various political beliefs think that the most deeply felt threat from the left is that, in the words of one professor, it “undercuts the idea that there's a clear hierarchy of merit and that Harvard can both select it and exemplify it.” In arguments about affirmative action in appointments, the left does not say merely that a black professor should be hired even though he did not make the law review when he was in law school but also that making the law review is not a clear indication of merit. (So few professors at Harvard Law School were not on the law review that many people can actually name them.) “They spout a phony egalitarianism that I find completely unacceptable,” a professor identified with the center of the faculty told me. “They are so committed to anti-hierarchy and anti-hegemony that they want to pick students by lot. I'm not a champion of the status quo, but I have more admiration for this society and for merit as a criterion than to think that that makes any sense.”

The question of meritocracy is part of what makes the arguments over appointments—by far the most important issue in contention—so intense. The difference between the two sides on the question of affirmative action is familiar in the academic world—it is essentially a disagreement about whether to hire the best available minority faculty or to keep the standards absolute—but the difference carries more weight in an institution that has been described as the jewel of the American meritocratic system. Once a faculty is factionalized, of course, the process of appointments becomes partly a competition for allies; someone at Harvard reminded me that the bitter pre-Civil War argument about admitting new slave states or new free states was the equivalent of an appointments battle on a split faculty. Even when affirmative action or a search for allies isn't directly involved, a lot of the hurtful things that are said among Harvard Law School professors are said in connection with appointments. Someone who seems to most people on the faculty to be well qualified—someone who has the qualifications that resulted in their own appointments—can be dismissed by the left as having “sheer horsepower” or “just smarts” instead of “reach” or “creativity.” A candidate can stand accused of being, in the view of one mainstream professor, “nothing but outstanding.” There are times in appointment debates when a candidate is criticized for having produced nothing more creative than the sort of scholarship that is, in fact, the sort produced by a number of people sitting in the room. The split in the faculty is at its bitterest in discussions about appointments partly because deciding who qualifies to be a Harvard Law School professor is one way in which Harvard Law School professors define themselves.



The way people define themselves is, I think, at the heart of the argument at Harvard Law School. “Harvard Law School professors have always wanted a way of looking at the law as an attractive human endeavor," one professor told me. "They want both to be good at it and to feel that it has great meaning. Now you have people telling them that they're not good at it and, furthermore, that it has no meaning." The charge does not go unanswered. Duncan Kennedy wants a way of looking at himself as a real radical, the professors he has criticized would say, but slogans about resisting at dinner parties are just a way of justifying the fact that he spends his time in a cushy job playing faculty politics. Harvard Law School happens to be a place where it is possible to accuse a lot of people of not really being what they think they are. To the extent that the accusations are believed, being at a place considered the top of the field doesn't help. Professors at a law school of the second rank who were vaguely discontented might console themselves with the thought that things would be a lot better if they could just get to someplace like Harvard. These professors are already there. What if the faculty of Harvard Law School really wasn't the ideal place for a smart boy with a social conscience to go? The debates on the Harvard Law School faculty are about appointments or standards or grading, but, in the words of one professor I spoke to, "it's a way of fighting over whether our lives have been wasted."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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Meanwhile, Dr. Robert J. Barbera, E. F. Hutton's chief economist, points out that the stock market has accurately predicted "nine of the last five recessions."—*Buffalo News.*

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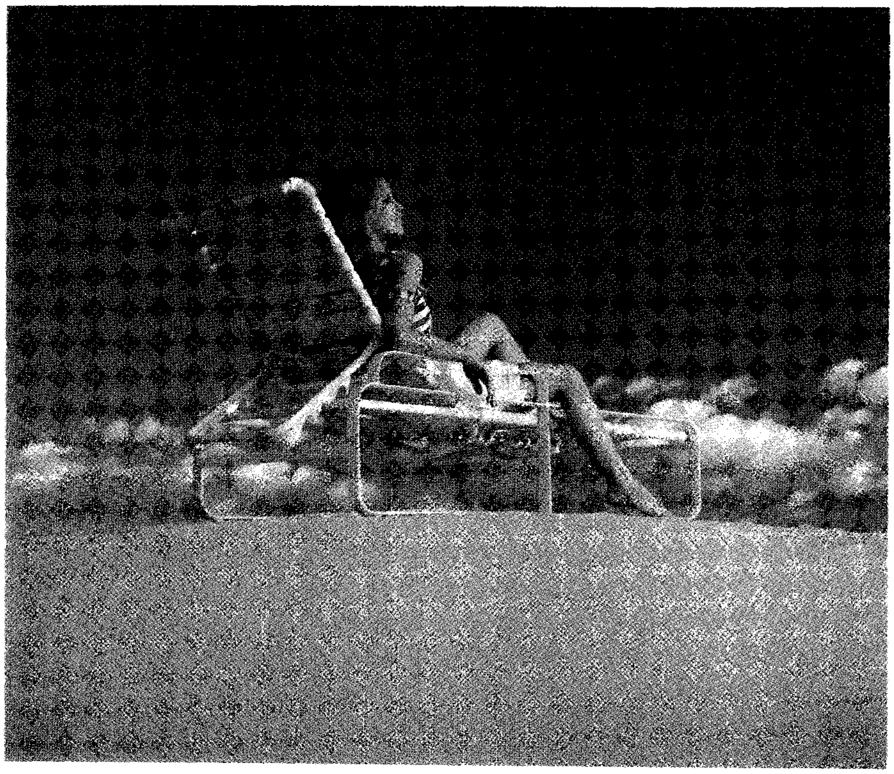
•

Sam Katz, once with USDA's kumquat division, later with the tung nut division and more recently with the mung bean division, may switch to the kiwi fruit division after the first of the year.—*Farm Paper Letter of the Department of Agriculture.*

Ever onward, Sam.



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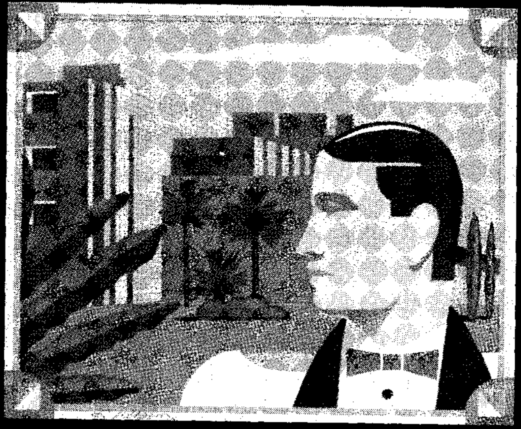

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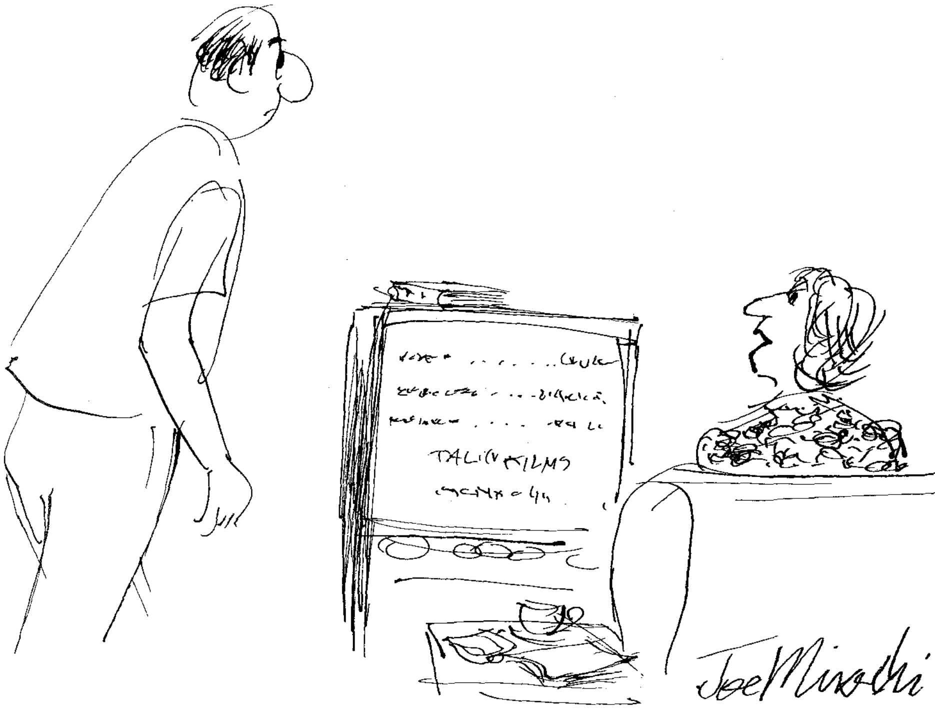
# LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 13

A SUDDEN army of people has been tramping to the Royal Academy for the last weeks of its glorious exhibition "The Genius of Venice, 1500 to 1600," as though they had all simultaneously awakened to the discovery that something wonderful that was happening in their midst must vanish shortly and be seen no more. Foreign visitors, of course, flocked to it from its opening day like homing pigeons, but the local excitement seemed rather oddly slow in coming, considering that the English have always had a special affection for the most enchanting of cities and its art, and that this is an exhibition the like of which they have never seen before. It has been said that it is the greatest assemblage of art of the cinquecento—the period of Venice's most opulent flowering—to be gathered together in London since the agents of Charles I bought at one swoop the rich collections of the Gonzaga family, the rulers of Mantua. The royal pictures were sold during the Commonwealth, to the handsome gain of all the famous European museums. But Venetian paintings started coming back into the monarch's collection after the Restoration, and the Queen, who visited the show the other day with her houseguest Signor Sandro Pertini, the Italian President, heads the list of British lenders. The exhibition is the result of two years' planning by the Royal Academy's team of English and Italian scholars, headed by Professor John Hale, of University College London, who managed to charm museums, churches, and private owners all over the world into parting with their treasures for almost four months. There were surprisingly few rebuffs, it seems, though some anxious moments, as when the telegram from the Soviet Union agreeing to send from the Hermitage a delightful Lotto double portrait of marital affection, a Bordone, and a classical marble sculpture by Lombardo arrived on the day that the Korean airliner was shot down. To everybody's relief, the consignment turned up as planned.

Before the exhibition opened, many people may have expected that it would include masterpieces they remembered from holidays in Venice. Carpaccio's famous winged lion of St. Mark, from the Doges' Palace, smiling amiably back at visitors as they entered the first gallery, was greeted like an old friend. The most famous and the best-loved in the Palace and in other national collections have, of course, remained serenely at home, in the conditions necessary for their health and safety. Bellini, who painted on wood panels, especially vulnerable to changes of atmosphere, is a notable absentee. Another lamented gap is the absence of any paintings certainly attributed to Giorgione, the most magical and elusive of the Venetian masters, who revolutionized his contemporaries' way of seeing things and putting what they saw on canvas, who died at thirty-three, and of whose life we know as little as we do of Shakespeare's. He is the ghost haunting the galleries, leaving footprints again and again in the works now believed (though still with much scholarly dispute) to be by other men. The superb, enormous catalogue, edited by Jane Martineau and Charles Hope, and packed with such stimulating information and excellent reproductions that it is the best art-book buy of the year to date (an exhausted woman visitor, going from the Royal Academy to shop for something for dinner, asked her surprised butcher to pop it onto his scales, and he rang up three pounds and a half), frequently points out the romantic Giorgionesque mood of many of the loveliest paintings by disciples, such as Giovanni Cariani, in his exquisite, pensive portrait of a young musician playing the lute, from the Musée des Beaux-Arts, Strasbourg. For all but the exceptionally well-travelled or well-informed, the real delight of the exhibition is its wealth of wonderful less familiar paintings, which seem to come together as one wanders through the galleries, and compose into a portrait of a dazzling era. Even the specialists may not have laid eyes on some of the surprises; the exhibition's biggest sensation—a late Titian masterpiece—came from Kroměříž, in Czechoslovakia. To many Londoners, often accused by indignant provincials of being awful culture snobs, this is roughly the same back-of-beyond as Newcastle upon Tyne, where a splendid Tintoretto of the Biblical washing of the apostles' feet—a charmingly domestic scene of the ablutions, depicted against an Italianate architectural background—has been unexpectedly lurking in the possession of the Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas. A beautiful but eerily crepuscular "Judgment of Solomon," by Sebastiano del Piombo, which the critics say has been murdered by over-cleaning, has never been exhibited in public before. It was bought by William Bankes, on the say-so of his friend Byron, for his great Dorset house, Kingston Lacy, which today belongs to the National Trust.

The few known details, given in the catalogue, of how Titian's "The Flaying of Marsyas" landed up in the depths of Czechoslovakia are fascinat-



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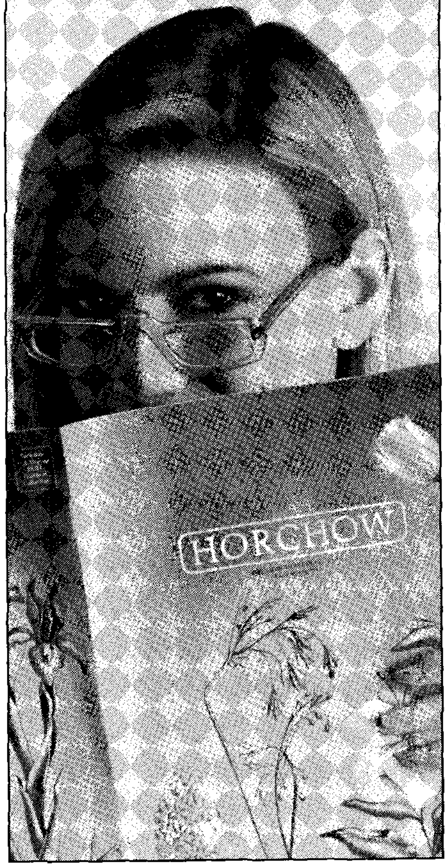
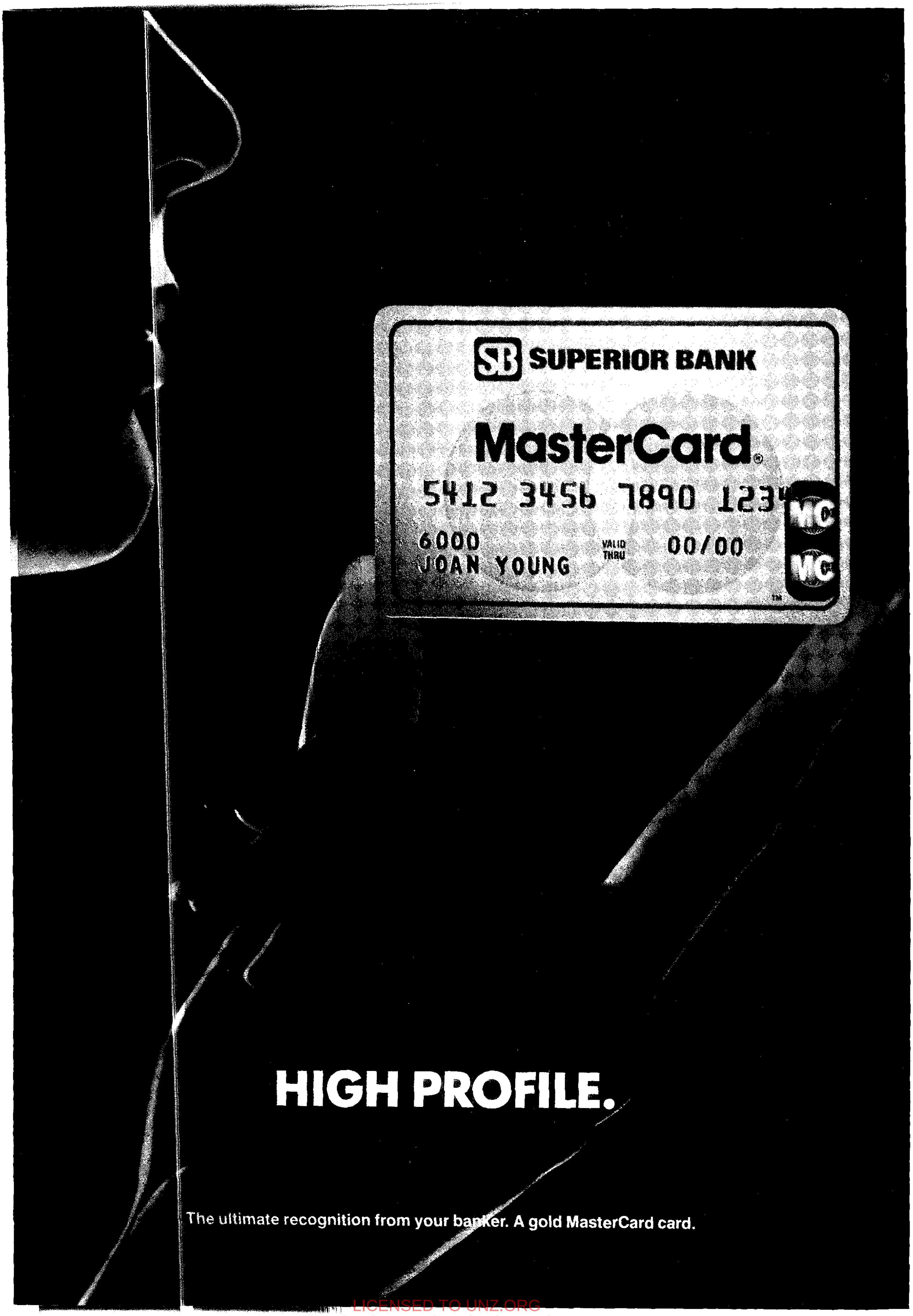


ing. It was the last work of his indestructible, protean old age. He was eighty-five when he painted the sumptuous nude in the brutal curtained bed scene of "Tarquin and Lucretia" (from the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge), which neighbors it in the biggest gallery, so that one passes with shock from the richly colored, marvellously sensuous painting of still warm sheets and human flesh into the adjoining cold forest twilight. Always reluctant to finish a painting, Titian was probably still working lovingly on the startling, mythological "Flaying" when he died, aged around ninety, in 1576. It was bought forty-four years later by Lady Arundel, the wife of the great English patron of the arts. It turned up next in Germany, where it was won in some sort of lottery, of all things, by the Bishop of Olmütz (in Moravia), and then vanished for over three hundred years into the Archiepiscopal Palace at Kroměříž. And there the odd scenario ends, with its temporary return to England as the most talked-about, stared-at picture in the Royal Academy. Its subject is the hideous punishment exacted by Apollo, the bright-haired deity of song, from the satyr Marsyas, who had had the temerity to challenge him to a musical contest and then lost it. Bending close to his task with the tranquil concentration of a gourmet peeling a particularly fine peach, the god is stripping the skin from the unfortunate satyr, who is strung up by his hairy heels from a tree, like a still living deer. An acolyte to the divine butchery is hurrying up, bucket in hand, while another, eyes turned soulfully upward to whatever daylight penetrates the autumnal foliage, strikes up on the viol. As a final touch to finish off the squeamish, one of those tiny Venetian lapdogs that elsewhere in the exhibition nestle in a lady's bosom or sit on a cushion in a prelate's study is busily lapping up the dripping blood. The beautiful, thoughtful old man contemplating the scene, identified as King Midas, is believed by some to be a Titian self-portrait. It is a terrific, haunting picture, which started a hue and cry of public argument, joined recently by the *Times* with a leader. The writer suggested that Titian had in mind the strange passage in the "Divine Comedy" where Dante, starting his journey through Paradise, invokes the power of Apollo to free his spirit from its animal prison, as the god freed the shaggy limbs of Marsyas. It is doubtful if this esoteric interpretation would be accepted by the crush of visitors who stand gazing at the picture, mostly in silence. Some of them go back for another look at Titian's tender portrait (from the National Gallery, Washington) of the sensitive-faced little patrician boy Ranuccio Farnese—a gorgeous robin redbreast in his vermillion doublet of a Knight of Malta (the public favorite, to judge by the scramble at the postcard stall) —or hurry on to be refreshed by the newly cleaned blues and greens of Veronese's very different forest scene (from the Prado), where the rosiest, most appetizing of Venuses sits fanning Adonis, sprawled, sleeping, in her lap.

THE Venetian exhibition is the last of the splendid major art shows—among them the enormously successful Post-Impressionist, in 1979, and the still more popular Japanese exhibition, in 1981—that have been staged by the Royal Academy since Sir Hugh Casson was elected president, in 1976. At the end of this year, as he approaches the statutory retiring age of seventy-five, he will go back to his professional life as an architect. He is a readily talking, readily smiling man who radiates cheerful enthusiasm. On a recent gray morning, with umbrellas up over the queue in the courtyard as it inched its way toward the splendors inside, he said he had always hoped that the Academy would be able to have an exhibition about Venice, a great love, while he was still there. "We thought about it for a long time. It had the same working title from the start, but originally the 'Genius' was to be the spirit of the place itself, right from its beginning. Somewhere along the way, it was decided that it would be a survey of cinquecento art. The last big Italian exhibition here was a marvellous one in the thirties, covering the years 1200 to 1900. Mussolini was hoping to keep on Britain's right side, so he ordered Italy's museums to fork out everything the Royal Academy asked for—'The Birth of Venus' and the lot. There was not quite so much emphasis then on the fragility of a great painting and the dangers of its travelling. I'm immensely grateful to everybody who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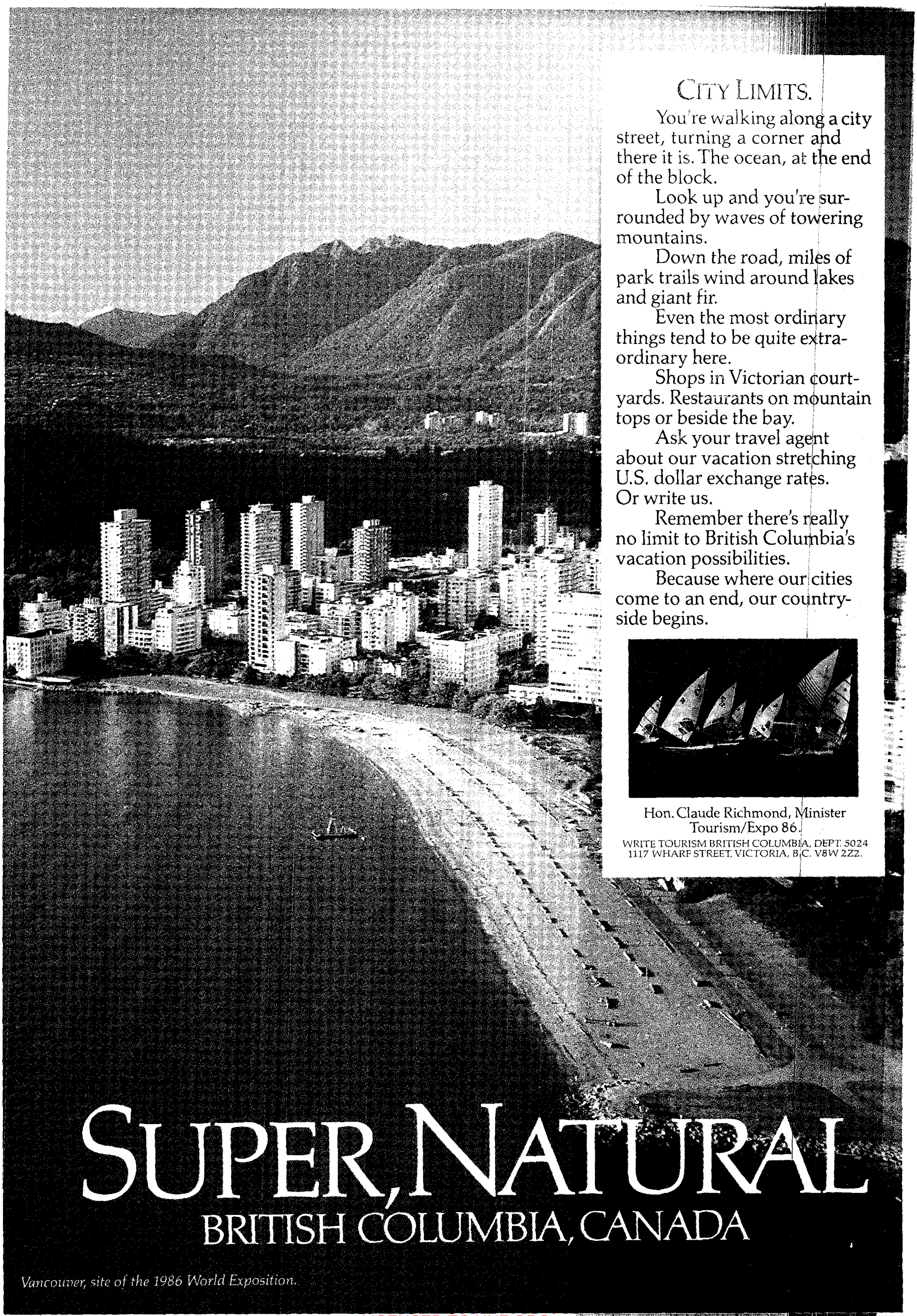

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*Vancouver, site of the 1986 World Exposition.*

lent to this exhibition for letting us extend the closing date for another week. Some of them were getting a bit edgy, naturally enough, about the blank spaces on their walls."

Sir Hugh's years in office have been notably rejuvenating for the Royal Academy. Founded and run by artists in 1768, with George III as patron, it has never received financial support from the state. A hundred years later, apparently as a once-and-for-all endowment, the government granted it a nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-year lease, at the peppercorn rent of a pound a year, on its present home, Burlington House, a fine Palladian mansion to which it gradually, and out of its own pocket, tacked on the galleries, its famous art schools, and another story. Though its exterior looks rather stern, inside it still has something of the welcoming feel of a large, friendly private house owned by someone who loves pictures, and Londoners have much affection for it. All the hospitable activities they expect to find there are done on a shoestring income. The Academy manages to mount around ten exhibitions a year; the smaller ones, often retrospectives of contemporaries, are shown in the Diploma Gallery, upstairs. The annual Summer Exhibition, which will be held for the two hundred and sixteenth time this May, has been an event of the London season from the beginning, and remains the biggest, most popular showcase to which artists can send their work. Since the Second World War, the Royal Academy's financial situation has become increasingly alarming. There have been moments when it seemed in peril, like Venice, of sinking under the rising costs of its upkeep. In 1962, it sold a precious possession—a Leonardo cartoon—to the nation for the favorable price of eight hundred thousand pounds, paid off its overdraft, and started patching up the most urgent dilapidations. Various energetic economies and innovations have been introduced in the last few years, such as the founding of the Friends of the Royal Academy—thirty-three thousand members to date—and, at long last, commercial sponsorship for the major exhibitions. "The Genius of Venice" was sponsored by the Sea Containers Group and the Venice Simplon-Orient-Express corporation. "But of course there's really no end to it," Sir Hugh said the other day. "At the moment, I've had to turn out of my room while the dry rot is dealt

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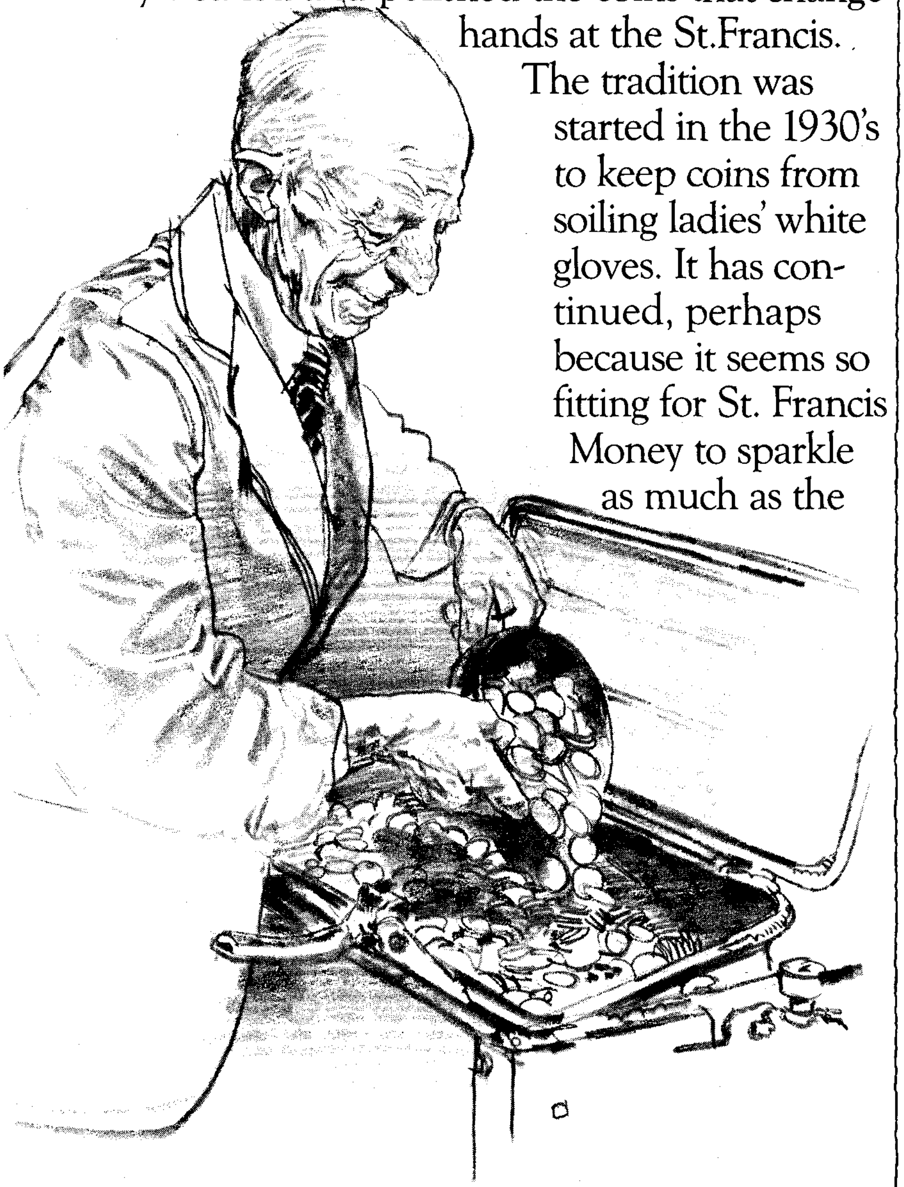

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with. The painted medallions in the hall ceiling are beginning to work loose. A stretch of the glass roof of the entrance porch collapsed not long ago, luckily in the night, and not on people's heads as they left the exhibition. Things like that happen all the time. We get some help from the Historic Buildings Council for repairs, but there's so much that we want to do to improve the place, not only for the visitors but for the people who work here, sometimes, bless their hearts, in pretty awful conditions. So, for the first time since we were founded, we are asking the public to help us. Two years ago, we launched an appeal for six million pounds to endow us in perpetuity. The government gave a quarter of a million as a start, and so far over half the sum has come in. Some of the gifts have been touching —a pound or two from people who say they like us and wish us well. We've just opened an office in New York from which an American campaign is being launched, and we're going to have an Anglo-American Ball here in the Academy later in the summer. Of course, we shall go on asking the government for help out of public funds, but I don't feel very optimistic about that. The answer is always the same. Mrs. T. seems to approve of us being independent and continuing to tie our own shoelaces. It's her own bracing philosophy. It's what she is always telling industry to do. She is not at all unhelpful or unsympathetic. She gave a dinner party at Downing Street to celebrate the start of our appeal, and she couldn't have been more charming. Maybe if we make the grade with our fund-raising she may feel inclined to give us a bit more, as a sort of tip. Anyway, I think the Royal Academy is going to weather its desperate financial crisis. I really think we are going to come out all right."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

●

### WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

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Grogan said that while the center will be "pro-feminist and anti-sexist," he said he is reluctant to label it.—*Massachusetts Daily Collegian, newspaper of the University of Massachusetts.*

Could he give us a hint?

# MUSICAL EVENTS

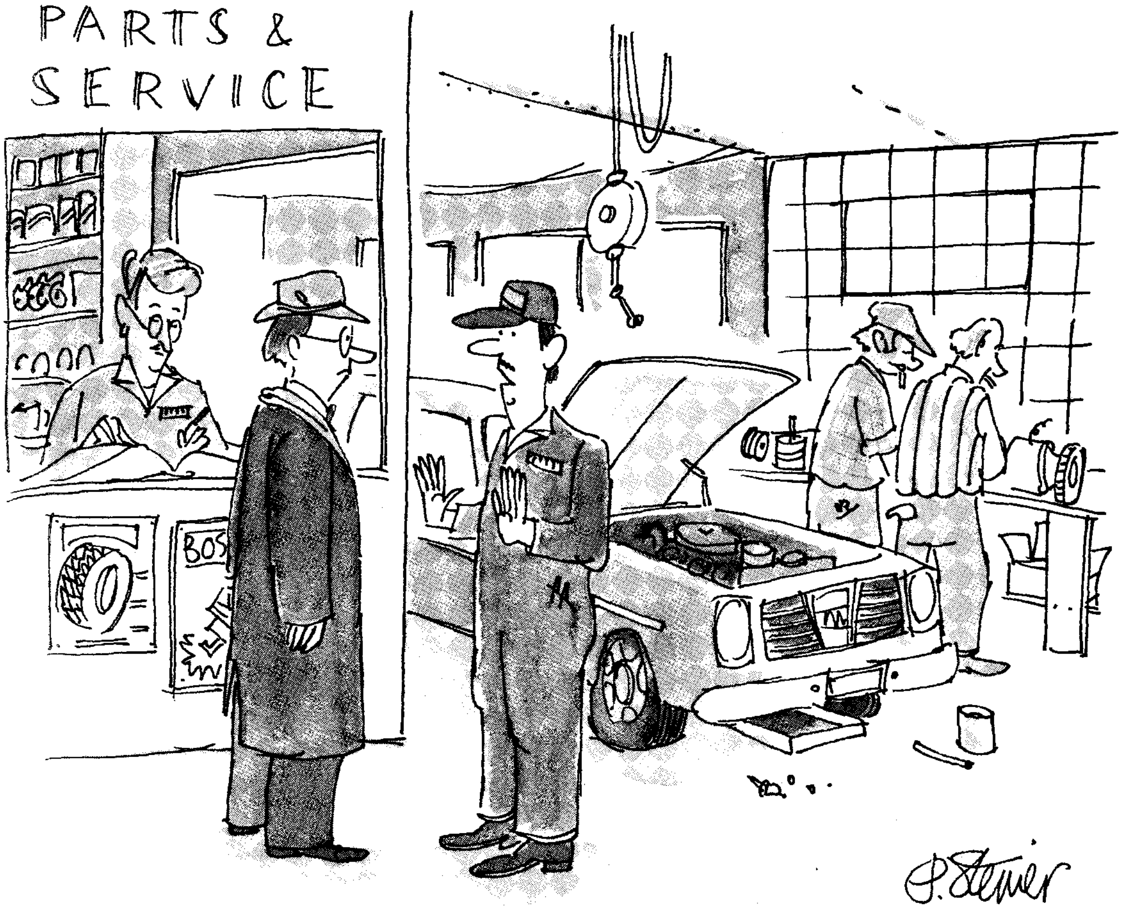
### *Nessun Maggior Dolore*

IN the second circle of Hell, that abode of carnal sinners who subjected reason to lust, Dante encounters several operatic heroines and heroes: Semiramis, Dido, Cleopatra, Paris and Helen, Achilles, Tristan—and Francesca da Rimini and Paolo Malatesta, spirits who fly toward him, like a pair of doves, through the murky air. Francesca tells him her tale in lines so poignant and beautiful that the poet swoons—famous lines that a reader with any Italian at all still cannot read without emotion. (In 1300, the year of the "Comedy," Francesca's husband and slayer, Giovanni Malatesta, was still alive; Caïna, in Hell's lowest circle, awaits him, she says. Dante spent his last years in Ravenna with Francesca's nephew.) D'Annunzio expanded the matter into a high-flown five-act tragedy for Eleonora Duse, which was first staged in Rome in 1901. Tito Ricordi acquired the operatic rights to the play for his protégé Riccardo Zandonai (D'Annunzio demanded, and received, twenty-five thousand lire, while the composer was paid three thousand for his score), and Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini" first appeared in Turin in 1914. It reached Covent Garden later that year, and La Scala and the Met in 1916. In Italy, it has continued to be done from time to time. San Francisco presented it in 1956. Eve Queler conducted it in Carnegie Hall in 1973. The opera returned to the Met this month as the second of the centenary season's two new productions.

"Francesca" is one of the series of D'Annunzio operas which runs from Pizzetti's "Fedra" (1905), a noble work, through Franchetti's "La Figlia di Jorio" (1906) and Mascagni's "Parisina" (1913), to Montemezzi's "La Nave" (1918). They represent a post-verismo, anti-verismo movement toward a heroic, high-minded (and, all too often, highfalutin) new romanticism—a reaction against both Verdi's manly directness and Puccini's popular appeal. The symbolism of their librettos is chocolate-cream rich. The stage direction for the setting of Act III of "Francesca" (in which Wagner, Keats, Tennyson, Millais, and Oscar Wilde combine) is characteristic. It reads, in part:

> There appears a room richly adorned, elegantly divided into panels bearing episodes of the romance of Tristan, amid birds, beasts, flowers, and fruits. Beneath the ceiling there runs, around the walls, a frieze in the form of festoons on which are inscribed some words from a love song:
>
> *Melglio m'è dormire gaudendo*
> *C'avere penzieri veghiando.*
>
> To the right, in the corner, is a bed, in an alcove concealed by very rich curtains; to the left, an entrance covered by a heavy hanging; at the back, a tall window with many panes, divided by little columns, that looks toward the Adriatic; there is a pot of basil on the window sill. Near the entrance, raised two feet above the ground, is a musicians' gallery whose compartments are adorned with delicate fretwork. Near the window is a lectern on which lies open the book of the History of Lancelot of the Lake, composed of large illuminated parchment pages constrained within the firm binding of two thin boards clad in vermilion velvet. Beside it there is a couch, a sort of chaise longue without back or arms, with many cushions of samite . . .

The dialogue is similarly charged and clotted with allusive detail. Arthur Symons, who translated D'Annunzio's "Francesca," observes in a preface to it that the poet "has learnt something from Wagner, not perhaps the best that Wagner has to teach, in his over-amplification of detail, his insistence on so many things beside the essential things, his recapitulations into which he has brought almost the actual Wagnerian 'motives.' " The composers of D'Annunzio operas had learned something from "Tristan" and something—whole-tone harmonies, indirectness, elusivity—from "Pelléas," but none of them had Wagner's or Debussy's creative power. There is more music in Puccini's "Turandot" (1924), an aftermath of the crop, than in any of the D'Annunzio operas. "Fedra," as I discovered at a 1959 Scala production, bears revival; it is large, dignified, colorful, and strongly made. The Franchetti, Mascagni, and



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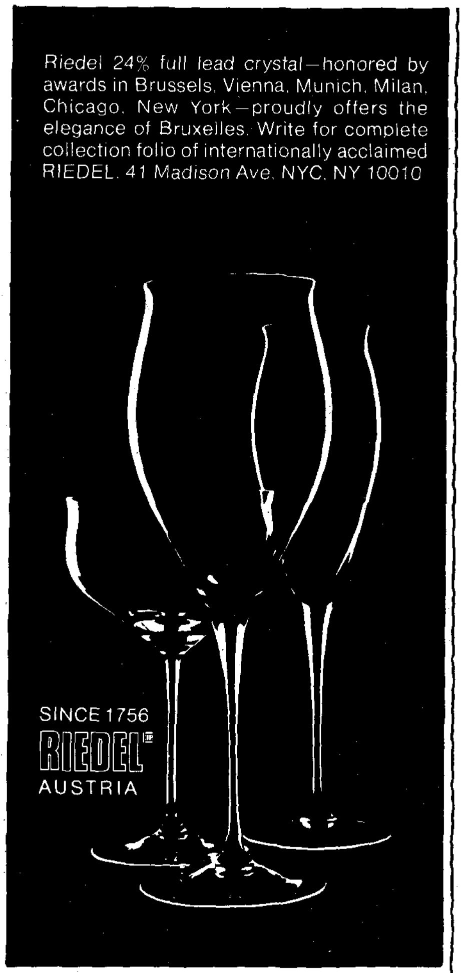
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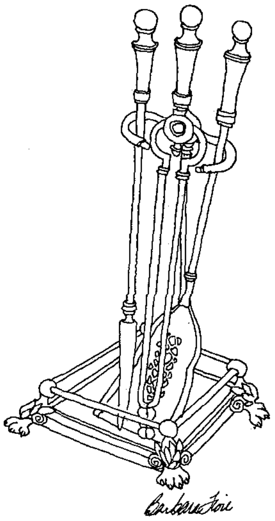
Montemezzi operas seem, in vocal score, to be uninspired. Zandonai's "Francesca" has its admirers, but I am not among them. The mixture of Wardour Street medievalism (at the Met a stage musician in medieval costume plays a twentieth-century cello) and would-be passionate melody going through the motions of emotion has lost its savor. Ambitious construction, conscientious deployment of motifs, and careful scoring are no compensation for the absence of melodic phrases that bring characters to life. "Francesca" is an arty piece, historically interesting—but third-rate music.

The big dramatic sopranos, accomplished tragediennes, who used to sing Francesca—Rosa Raisa, Gina Cigna, Maria Caniglia—may have been able to persuade audiences otherwise. (The role combines traits of Isolde, Sieglinde, and Mélisande; lyrical and spinto sopranos—Louise Edvina at Covent Garden, Frances Alda at the Met, Raina Kabaivanska for Miss Queler—have also essayed it.) The new Met interpreter is Renata Scotto, in whose big dramatic assumptions there tends to be—for all her earnestness and endeavor—an element at best inappropriate and at worst somewhat absurd. What she did seemed calculated, mannered. She husbanded her voice and was less strident than usual, but she was unmoving. When Placido Domingo last sang Paolo here, for Miss Queler, he was monotonously loud; this time he was restrained, almost characterless. Cornell MacNeil's Giovanni was powerful but not always in tune. William Lewis turned the youngest brother, Malatestino, a vicious young firebrand, into a grotesque.



The director, Piero Faggioni, and the designer, Ezio Frigerio, observed some of but not all the stage directions. The topography of the Malatesta palace was hard to grasp, and the battle maneuvers of Act II were incomprehensible. It was an awkward staging, in giant, towering sets that dwarfed the principals. James Levine conducted as if he admired and loved the score; his advocacy was insistent, even in episodes where a light, charming touch might have been more persuasive. The piece was done all but complete; Francesca's symbolic apostrophe to Greek fire, consuming and destroying whatever it touches, was, as usual, omitted.

BEAUMARCHAIS's third Figaro play, "La Mère Coupable," is a work often underrated. It appeared in 1792 (a few days after the first attack on the Tuileries)—seventeen years after "Le Barbier de Séville," eight after "Le Mariage de Figaro," and six after Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro." It is not a comedy but a daring essay in uniting the mechanics of comedy intrigue to *pathétique* action. The matter, Beaumarchais says in his preface, is "the inner griefs, dividing many a family, for which divorce, efficacious in other circumstances, provides no remedy . . . griefs that only paternal sentiment, goodness of heart, and forgiveness can cure." The scene is Paris in 1790, where the Count and Countess call themselves M. and Mme. Almaviva, and their heir, Léon, is "a youth seized by the spirit of Liberty, like all ardent, new souls." Figaro is now "a man formed by experience of the world and by events," and Susanna has "shed the illusions of youth." The play ends with forgiveness, reconciliation, and the betrothal of Léon, who has been revealed as the Countess's son by Cherubino (born while the Count was away governing Mexico), to Florestine, the Count's ward, who has been revealed as an illegitimate daughter of his and a Marquise Pizzarro. Beaumarchais suggests that in successive performances of "The Barber," "Figaro's Wedding," and "The Guilty Mother" the public can on the first day laugh at Count Almaviva's turbulent youth, on the second gaily observe the faults of his manhood, and on the third be persuaded that every man not irredeemably wicked becomes good when he grows old, "when the age of passions is past, and especially when he has tasted the sweet joy of being a father." William Mann, in "The Operas of Mozart," says that this third play "was a total flop and deserved to be." But in 1792 the Paris public had other things to think about; when "La Mère Coupable" was revived in Floréal of

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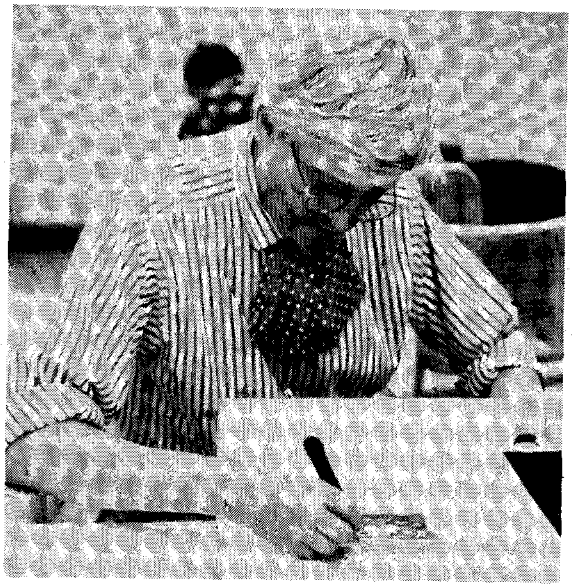

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–Thomas Hoving, Editor

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the Year 5 (otherwise May, 1797) it was a great success, and Beaumarchais took the first curtain call of his life, delighted, he said, by applause not from aristocrats "the stupidest of whom thought himself superior" to a playwright but from "citizens who recognized no superiority but that accorded to merit or to talent, who wanted to see the author of a touching play."

"La Mère Coupable" has its place in operatic history: Grétry considered an opera based on it, and so did Britten; Darius Milhaud composed one (which was performed in Geneva in 1965), and John Corigliano is composing one, for the Met. Daunting challenge, to complete a triptych whose other panels are by Rossini and by Mozart! (I don't know the Milhaud piece.) In 1797, Beaumarchais declared that the two Spanish comedies had been written only as preparations for "La Mère Coupable." That's a view evidently determined by hindsight. What "La Mère Coupable" seems to resolve is not so much "Le Mariage de Figaro" as "Le Nozze di Figaro." "Le Mariage" ends with a ten-strophe sung vaudeville. Suzanne observes that husbands' infidelities are condoned but wives' are punished; laws are made by men. The Countess remarks that where a proud woman might say she loves her husband no more, and another, almost unfaithful, swear that she loves only him, a wise woman makes no avowal at all. Figaro reflects on Fate that causes one man to be born a king, another a shepherd, and sings Voltaire's praises. Chérubin once more apostrophizes the "beloved, volatile sex that torments us day and night." Suzanne draws a moral: that Nature in her wisdom achieves her ends by matching them to our desires. The stammering Brid'oison (Da Ponte's Don Curzio) tells the spectators that the comedy they have just seen reflects their own lives, and that all fi-ni-nishes in song. Ideas pass in rapid, brilliant review. There are strophes for Bazile and Marceline, and others (surviving in manuscript) for Bartholo and Fanchette (Barbarina). Perhaps "La Mère Coupable," that mature, moving drama about guilt, remorse, and coming to terms with life, is already implicit here; it springs more convincingly from "Le Nozze di Figaro," which has been well described as a transfiguration of "Le Mariage." The Richardsonian truth in depiction of the human heart which Beaumarchais said was his aim in "La Mère Coupable" already informs

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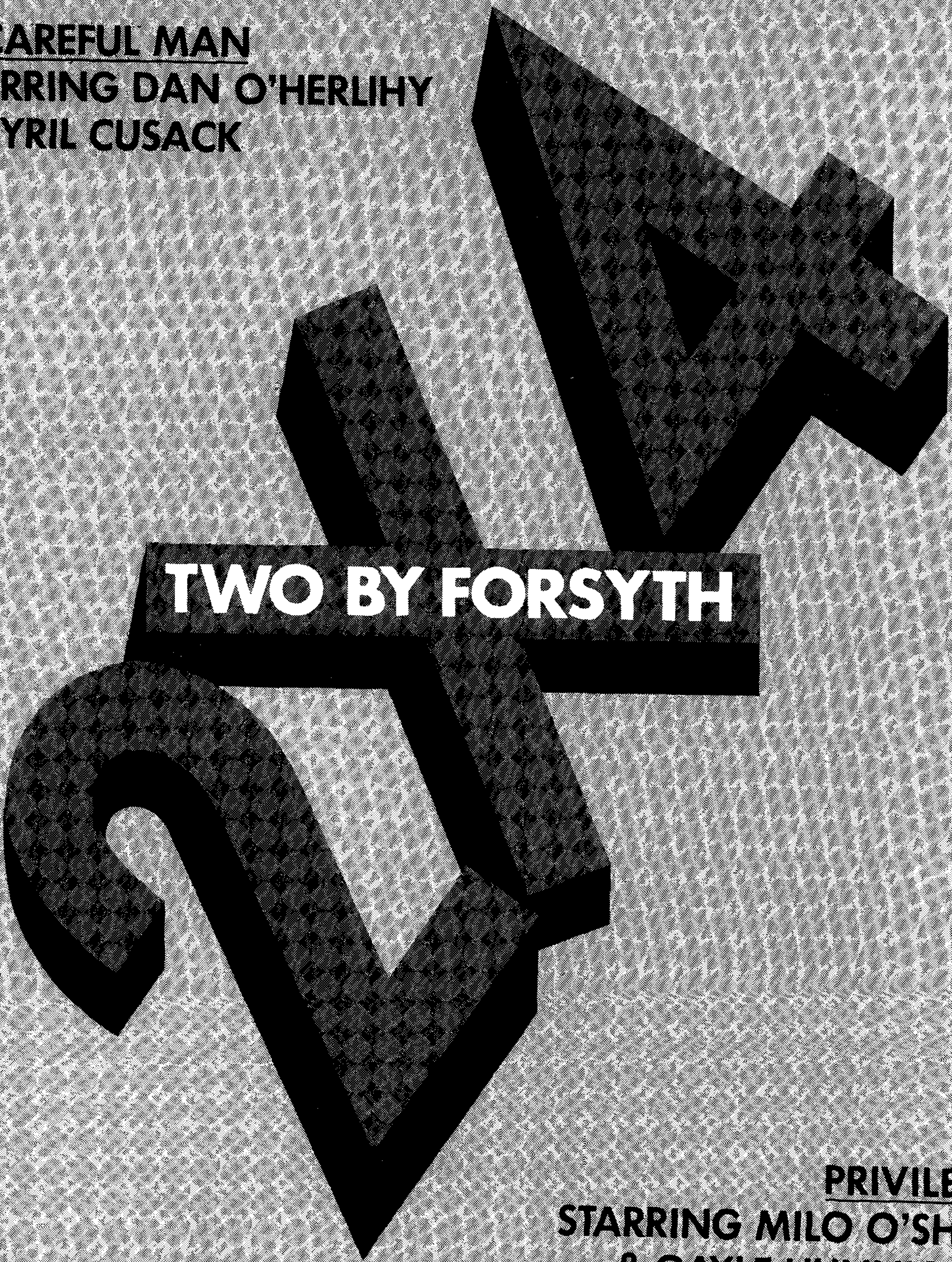

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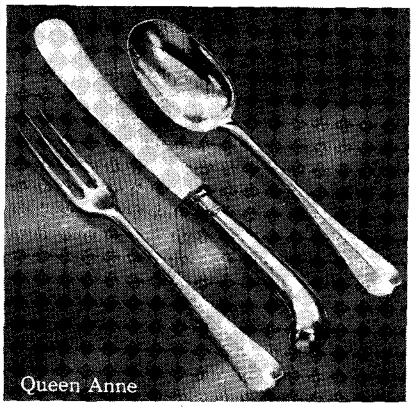

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Mozart's setting of its predecessor. It is unlikely that Beaumarchais knew the opera before writing his third play; "Le Nozze" was not done in Paris until 1793. Otherwise, one would be tempted to suggest that Mozart pointed the way to it.

Massenet's "Chérubin," given its American première last month as the second presentation in Carnegie Hall's season of opéras comiques, is quite a different sequel to "Figaro." The opera is based on a light, sentimental comedy by Francis de Croisset which Massenet saw at the Comédie-Française in 1901. Cherubino is preparing to celebrate his seventeenth birthday (so it is four years after "Le Mariage"). The Count and Countess and a Baron and Baroness have been invited. So has the dancer L'Ensoleillad, the King of Spain's favorite. All three women—and also Pepa, the mistress of a passing Captain, and Nina, a sweet country girl—set him aflutter. The heart of the opera is a touching love scene between him and the glamorous dancer, who is moved by the young man's ardor but is also realistic (rather like Zerbinetta in Strauss's "Ariadne"). All around, there is bright, busy comedy: rivalry between the women, jealousy on husbands' part. Act III finds Cherubino penning his will, in preparation for three duels. He leaves his fortune to L'Ensoleillad—"small reward for her kiss." The dancer returns to her royal protector. Cherubino's despair is lightened by a discovery that Nina, after all, is his true love. As the curtain falls, they embrace. Bystanders' comments add a dash of cynicism to the general sweetness: "There's Don Juan," "There's Elvira."

The opera was composed for Mary Garden, who created the title role in Monte Carlo in 1905 and, later that year, at the Opéra-Comique. In her memoirs, she is cool about the piece and cooler still about its composer. "But I enjoyed doing that little Chérubin of his, with his pranks and peccadilloes. . . . There was a certain dash and exuberance to the rôle." "Chérubin" had but fourteen Paris performances; productions in Antwerp, Brussels, Geneva, Magdeburg; no wide or long-lasting success. It is a soufflé calling for elaborate, expensive ingredients: a large cast of expert soloists, including three star sopranos (the title role is designated "*soprano lyrique* [*petite Falcon*];" L'Ensoleillad, first played by the lovely Lina Cavalieri, simply "*so-*

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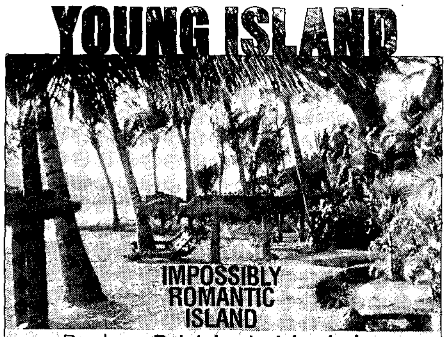

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*prano;*" and Nina "*soprano de sentiment*") and a notable "*basse chantante ou baryton un peu grave*" for the important role of the Philosopher, Cherubino's moral tutor. (Maurice Renaud sang it in Monte Carlo, Lucien Fugère in Paris.) Matthew Epstein, the artistic director of the Carnegie series, had obtained them all. To the title role Frederica von Stade brought the sparkle, the verve, the attractiveness that inform her account of Mozart's Cherubino. As in "La Périchole," the first of the Carnegie opéras comiques, she was bewitching—in her timing, her phrasing, her sure sense of when to linger, where to invest a telling word with a new, telling color. Ashley Putnam was a L'Ensoleillad both glittering and romantic, even if at times she sang more loudly than needed. As Nina, Valerie Masterson made her New York opera début and perhaps for that reason was just a little too grand—more Countess than Barbarina—in her presentation. But she sang well. Samuel Ramey was a fine Philosopher. Judith Christin (the Baroness), Nico Castel (a Duke), and William Stone (the Count) were outstanding, and no one was weak. An anonymous orchestra played deftly. But Henry Lewis, conducting, laid a heavy hand on instrumental passages that should take wing.

"Chérubin" is a fluent and charming score, very skillfully composed—a pretty footnote to "Figaro." It is not a neglected masterpiece; one would not urge its instatement in the repertory. But it was a pleasure to encounter it—especially in so polished a performance, with a troupe such as few regular companies could muster.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

> In 1609, English navigator Henry Hudson discov called the Reagan administration's proposals to use lie-detector tests to help plug news leaks to the media as "unnecessary, unprecedented and contrary to the principles of our country."
>
> —*Schenectady Gazette.*

King James would have loved the idea, though.

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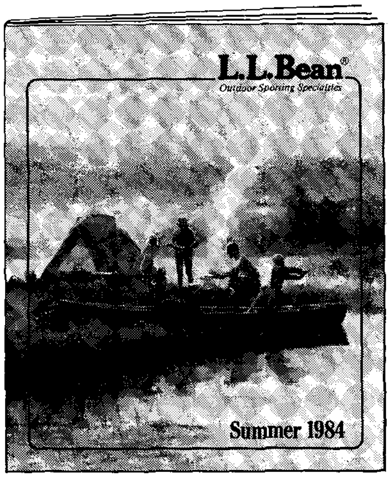

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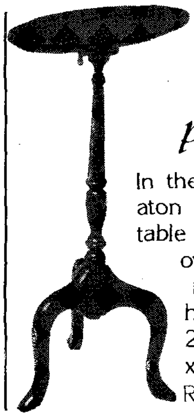

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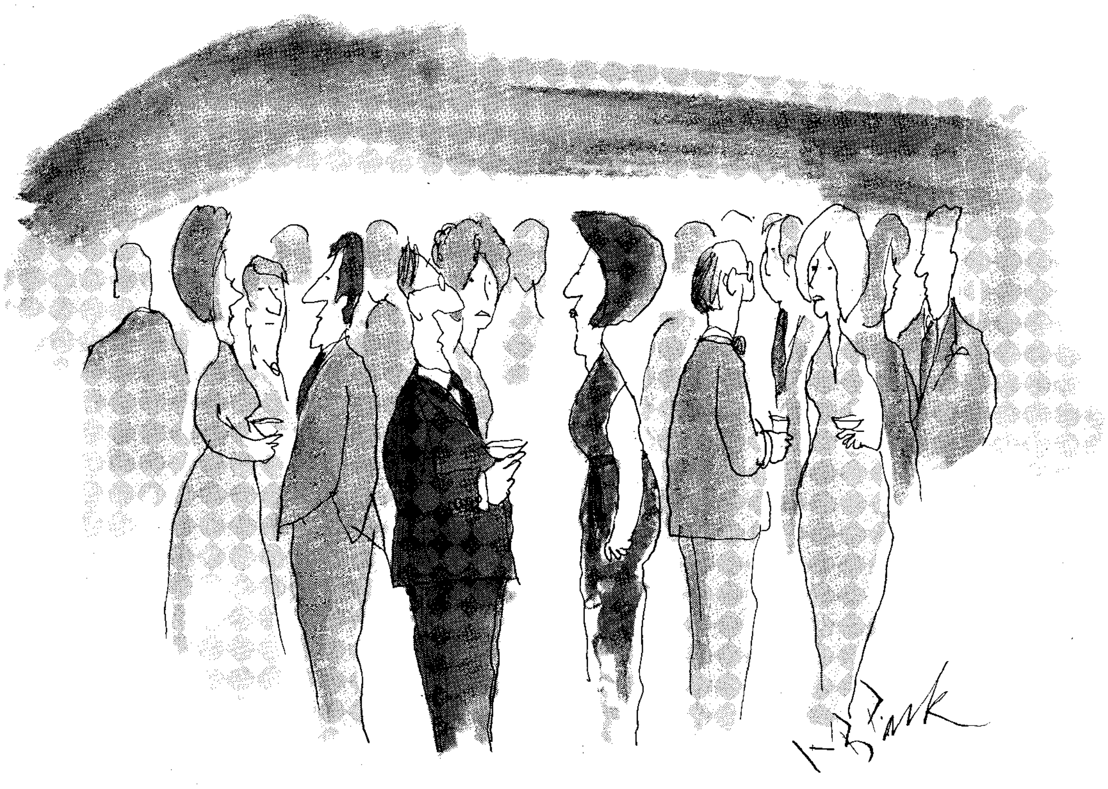
# THE ART WORLD

## *Up from the I.R.T.*

THE current season may be remembered as the one in which graffiti ascended from the subculture into art—or into the art market, at any rate. The actual moment of passage can be marked on the calendar: December 1, 1983, the opening day of the "Post-Graffiti" exhibition at the Sidney Janis Gallery, on West Fifty-seventh Street. When Janis, the certifier of blue-chip art reputations from Mondrian to Marisol, bestowed his formal blessing on DAZE, CRASH, FUTURA 2000, TOXIC, A-ONE, LADY PINK, Lee Quinones, and several other ex-graffiti writers, it was clear to everyone that graffiti art (as distinct from graffiti writing) was this year's novelty hit.

Not that graffiti art is so novel. Through the energetic efforts of dealers less exalted than Janis, several of the graffiti artists have been selling briskly for the last year or more in this country, and even more briskly in Europe, where the brash "vitality" of their large, spray-painted canvases tends to fulfill certain fond notions of how American art ought to look. Patti Astor, whose Fun Gallery, in the East Village, represents five of the top graffitists and serves as a point of reference for the rest, recently took a group show of their work to Zurich and sold virtually every canvas. The Boymans-van Beuningen Museum, in Rotterdam, put on the first museum show of graffiti art last fall (it was an all-American affair), and this June Sidney Janis plans to show graffiti paintings exclusively in his gallery's exhibit at the Basel Fair. American collectors have been hurrying to catch up. FUTURA 2000, Fun Gallery's top seller, already commands up to six thousand dollars per painting. (He is in the process of dropping the 2000 from his nom de spray can; his real name is Leonard McGurr.) Fred Brathwaite, also known from his graffiti-writing days as FAB 5 FREDDY, sold one painting from his last Fun Gallery show to the European-American Bank and one to Chase Manhattan. Lee Quinones, the great stylist of the original Fabulous Five team (pioneers in the painting of an entire ten-car subway train), recently showed at the Barbara Gladstone Gallery, in SoHo. A second generation of graffiti artists is starting to surface (ERO, who shows at Fun Gallery, is seventeen years old), and scholarly appraisals of the movement can be expected momentarily. A couple of months ago, my wife noticed a sizable group of teen-agers gathered in the playground near Central Park West at Eighty-sixth Street. They were clustered around a concrete-block enclosure on which the current Fabulous Five group had lately inscribed one of its collective spray-paint murals, and several of them had notebooks and pencils in hand—clearly an art-crit discussion in progress.

One question about all this is why it took so long to happen. The urban graffiti phenomenon (or blight, depending on your point of view) has been with us for more than fifteen years, if you date its origin to the first appearance of TAKI 183's felt-tip signature all over town, in the late nineteen-sixties. The proliferation of "writing"—as the graffitists call the application of their chosen logos (initials or nicknames) to public spaces—along with its spectacular development from scrawled felt-tip "tags" on city walls to spray-can "pieces" (slang for "masterpieces") covering the whole exterior of subway cars with bubble-letters, 3-D letters, or "wild style" (i.e., unreadable) letters four feet high, has been a visible part of New York's daily life throughout the period, and a great deal of municipal effort and treasure has gone into trying to make it go away. According to Craig Castleman's "Getting Up: Subway Graffiti in New York," an informative and evenhanded book published in 1982 by M.I.T., the Metropolitan Transportation Authority spends approximately six million dollars a year on "normal graffiti maintenance," but the writing goes on more or less unchecked. Most of the early writers quit fooling with the trains some time ago. The average age for active "tagging" (name-writing) or "bombing" (more ambitious art work) on the subways is fourteen or fifteen; a few keep on doing it into their twenties, but most stop when they turn sixteen and become liable to prosecution as adult offenders. It is a criminal offense, after all. Under a city ordinance passed in 1972, it is illegal



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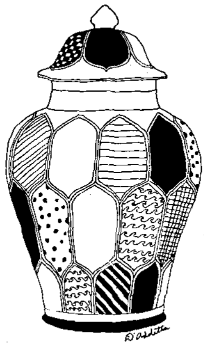
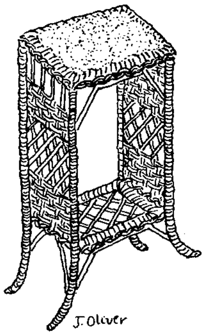
even to carry a can of spray paint on the subway unless the can is enclosed in a sealed container. The subculture of graffiti writers has always been an illegal one, and proud of it. Most writers feel honor-bound to steal their paints. Sneaking into the car yards at night, dodging the third rail, being chased and occasionally caught by the transit police are all part of the game, and the fact that the municipal courts do not penalize the writers severely—a frequent punishment is to make them scrub subway cars—does not delude them into seeing themselves as folk heroes. They know that the public at large detests and fears what it sees as a desecration of the environment. For a writer, the only true audience is other writers. Masters of style instruct their chosen apprentices in the use of the three approved mediums—Krylon, Rustoleum, and Red Devil—and the variety of nozzles that can be grafted on to them. As one generation crosses the age barrier, another takes over.



While several city administrations were doing battle with the miscreants (John Lindsay called them "insecure cowards"), a few private citizens sought to channel their energies away from the trains. United Graffiti Artists (UGA), organized by an undergraduate sociology student at City College named Hugo Martinez, put on an exhibition by twelve writers at the college in 1972, and another, the following year, at the Razor Gallery, in SoHo, where the work attracted much comment and several buyers. The group also appeared in 1972 with the Joffrey Ballet in Twyla Tharp's "Deuce Coupe," creating a flamboyant spray-painted backdrop onstage while the dancers performed. Further opportunities did not materialize, however, and in 1975, after a final group exhibition, at Artists Space, in SoHo, the members went off in separate directions: of the original twelve, eight went to college and four went to art school, from which at least two have since emerged as professional artists. The Nation of Graffiti Artists (NOGA), another nineteen-seventies group, attracted some of the best-known writers of that period. They scrounged funds to set up a workshop, put on a couple of exhibitions, and also submitted to Transit Authority officials a design for painting ten subway cars. According to Castleman's book, "they reasoned that since the M.T.A. was said to spend $1,500 per car to paint a car themselves, a fee of $150 per car would be their price and the money would be used to start a new workshop." Nothing doing. In 1981, ZEPHYR and several other writers "asked the M.T.A. to allow them to decorate one subway train, under Transit Authority supervision, and measure public response to it," Castleman reports, but the M.T.A. wasn't interested.

Several generations of graffiti writers had graduated from the I.R.T. by that time. One of the more interesting aspects of the graffiti phenomenon is that it has consistently drawn youths from different races and economic groups—blacks, Hispanics, middle-class white kids—who often work together on the more ambitious pieces. There has also been a significant minority of female writers. Some of the networks of association formed by the teen-age bomber groups have continued to function since the writers matured. Word got around in 1980, for example, that a South Bronx storefront gallery called Fashion Moda was showing paintings on canvas by ex-graffiti artists; Fashion Moda immediately became a headquarters for graffiti stars and their youthful admirers. Even before 1980, some of the twenty-and-over writers had started coming downtown to the new experimental night clubs that catered to young artists and art students. These odd little holes in the wall—Club 57, on St. Mark's Place, was the most enterprising—were not really geared to drinking or to dancing. The young artists who congregated there, bored with Minimal and Conceptual Art and on the lookout for something more visceral—or, at any rate, less cerebral—used the funky atmosphere of the clubs to generate new ideas. An evening at Club 57 might center on an artist's planned or semi-planned performance piece, in which the rest of the clientele would join. Occasionally, there would be a one-night exhibition of new art. In this freewheeling milieu, contact between the graffiti artists and those with art-school backgrounds produced some interesting crosscurrents. It was at the Mudd Club, on Water Street, and one or two other such places that the art-school types got their first look at break dancing—the acrobatic, arm-balancing, head-balancing style developed by ghetto blacks and Hispanics—and listened for the first time to rap music: rhyming, chanted speech patterns that are largely improvised in performance.

In the cross-cultural exchange, the art-school youths may have gained more than the graffitists. Certainly a number of them were struck by what seemed to be evidence of an authentic, indigenous street culture. Keith Haring, who hails from Kutztown, Pennsylvania, came to New York in 1978 to study at the School of Visual Arts and was instantly fascinated by subway graffiti. He met some of the writers at Club 57, and in 1980 he found a unique way of making his mark in subway stations. Haring noticed that when a subway advertising billboard was not in use a sheet of black paper was put in that space. He started to go around town drawing cartoonlike figures in white chalk on these black cards. His early trademark, seen everywhere, was a baby with lines radiating from its body: the "Radiant Child." Jean-Michel Basquiat, the son of a middle-class businessman in Brooklyn, was staying with friends on the lower East Side at this time, hanging out (without enrolling) at Visual Arts, and painting his tag (SAMO©) on walls and other public surfaces in the area. Haring and Basquiat have gone on to become stars of the international art circuit. While neither is a true graffiti writer (in the sense that neither ever wrote on subway trains), both have been influenced by the crude street-style imagery of graffiti, and their success, in turn, has become something for graffiti artists to emulate.



Until this season, however, the graffiti artists were operating at a certain disadvantage. Haring, Kenny Scharf, Ronnie Cutrone, and a number of the other young New Wave artists, who show for the most part at the Tony Shafrazi Gallery, in SoHo—the mercurial Basquiat showed first with Annina Nosei, and now may or may not be with Mary Boone—have all evolved highly individual styles, which range from Basquiat's stick-figure-and-printed-word allegories to Scharf's comic-book surreal fantasies. Crude as it may be in execution, the work of these artists has a certain sophistication—an awareness of such antecedents as Dubuffet's "*art brut*," Cy Twombly's elegant scribblings, and the comic-book imagery of the Pop artists. Their work is recognizable in the context of contemporary art, and that means dealers, critics, and collectors can feel quite comfortable with it. The graffiti artists lack this sort of reference. When they spray paint on canvas, it does not look like other art, nor does it much resemble the work they used to do on trains. The most admired whole-car or whole-train pieces, in fact, often have a highly professional, commercial-design look, as though the bombers had all studied with Walt Disney.

In several group exhibitions that mingled graffiti, New Wave, and other recent tendencies during the last couple of years—for example, the "New York/New Wave" show, organized by Diego Cortez, at P.S. 1, in Long Island City, in 1981—the artists who received most of the attention were those with art training. Around the galleries today, a frequent comment is that there are only two real graffiti *artists*, Basquiat and Haring (neither of whom can lay rightful claim to the graffiti title). And there has been a lot of criticism of the Sidney Janis "Post-Graffiti" show, on the ground that while some of the people in it are talented the pressure they will now be exposed to—pressure to produce for the market that Janis and others are busy enlarging—is both premature and potentially destructive.

Well, I'm not so sure about that. It sounds a bit patronizing to say that FUTURA, ZEPHYR, CRASH, and other ex-writers may succumb to the sort of commercial exploitation that Basquiat and Haring, who are no older and, to my eye, no less precarious in their current eminence, are supposed to take in stride. Premature exploitation is one of the perils of the young artist these days. How each one handles it may be a measure of how well he or she will handle the much more difficult job of going on to become a mature artist. Several of the graffiti artists, at this early stage in their careers, look as interesting to me as Basquiat or Haring. FUTURA appears to be evolving toward a style of pure abstraction, with references to "outer space" worlds and to liquid, melting forms that remind me of early Matta. (There's an art-historical reference for you.) He has certainly refined and complicated the techniques of spray-can

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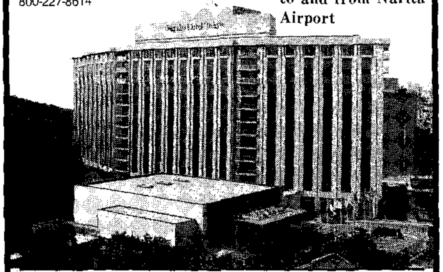

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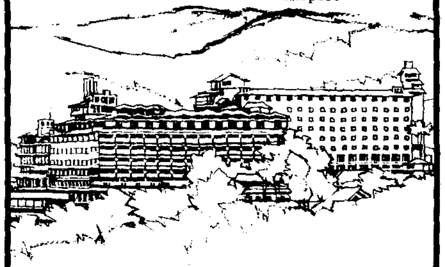

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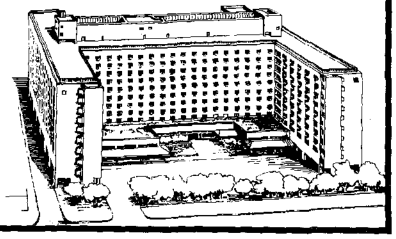

aesthetics to a remarkable degree, although Patti Astor informs me that the only competent critics of his work are the eleven- and twelve-year-old apprentice writers, who know how each effect in the Krylon–Rust-oleum–Red Devil arcana is achieved. Fred Brathwaite's work has a somewhat more traditional look—big flowers and still-life forms—and that may be why it appeals to banks. Lee Quinones shows a facility with very large, very bold images seen as though in extreme closeup; he has also painted some effective murals on handball courts around the lower East Side.

These people are all seriously engaged in the effort to become artists, but it is much too early to tell whether or not they will succeed. One problem with graffiti is that it is not really a style; it is by definition something written *on top of* something else. "The graffiti is the icing on the cake," the artist Frank Stella said the other day. "But it's the cake you have to eat." Graffiti writers didn't have to worry about such problems when they were still putting their tags on subway trains. The context there was clear enough, and the reward was all in the danger and the doing. For some of those who are now trying to make the transition to art, the rewards may never be as great. "I don't like painting the canvases much," the graffiti writer whose tag is SEEN told the television film crew filming "Style Wars," a recently broadcast documentary on subway graffiti and related aspects of the subculture. "I like painting better on the trains," he went on to say. "Maybe because it gets around, maybe because it's on metal. . . . I think of graffiti as graffiti. It's just meant to stay on the train, to tell you the truth." —CALVIN TOMKINS

●

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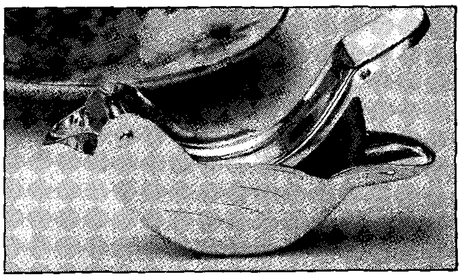

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# LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, MARCH 15

A COUPLE of months ago, a West German photographer named Konrad Müller, with a "specialty" in heads of state, produced a coffee-table book of pictures of François Mitterrand. The book was announced in *Le Monde* by way of a full-page sample in which the President of France sat under a tree in his country clothes (Cifonelli tweeds, cashmere pullover, casual hat with the brim down), airbrushed by Herr Müller so that the lines of Presidential stress softened into crinkles signifying wisdom and amusement and the cheeks shone with an inner glow. Then the book was spread over the display tables at La Hune, reminding the intelligentsia that the iconography of Fifth Republic France was indeed intact—that their President made his lonely decisions at a Boulle desk, took his inspiration from rare tapestries, and knew the kind of solitude that forests and clouds over cornfields confer.

Maybe it takes a shrewd German romantic with a book contract to catch a French President at the moment when self-regard slips innocently into self-parody. It is hard to imagine an art book about Helmut Kohl or, for that matter, Margaret Thatcher or Felipe González, although Müller has evidently done a job on Bruno Kreisky and Anwar Sadat. The French like their Presidents looking historically important. Charles de Gaulle had *his* official picture taken in the manner of an imperial portrait, hand resting on his new French constitution, and, according to the novelist Michel Tournier, who wrote a foreword to the Mitterrand book, it did so well that the General's photographer got calls from every Prime Minister and President-for-life in Francophone Africa requesting "Charles de Gaulle portraits" of themselves. Tournier himself keeps a skeptical distance from the iconography and its august symbols of citizenship. He is France's best and probably best-known writer, but he lives quietly in a converted presbytery in a Chevreuse village, attended by the son of a local peasant, works there on his brilliant and perverse novels, and comes to Paris not for the scene but to read out loud to schoolchildren. He thinks of a French President the way he thinks of God, as a promoter. Talking about God, he says:

> Having created man and woman in His image, in His likeness, He said to them: "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." Thus, having produced His self-portrait, He saw to His self-promotion. Ever since the Second Commandment was handed down, there has been a divine monopoly on images: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." We have had to wait a few thousand years for the politician—God's monkey—to discover His triple formula: picture, distribution, monopoly.

FRANÇOIS MITTERRAND is nearly three years into his seven-year term. In his lugubrious and rather moving self-esteem, he has been one of Tournier's true *singes de Dieu*, working out a monopoly on history. The instinct to pose at dusk in silhouette in the woods, contemplating a sapling, or to offer his wrinkles to the sort of filtered mercies usually reserved for movie stars is the same instinct that makes him keep three thousand French combat soldiers in the deserts of Chad or twelve hundred and fifty French soldiers in downtown Beirut when everybody else's troops have moved back to their warships. He seems to identify utterly with France—with its beauty, its poetry, its power—the way de Gaulle did, or, for that matter, Napoléon. It gives him great clarity of purpose abroad, and confusion of purpose at home. Mitterrand has money problems at home. ("Get yourself an economy and then we'll talk" is apparently how Donald Regan, the American Treasury Secretary, put it to Jacques Delors, the French Finance Minister, at a meeting this winter.) His indifference to people scrambling for themselves and their own advantage instead of for the good of France is one of the reasons six thousand truck drivers stopped their trucks in the middle of the country's highways and left them there during the week this winter when most of France was on the road looking for a place to ski; it is one of the reasons twenty thousand Paris schoolteachers and government clerks and utility workers went on strike last week and shut down all the public services in town. His indifference to people who are not

POTTING SOIL

*"Leon, I think I'd like to have a farm."*

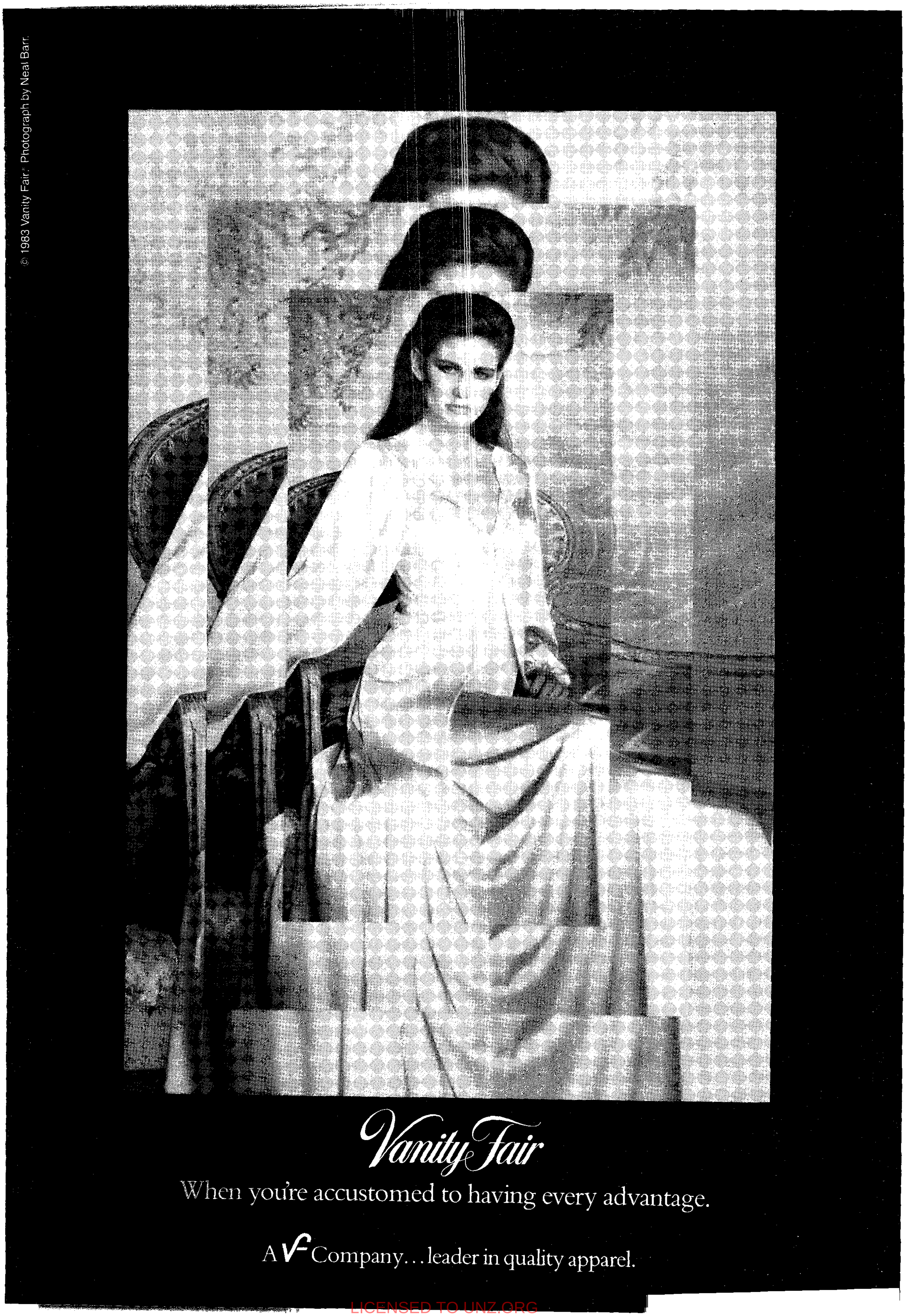
convinced that their money is part of the national patrimony has put a ninety-one-year-old businessman on trial for the crime of keeping a bank account in Switzerland. The intellectuals he invites to lunch at the Élysée come hoping to hear him out on, say, the prospects for French socialism or the European currency basket, and discover that he would rather talk about Civilization. In a way, Mitterrand is much like France right now—masterly at self-delusion, self-serving in its choices, and self-righteous in explaining those choices to itself.

If Mitterrand makes people here uncomfortable, it may be because they see in his crafty vanity an acknowledgment of their own. Confusions of power and presence, of reality and what the French call *pur apparence*, are confusions that they are trained for. Their confidence—which is their great natural resource—depends on how well they learn. They have spent two years arguing about Mitterrand's nationalizations, but the fact is that most of the companies Mitterrand took over—it was during the winter of 1982—were already mortgaged to the state, and by taking them over he relieved a lot of nervous French industrialists of enormous debts and reimbursed them in the process. He substituted for an unwieldy state capitalism an equally unwieldy state socialism, and called it change. He nationalized banks that were already dominated by the state and its regulations, and called that change, too. He put a stop to people's exporting money, but people with money had already done their exporting, under Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. France's old money did not like Giscard any more than it likes Mitterrand. People here said that Giscard was sabotaging the country with sleazy schemes, and then, by putting their own money in California, they sabotaged it more. They explained that the kind of business the French admire is the business of the state or the business of the corner grocer, not the business of the President. They thought of Giscard as an arriviste, with his doctored pedigree and his wife out of the aristocracy and her Bokassa diamonds.

It is not that the French despise the wheeling and dealing—the business of introductions and commissions and arrangements—that Giscard d'Estaing got involved in during his seven years at the Élysée, or that they are incapable of it themselves. It is, rather, that the French—whatever their private financial vices—prefer a rhetoric of "France" when the state does business for them. De Gaulle understood this. De Gaulle considered the fortunes that had been made in guns in the course of his career as a soldier, and proceeded to turn France into the third-biggest arms exporter in the world, but the image of France he always used was "the breadbasket of Europe." Giscard seemed to think that his family château made a better image than a breadbasket or a rifle. He underestimated the legacy of land and country that had been the real legacy of a Catholic ancien régime to a secular republic. When the oil ministers came calling, some of the women in his family started Arabic lessons. When the Oklahoma oil bankers came calling, the family ordered Popsicles and threw barbecues. Giscard himself got mixed up in a scheme involving a Belgian con man with a plane that "sniffed" offshore oil from the air; he took a billion francs from the state oil company, Elf-Aquitaine, and gave it to the Belgian and, "in the interests of national defense," neglected to mention the fact to anyone in the government except his Prime Minister, Raymond Barre. He was a snob, but he was a snob about class, not a snob about France, and the French would not forgive him for it. That, as much as anything, is why they voted against Giscard and for Mitterrand, who was always campaigning in front of churches and in wheat fields and forests, talking about roots and tradition and the richness of France and its great civilizing mission in the world.

Mitterrand invented a kind of Gaullist socialism. Ronald Reagan may hate the Russians because the Russians are wicked, and Margaret Thatcher may hate the Russians because the Russians are wrong, but Mitterrand seems to hate the Russians because the Russians are disrespectful—because the Russians have divided the world without considering France at all. Mitterrand is often less concerned with arguments between the free world and the other side than he is with arguments between the French world and the other side. He spent a lot of time in December of 1981 grieving for Poland. His Socialists met day and night, making plans, talking strategy. They gave long and emotional speeches in the National Assembly. They issued warnings from the Élysée. They marched to the Russian Embassy, on the Boulevard Lannes, and carried candles during nighttime vigils outside the Polish Embassy, on the Rue Talleyrand. But when somebody asked Pierre Mauroy, the Prime Minister, if France was going to cancel its natural-gas deal with the Russians because of the crackdown in Poland, Mauroy consulted the President and replied, in effect, "Surely we don't want to add to the tragedy of the Polish people the tragedy of the French people without heat."

MITTERRAND'S foreign policy is mainly about presence. It has to do with French influence and French prestige in a world where French power is really at the discretion of bigger, richer countries. The same instinct that made de Gaulle dress down the Russian ambassador—"*Alors, monsieur l'ambassadeur, nous allons mourir ensemble*"—when the wall went up around West Berlin and that made him cable encouragement to John Kennedy during the Cuban missile crisis operates at the Élysée today. Mitterrand has discovered that talk is cheap and talk is powerful. With France out of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, Mitterrand can be fierce about wanting the security of NATO troops and NATO missiles in West Germany. For the French, being fierce is a way of being there. They remember the fractious parliamentary years of the Fourth Republic as years of war in Indo-China and Algeria. They have made a hero of Pierre Mendès France, who ran France during one of those years, but they did it only after Mendès France was out of office and could not disturb them anymore with his passionate democracy. Now that he is dead, they cherish him. They like to talk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about his dream that could not work in France. It confirms the fact that they are cynical, tough, realistic people—that they are not "*moralisateurs*," like Mendès France, who was a Jew, or like their Protestant neighbors. They smoke. They do not understand the fuss about Watergate. They do not understand the fuss about missile deployment. They say that people with nuclear bombs do not have war and that therefore there is a kind of Cartesian logic to Mitterrand's argument for "nuclear dissuasion" ("dissuasion" is the President's word for deterrence).

Certainly there is not much of a pacifist tradition in France. Pacifism, the French believe, is another weakness of Protestants in places like England and Germany and Scandinavia—the guilt and potato cultures W. H. Auden talked about—and of some of their own Catholic radicals. They call their Catholic radicals, oddly, *les Chrétiens*. Mitterrand has two of them in his Cabinet. Claude Cheysson, the Foreign Minister, and Delors, the Finance Minister, are *Chrétiens*, and they are undoubtedly the moralists of the government—but not about dissuasion. People in government here believe in dissuasion. They believe that de Gaulle left NATO because defending NATO did not come down to the same thing as defending France. They believe that being able to defend France themselves and at their own discretion is their only security. Back in the sixties, Mitterrand voted in the Assembly against the *force de frappe*—France's nuclear-strike force—but now he argues for extending it. He worries that a new "Europeanization of defense," which defense ministers from the Common Market are going to start discussing next fall, will leave France at the mercy of those neutralists and pacificists who have not learned what he now sees so clearly as the lesson of the Second World War: France fell because it had no real way to dissuade the Germans, no bombs in silos on the Plateau d'Albion that might have spared it the pain of occupation and defeat. He worries now that the defense of Europe will end up meaning no defense for France. He does not worry about blowing up the world, and says so.

Actually, no one in Catholic Europe—call it Southern Europe or Mediterranean Europe—seems particularly worried about blowing up the world, about nuclear weaponry or nuclear war. This is a fact of Mediterranean life, and it seems to have nothing to do with whether people practice their Catholicism or whether Socialists or Conservatives are in power. People who try to explain it come up with the same applicable clichés about the ancient, accommodating, surviving, cynical, fatalistic South. They talk about a God that Southerners can possess in baroque sunbursts and gaudy cathedrals and all the sumptuous trappings of a worldly church, about Southerners' being drawn to pleasure and hence to sin and the confession of sin and arriving at the peculiar innocence of the absolved. All this is really a way of saying that, for reasons no one understands, Southern Europeans are not at all guilty about having nuclear bombs. They are not guilty about daily, or even millennial, injustices. They do not really understand the spiritual scrupulousness that began in Northern Europe when Ulrich Zwingli melted down the Catholic crowns and sceptres of Zurich's churches, turned them into Protestant gold bricks, and then used those bare churches to admonish the burghers and bankers who got the bricks about cupidity.

THE remarkable thing about French colonialism was that it created an identification with France, a desire for "Frenchness," in the same people who were fighting to compel the French to go. When de Gaulle signed his peace treaty with Algeria, after eight years of war, he left behind the seductive power of France, and that power had colonial uses that could make real colonial power seem a nuisance by comparison. The conversion of Francophone Africa into Francophile Africa meant more than preferential trade contracts and mining concessions in the Sahara. It meant that the power of shadow ministries and *lycée* teachers out of the École Normale Supérieure and manufacturers of "Frenchness" in places like Lille and Clermont-Ferrand was fixed in independent Africa. This is the sort of power that Mitterrand, with his nuclear technology for sale and his factories and his *force de frappe* for inspiration, is trying to "reclaim" in the Middle East. He has an insistent—almost an obsessive—idea, a history-book idea, of a Middle East with France as the source and center of its identity. He calls this idea "*tiers-mondiste*," because it has to do with the Third World, and "socialist," because it has to do with helping people in the Third

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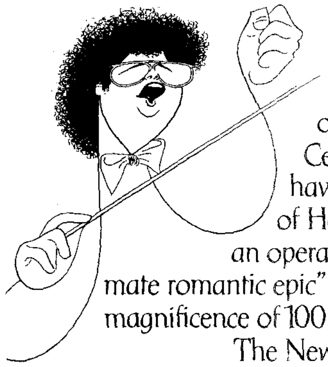

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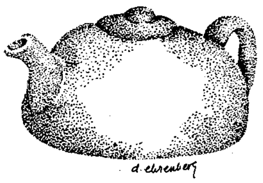
World arrive at their particular kinds of freedom, and so he has few qualms about selling the guns and the grenades and the mines and the airplanes that the Third World uses to go to war with itself. Three hundred thousand Frenchmen earn their living in the arms business, and now that the government is taking it over, most of them can say they work for France. France has sold steel sheets for tanks to the Soviet Army and guns to Ethiopia. There are not many orders it refuses. It does not sell guns to South Africa—not directly, at least—and, according to people in the Foreign Ministry, on the Quai d'Orsay, it sells "practically none" to Chile, but it has sold guns to, say, Libya. The argument for Libya seems to be that France did not sell the Libyans the particular guns that the Libyans are using against the French in Chad.

France has no economic stake in Chad. No one has thought of what an economic stake in Chad could be. The country is enormous, but it is one of those Third World countries which people have started referring to as the Fourth World—meaning that there are no resources, no export agriculture, no industrial capacity, no way to survive alone and no reason to have to beyond the political reason of being independent states at a time when independence is considered a proper conclusion to colonialism. France ruled the desert that is now called Chad until 1960, and then came back twenty years later because the heads of six or seven African states that had also been ruled by France at one time or another did not want Libya moving south of the Sahara, and they reminded France of some of the obligations of "presence." During his first year at the Élysée, Mitterrand thought about having a presence in Latin America, too. He went to Mexico and promised everybody freedom. He said that France thought all the time about freedom in Latin America, that tyranny in Latin America was unacceptable to France, that Latin civilization, after all, had France as its center and Paris as its capital. But then he went home and, in effect, dropped out of the hemisphere, and the Sandinistas in Nicaragua and the freedom fighters in Guatemala and El Salvador are still waiting for their francs. Partly, this was Mitterrand's way of calming an American Administration that, to begin with, was not temperamentally disposed to accept a French President with four Communists in his Cabinet—and that now seemed to believe that there were more human-rights problems in the neighborhoods of Sandinist Nicaragua than in the torture chambers of Guatemala and Chile. Partly, it was Mitterrand's gentleman's agreement about spheres of influence.



France cannot really afford Latin America. Its experience, its history, is in Indo-China, Africa, and in the Middle East, and, inasmuch as Indo-China doesn't want France around anymore, Africa and the Middle East are where Mitterrand has to settle its influence. At one time or another, France was the mandatory power in half the Arab world and Africa. Generations of diplomats at the Quai, of ministry *fonctionnaires*, of teachers and technicians and doctors and farmers and missionaries have put in time in France's old colonies. Their connections are deep, their sense of place is proprietary. They were the field hands of a colonial empire. Now they are professional empathizers. The diplomats among them are attached to Arab causes and African causes. Some of them are genuine in their attachments. Some are paternalistic—practicing the kind of colonial affection that is still a badge of sophistication in France.

Traditionally, there is an argument between the Quai d'Orsay and the Élysée about policy in the Middle East—an argument between the professionals and the politicians. The professionals, who like to consider themselves men of insight, tend to favor Arabs; the politicians, who like to consider themselves men of heart, favor Israelis. (It is a version of the argument that has been going on for years between Whitehall and Downing Street, between the Middle East desk at Foggy Bottom and the White House.) The argument stopped for a while under Giscard, because Giscard was such a fanatic about oil. He wanted to be an oil power, and the problem was that France has no oil. One of the few things that the Gaullists and the Socialists agree about is that Valéry Giscard d'Estaing would have sold his country's soul for a couple of cut-rate oil deals in the Middle East. The country has always been less enthusiastic than its field hands about Arab causes, and Giscard was committing it

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to policies that ignored this. Stability in the Middle East was not his real concern. He did not worry about whether his manipulations were acceptable to Israel, or even politically tolerable. A 1980 European Council declaration that was supposed to be Europe's response to the Camp David agreements was really Giscard's declaration, and it was a fairly magical piece of work, offering up at once self-determination to the Palestinians, security to the Israelis, and a future where everyone would live happily ever after within borders that had not existed since the 1967 war. As a "solution," it needed a deus ex machina to make it work. A lot of people at the Quai liked it, although any diplomat with experience should have known that solutions in the Middle East are not made overnight with a handshake and a signature but are a matter of slogging along collecting obligations and sensitivities about obligations, of bargaining and drinking tea and saving face and drinking more tea —that they follow a rhythm and an etiquette that have nothing to do with Paris.

Giscard, by then, was in Iraq. He and Jacques Chirac—Chirac was Giscard's Prime Minister for a while, and then they fought and Chirac got to be mayor of Paris and started his own campaign for the Presidency—were courting the Gulf sheikhs and the Saudis and, in general, looking for business in the Gulf. They wanted a steady source of oil and a market for their arms, and at the time Iraq seemed like both. In 1975, billions of francs in aid and investments started going to Iraq. In 1979, the French government broke ground for a nuclear reactor near Baghdad. In 1981, when the Israelis bombed the reactor, the government started building another. By the time Mitterrand took over, France was committed to Iraq the way banks are committed to clients who have already borrowed too much money to be allowed to default. Mitterrand inherited Iraq from Giscard, but not all his biases. Mitterrand likes Israel. People who consider Mitterrand to be the most treacherous politician in France since Robespierre admit that the President has two quite genuine public passions—his contempt for the Soviets and his admiration for the Israelis. His ties to Israel go back over years of meetings of the Socialist International. (Shimon Peres, the Labour Party secretary in Israel, was a special guest at his Inauguration.) Mitterrand once spent time on a kibbutz, and years later he sent his son to work on the same kibbutz. He sees in Israel a way to prove France's constancy as a friend and a patron. Israel and Iraq and Lebanon are trial runs, so to speak, for that constancy. But if French interest in Iraq has to do with money and in Israel with old friendships then Lebanon, as the President likes to say, is "about history." Jacques Huntzinger, who helps run the French Socialist Party for Mitterrand, was asked by a reporter last month why France stayed in Lebanon, and he answered, "*Le Liban, c'est la France qui l'a un peu créé.*"

When Mitterrand talks about history, he invokes a French adventure in the East that began with Napoleon's Egyptian campaign. He invokes a hundred and eighty years of wild and exotic places to settle and explore—the wars and voyages, the grand tours of Nerval and Flaubert and Delacroix, the heady Orientalism of Paris itself. The war in Algeria burned up a lot of that adventure. After Algeria, there were years when the French avoided any kind of Arab policy, for fear of doing something disastrous—which may be why Mitterrand talks so much now about France's "reclaiming" its historic role. He makes a heavy point of involvement. He flew to Beirut last fall after terrorists blew up a French Army base and killed fifty-eight French soldiers, and his trip was all the more effective in that President Reagan, who had lost two hundred and forty-one Americans that same day, didn't bother to go. Mitterrand obviously wants his soldiers out of Beirut now. He tried to persuade the United Nations to send a force to replace them, but the Russians vetoed his resolution in the Security Council late last month, and now those soldiers will have to go anyway, with only the grim satisfaction of being the last "peacekeepers" to leave the war.

THE Foreign Ministry is a curious place. The driveways and the iron gates and the doors that run along the Seine are barred and locked, and to get into the Quai d'Orsay you have to turn a corner and find a little door on the Rue Robert Esnault Pelterie that leads to a kind of reception barracks, where a couple of elderly North African porters sit behind a counter leafing through out-of-date directories and dialling numbers that are almost always busy. Their simplicity is a tactic. It enforces the pace

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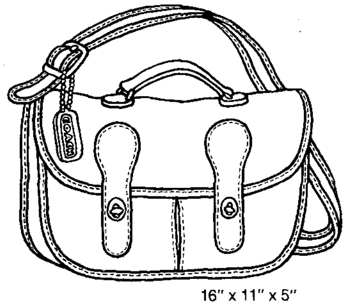
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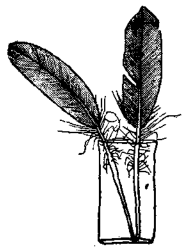
at the Quai. It announces imperturbable rhythms of diplomacy, even of clandestinity. The Quai does not pretend to the sparkling competence of the Élysée, where brisk young men in gloves and morning coats skip up and down an *escalier d'honneur* dispensing Presidential hospitality. There is, rather, a kind of siege mentality at the Quai. Some of it comes naturally to an office of career diplomats out of a tradition that does not credit the "outside" with having much information, or even much intelligence. People at the Quai like to complain about "*la déprofessionnalisation*" of diplomacy. They say that Mitterrand is turning his embassies over to Party cronies instead of proper professionals—meaning, in numbers, that there are now eleven instead of four "amateurs" among a hundred and fifty French ambassadors. (One of these amateurs is Bernard Vernier-Palliez, the Ambassador to the United States; he used to run Renault.) The Foreign Minister himself was one of France's commissioners at the Common Market for eight years and, before that, the director of a big multinational chemical company. Mitterrand chose him for sophistication. He was supposed to represent an opening out of French policy—toward Europe, toward the *sottogoverno* of international banking and multinational business. In reality, Claude Cheysson is a romantic. He likes freedom fighters and resistance movements. He can look at, say, Yasir Arafat and think of the heroes of 1789. Mitterrand's Francophile Middle East and his Francophile Africa are, for Cheysson, facts of nature, appropriate brotherhoods. He was not prepared for the discretions of diplomacy, or the hypocrisies. He suffers injustice loudly, with what the French call a "*maladresse*" —by which they mean that he blurts out whatever is on his mind. Most people at the Quai like him anyway, because he is full of energy, he is loyal, and he tends to share their views. They like the cachet of having a real Catholic radical in the Foreign Minister's office, even though that minister has no more power than any other minister in Mitterrand's government.



Over the twenty-five years of the Fifth Republic, there has been a real movement of status away from the ministries and into the Élysée. The French have got themselves what the historian Stanley Hoffmann calls a republican monarchy. They have a king they can overthrow every seven years, and the king has a Prime Minister (actually, a cityful of ministers) he can blame for all his problems and fire by way of solving those problems. The government here is entirely at his disposition—it is a little like a collective Vice-President—and depends on him for whatever authority it has. De Gaulle, for example, gave people at the Quai a measure of power. He had great esteem for the Quai. He trusted his diplomats—because a number of them had been with him in the Free French in London and Algeria during the Second World War, and because his own lieutenant from the Free French, Maurice Couve de Murville, was Foreign Minister and looking after them. Georges Pompidou, on the other hand, put a man he didn't like much into the Quai and then ignored him and often insulted him, and referred to the diplomats he sent abroad as *les tasses de thé et les petits fours*. Giscard, for his part, got to the Élysée and took over the foreign-policy establishment completely, so that even the French have trouble remembering his Foreign Minister's name.

As for Mitterrand, his cynical, sentimental policies are too personal to share (if the word applies) with strangers. He sits at de Gaulle's Boulle desk and consults himself, and when there are important jobs to be done abroad he sends people like Roland Dumas, an old Party friend and lawyer from Limoges, who is by now adept at paying secret calls on Qaddafi and Assad and taking night flights incognito to Gabon. (Officially, Dumas is Mitterrand's special Minister for European Affairs.) Mitterrand is comfortable with his old political friends. He is a little like Lyndon Johnson in his loyalties, and, like Johnson, he has a memory for betrayals. The younger men who are his Élysée counsellors—Jacques Attali, his economic adviser, is one—lend a kind of bubbly, busy style to the place, but they are house intellectuals, fancy pets who are important mainly because Mitterrand would rather talk to someone like Attali, who owes his career to the President, than to the stony, critical types on the Quai d'Orsay. Mitterrand remembers the years he had to travel around as France's opposition leader, and the condescension of diplomats at the Embassy in Washington or London when he wanted an Embassy dinner party or an introduction to the people who counted. A lot of those diplomats are back in Paris now, and they remember the dinner parties, too. They say that Mitterrand could sit down with a group of the most conservative American businessmen and start talking solemnly about his roots in the provinces, his Catholic values, his deep family feeling—and the businessmen would go home thinking that they had eaten dinner with a French Barry Goldwater, and that the young diplomats who had called him a radical and otherwise insulted him were idiots.

Mitterrand is hard for the French to love, with his chilly pride and his wealth tax and his sixty-five-per-cent income tax and his Socialist managers trying to run complicated banks and businesses and doing it badly. But most people here agree with him about the world outside France. They agree with what he says about the Middle East and about the Soviet Union and about the French hydrogen bomb. Mitterrand surprised people who thought that a Socialist president would be "socialist" abroad and perfectly innocuous at home, where it counted. They did not expect the old politician who had held together a shaky coalition called the French Socialist Party (and in ten years' time brought it from four per cent of the vote to the Élysée) to turn into the impresario who staged an emperor's Inauguration for himself in the crypts of the Panthéon and started talking like Napoléon. They did not expect surprises. They did not expect anything original. They did not expect statesmanship. And they certainly did not expect François Mitterrand to rule France instead of govern it.

—Jane Kramer

•

Police Association President John Guerrero, defending his group against charges that it schedules fund-raisers and then calls them off: "We have never had an event and not had it. Every event we've ever had, we've had."—*El Paso (Texas) Times.*

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•

Part of my animal ritual at this time of year is to read E. B. White's *Report in Spring.*—*Susan Dundon in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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# DANCING

## *Three Elders*

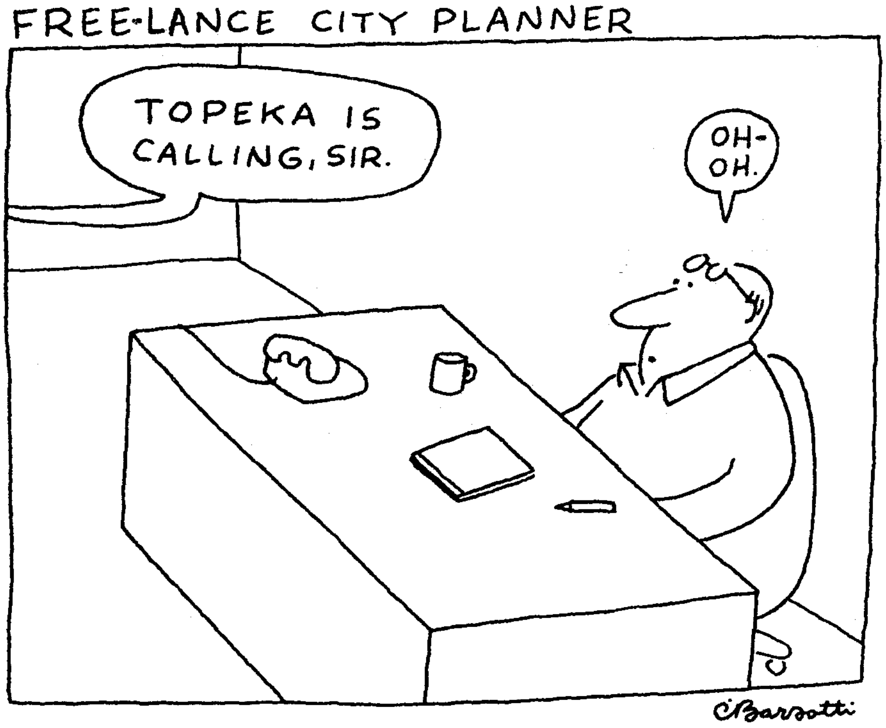
RADICAL ideas, if repeated long enough, become traditional ideas. They don't even have to be widely imitated to lose their original eccentric force. This season at the City Center, the Merce Cunningham company marked its thirty-first year. Cunningham's philosophy of movement has been more extensively adopted than his actual language of movement, yet that language—one might call it a protestant classicism, with its grammar of dissent—no longer seems strange. It has become traditional to Cunningham, and we accept it along with other formerly disconcerting features of his canon, like the relevant-irrelevant sound. Everything looks so sanely irrational on Cunningham's stage that we can fail to notice new peculiarities when they creep into the work. Some of the recent pieces seem organically connected, as if they were segments of a larger, ongoing work or variations on a theme. It's easy to see these connections when they're imagistic, as in "Quartet" and "Gallopade," and when they fall into discrete patterns, as they do in those two works. But then there are the non-imagistic works—"Trails" and "Coast Zone" and "Pictures"—which haven't a clearly defined "closed" structure and simply progress from one thing to another until the curtain falls. I don't suppose that Cunningham has never used linear progression before, but I doubt if he has ever used so much of it at one time. Because nothing appears to repeat or return in these dances, they are all but impossible to grasp as entities.

In "Pictures," the newest piece, some of the dancers fall into poses and hold them while the others keep moving, but these poses are all different and completely contradictory in their makeup—sometimes strikingly arranged, sometimes beautiful, but more often unresolved or off balance. Whether the stopped action has any intelligibility as a pose seems a matter of luck, like a snapshot taken at the right time. And the meaning, if any, is purely formal; these aren't images in the poetic sense, and they have no cumulative power. But they do give us handholds—literally points of rest—that keep the flow of movement from dissolving into chaos before our eyes. I can imagine a younger Cunningham who would have relished such a dissolution. But "Pictures" is a gently inquisitive work; at first glance, it doesn't seem to be up to very much at all.

"Pictures" may have evolved from "Coast Zone" (1983), which may in turn have come from "Trails" (1982). "Trails" is a succession of entrées in which no fewer than two and no more than five dancers are on the stage at one time. (There are ten dancers in all.) The entrées are fairly long, fairly virtuosic, and they build. But they do not build one upon another; there is no climax, and once the piece is over you realize that it is centerless. "Coast Zone," similarly constructed for twelve dancers, seems not only centerless but spineless. Each event lasts less than a minute and is wiped away by the succeeding event. The structure is so restlessly episodic that it seems to be all transitions. Cunningham even breaks up the one constant factor: the dancers who keep running in and out suddenly about halfway through the piece change into other dancers; one cast is wiped away by another. I believe this happens in "Pictures," too; it contains all the dancers in the company, and a most effective entrance late in the action is made by Cunningham himself. Once the dancers come on, they tend to stay on for long periods; my memory is of a stage almost constantly full of various kinds of slow-winding activity. Cunningham comes close to Chinese landscape painting.

The other of the season's new works, "Inlets 2," is a new version of an older piece. Cunningham has created new choreography from the same material, deleting his own role in the process. He has also deleted the Morris Graves décor, but not the John Cage score, which sounds like a faucet dripping in a bucket, then like a campfire. These noises and some vivid animal imagery are all I recognized of the "Inlets" of 1978. The soft-edged sectional design and the quietly unfolding moods were closer to "Pictures." Both in "Inlets 2" and in "Pictures," the choreography employs doubling devices—people sharing a phrase by performing it in unison or in canon or splitting it between them—in a marked way I don't recall seeing before in Cunningham's work. But the more I see of his work the more unfamiliar it looks. The chain-smoking phase he seems to be in now, igniting one dance with the tip of another, emphasizes similarities in his work that were probably there all along. It also reproduces the essential Cunningham experience on a new plane. Out of what first seems to be undifferentiated spectacle themes appear, objectives appear, and continuity assumes familiarly strange proportions.

Orientation can take some time. Luckily, even people who are dissatisfied with Cunningham's current way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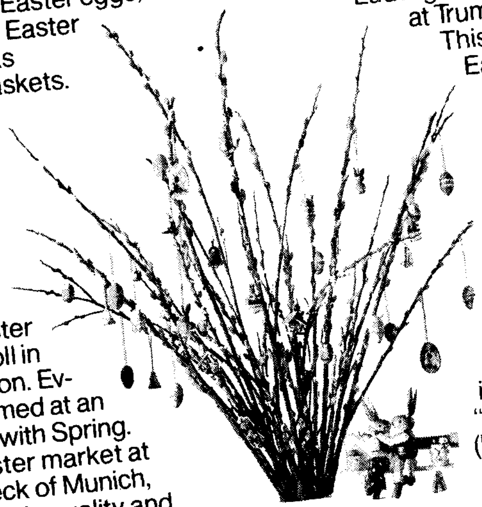

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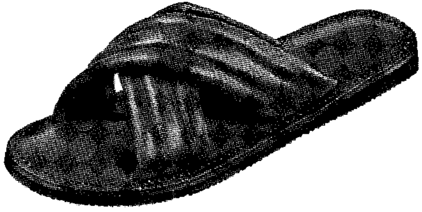

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of working agree that he could not find a better designer than Mark Lancaster. Lancaster, too, works in a serial format, and he restricts himself to the tights, shirts, and leotards that come in boxes. The fresh colors he dyes these garments, though, hold their fascination all through a piece. In "Coast Zone," he uses lavender, purple, orange, and aqua in various combinations. In "Inlets 2," his colors under the sombre lighting are all but unnamable; I made out ochre, brown, plum, gray, and mustard. "Pictures" has shirts in slate blue ranging through slate gray to charcoal and black. These are worn with Prussian-blue trousers. When, during some of the prolonged poses, the colors are inked out—Lancaster also does the lighting—the stage picture goes into silhouette, and the cyclorama glows pearly white.

THERE is a characteristic moment in all Jerome Robbins' best ballets which I can't help looking for in each new ballet he does. It's the moment that crystallizes the secret of the ballet's excitement—that reveals the innermost workings of Robbins' gift. Invariably, it's a tiny thing, like the way the girl drops her head just as the boy begins to lift her in "Afternoon of a Faun," or the moment when the cast of "Moves," which New York City Ballet will revive this spring, appears, sinks into fifth-position plié, and extends a line of tendues forward along the floor. Those small gestures are kernels—a discreet academic emphasis in which a quality of sentiment is contained, essential to the whole ballet and to Robbins' aims as an artist. In "Dances at a Gathering," the moment comes when the partners in the Opus 42 waltz stand hand in hand with their backs to the audience and do a whole string of relevés passés and sautés passés. At this moment, they are good little ballet students striving their hardest to please some stern invisible teacher, and Robbins seems to open his heart to them and to us. In its simplicity, this passage is diametrically opposed to the clever lift that comes a moment later and is applauded by the audience. "Dances at a Gathering" is filled with clever lifts, clever exits, clever choreographic schemes that never fail to impress us. The plain old relevés passés, coming at such a crazy moment in the music (Chopin seems to be rushing his coda, like a child saying his prayers in a hurry to get out of church), have a disproportionate grandeur, a beauty of aspiration by which in a single flash of recognition we come to know, judge, and accept the ambition that lies at the heart of the whole ballet.

Robbins' greatest ideas are nearly always revelations of the commonplace. He gives us something we've seen a million times in the one form in which we think we've never seen it before. He's able to do this, I think, because he's an outsider who came to ballet relatively late and for whom tensions and barriers as well as the most magical correspondences exist between ballet's fantasy world and real life. When Robbins is expressing familiar things in ballet terms, as in "Fancy Free" and "Interplay" and "Faun" and "The Cage" and "Moves" and "Dances at a Gathering" and "Mother Goose," he has a quality of insight like no other choreographer's. No one else gives us these flashing nuggets that all by themselves light up in memory and reactivate whole ballets. It's because alone among major choreographers Robbins has *ideas* about ballet; he conceptualizes while the others move. And he's at his greatest when feeling out the implications of a brilliant conception. When the girl drops her head in "Faun," she turns away from the direction of the lift and also, we feel, from her usual self. For once, she doesn't look into the mirror (which is to say out at the audience) to see the effect of a movement, she feels it inside. She yields as a woman, not just as a dancer, to the boy's hands on her body. And yet the turning of the head in one direction while the body sails in another is only classical logic; the movement that looks so intimately revealing could have been taught. The gesture calls up the whole disturbing mood of Robbins' ballet because it crystallizes the ballet's discovery of a correspondence between realism and artifice—a correspondence that it was Robbins' genius to arrive at as if it were a natural coincidence, and not something derived from a study of the Nijinsky original. In Nijinsky's ballet, the dancers move in profile, with the feet going straight ahead, either parallel or one behind the other, and the torso twisting to the front. Why they do that is still a question, but in Robbins' "Afternoon of a Faun," which is about contemporary dancers in a studio, if we think about Nijinsky we find that Robbins answers the question on his own terms. It's because dancers are self-absorbed beings who are always looking in a mirror. Nijinsky's profile

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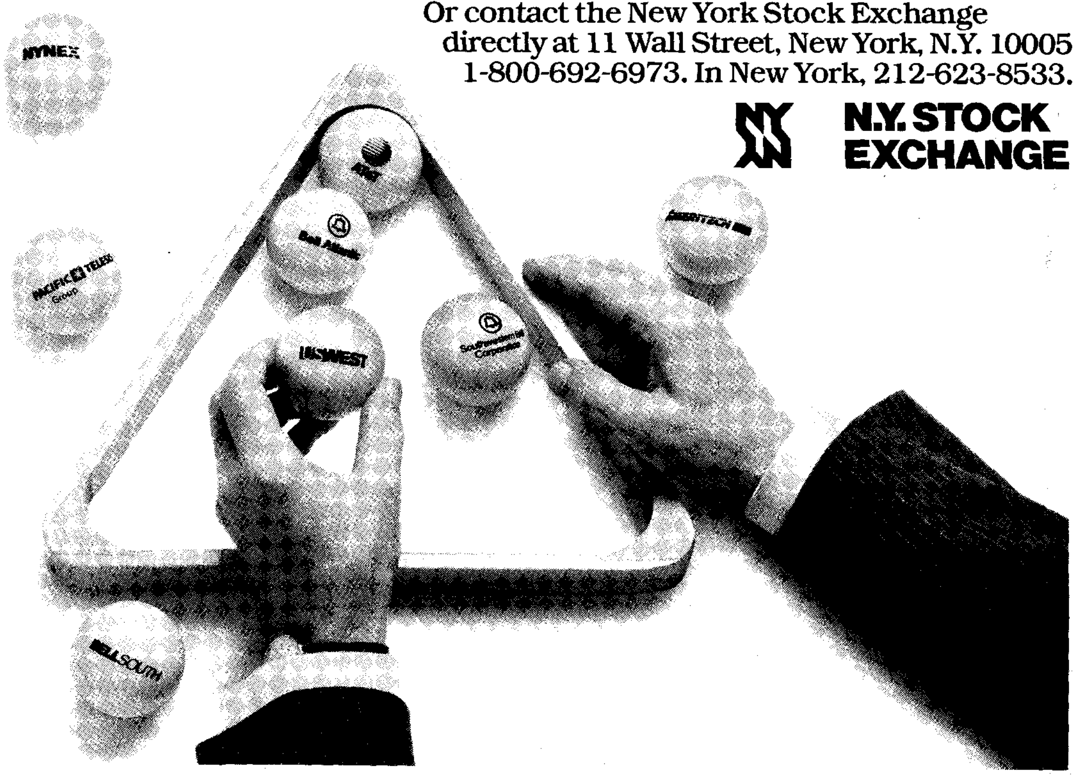

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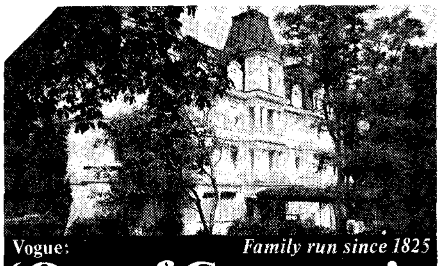

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stance is modified by Robbins to fit the preoccupied behavior of dancers who, even as they hold and caress each other, constantly look away into a mirror. It's faces front all the time—no getting away from it. If Robbins is proclaiming that Nijinsky's Faun was a direct descendant of his Narcissus, he is persuasive. His ballet is the best critical essay that has ever been composed about Nijinsky's; it shows conclusively how, by invoking a commonplace of *his* time (what Lincoln Kirstein calls "the Maryinsky's 'Egyptian' style"), and investing it with a novel tension, Nijinsky could have brought off his 1912 explosion. And, of course, the Robbins version is in its own right a masterpiece, which we have admired for more than thirty years.

Last season, Robbins returned to Debussy and the Greek nymphs of Debussy's (and Nijinsky's) period. In its dances for eight women, "Antique Epigraphs" even revived Maryinsky profiling. But this time Robbins had no comment to make. It was merely a pretty world that he showed us—one uncertainly situated in time. Was this the Greece of the Belle Époque, was it the Greece of early American modern dance, or was it the historical, unimaginable *Greece*? The ballet suggested a little of all three. Florence Klotz's gauzy long shifts, cinched under the breasts, made the dancers look heavy—an effect Robbins may have intended (to judge from the weightedness of his choreography) or, then again, may not have (to judge from the toeshoes he had the dancers wear). Sadly, this indecisiveness, which comes from the lack of a vivifying, controlling idea, is typical of Robbins' work these days. If he—and Klotz—had come right out and said that these women were suffragists *imagining* themselves Greek, the ballet might have had some flavor.

ROBBINS and Merce Cunningham are in their middle sixties. Martha Graham will be ninety in May, and she, too, is still producing—at least, her company is still producing, with her advice and consent. As part of the birthday-year celebration, it announced a production of "The Rite of Spring," to be presented at the State Theatre, in costumes by Halston. I went expecting nothing more than a glimpse of the thinking that had allowed Graham to say in press conferences that she was returning "to hallowed and terrifying ground." I assumed she meant the terrain of "Primitive Mysteries" and "El Penitente" and "Dark Meadow," although some press releases had her saying what could not easily be believed: "Dancing the role of the Chosen One in the 1930 revival of the Nijinsky ballet was a turning point in my life." (It was Massine's, not Nijinsky's, choreography that was being revived, and Graham's clashes with the choreographer on that occasion are still legend.) No, by "hallowed and terrifying ground" I hoped that Graham was speaking of her own turf, on which she would now erect not—preposterous expectation—another work of art but perhaps a sign or two of her understanding of the primitive rituals of the Southwest. I imagined her dusting off old notebooks and reading aloud to her dancers; these would, of course, be similar to the anthropological notations in "The Notebooks of Martha Graham," published a decade ago.

And she may well have given readings, and she may have dictated every gesture in the rehearsals and supervised every stitch of Halston's costumes. The results are still as trifling as we had every reason to fear they would be, and they are inauthentic besides. The outlines of Stravinsky's libretto are vaguely impressed upon a locale that could be Santa Fe, Samoa, or Haiti. The Chosen One, topless in a black sarong, is trussed up in thick white cable, then immediately untrussed. She thrashes and dies under the Shaman's gorgeous cape. More cloth is flung down, and that's the rite. Even if the rhythms of the music were deployed in the choreography, even if the dancers were stronger than they are, the ritual drama of catharsis could not occur, because the Graham technique—that supreme instrument of theatrical catharsis—has now faded to the point of ineffectuality. The only note of authenticity is an occasional reminder of old Graham dances: in the relationship of the Shaman and the Chosen One there are echoes of St. Michael and Joan of Arc, and some of the choral episodes recall "Dark Meadow."

I suppose it is something that a production as large, long, and expensive as this can actually be put on by a woman in her ninetieth year. That it is devoid of content will not disturb people whose knowledge of Graham's work begins with her Halston period. Older pieces on the program do not show it up, since there's scarcely anything left of them. It used to be that only those in which Graham herself danced were being misrepresented. Now, because of lobotomized performing, we're losing works like "Seraphic Dialogue" and "Embattled Garden"—works that Graham never appeared in. The stage of the State Theatre, twice too large for such pieces, does its own job of burying them. In "Primitive Mysteries," the dancers had to take about fifteen steps to get from the wings to the center of the stage. Because they exit and reënter so many times, "Primitive Mysteries" became a piece about walking. (It was, however, the most scrupulously rehearsed of the old works.) The audience was justifiably puzzled by these curiosities. As soon as the curtain rose on an "Andromache's Lament" or an "Acts of Light"—pieces made on a big scale in the eighties and furnished in posh fabrics and gilt—you felt the atmosphere change. These new synthetic products have nothing to say, but they project. People relax and start to applaud. The worst is "Phaedra's Dream," in which Phaedra and a male rival (designated The Stranger) compete for her stepson Hippolytus. It carries the anonymity and the bombast of the eighties to a new level of violation. The action, which takes place in Noguchi's old set for "Alcestis," is filled with a kind of coarse realism—lurchings and couplings and evil stares—that I have never seen before on Graham's stage. I'd thought nothing could be worse than the caricature of Graham exercises which appears in "Acts of Light"—all preening postures and flaccid dynamics. "Phaedra's Dream" is worse than a distortion—it's a sham. —ARLENE CROCE

•

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[*From the Police Log in the Lewiston (Maine) Daily Sun*]

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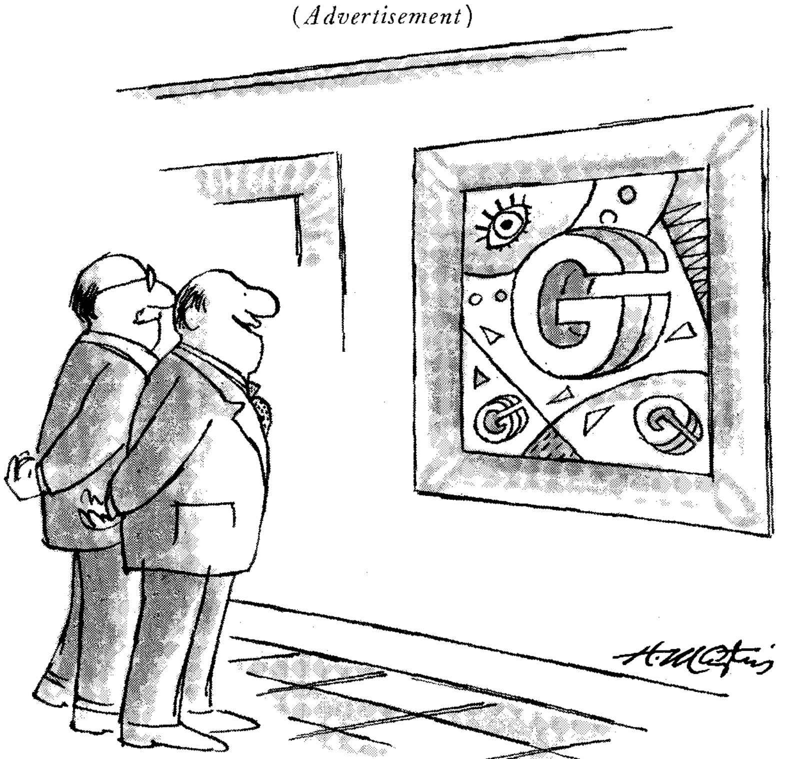
Although the existence of the conference is common knowledge at bar conventions, no one may acknowledge, either in print or on the air, that the conclave ever happened.

This reporter did not did not attend the conference.—*David Margolick in the Times.*



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# BOOKS

## *A Life*

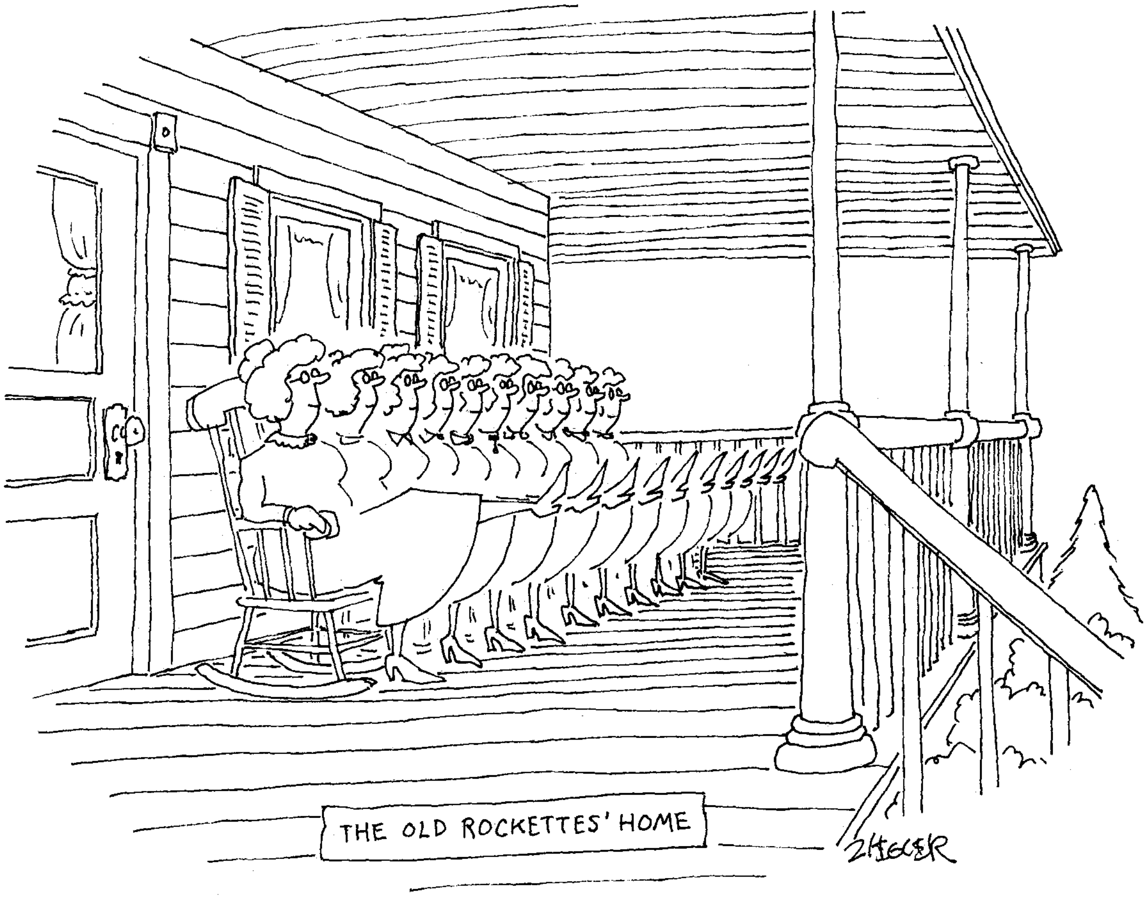
IN the year 1960, Andrei Alekseyevich Amalrik submitted his dissertation to a senior history professor at Moscow State University. It dealt with the ninth-century state of Kievan Rus, and the conclusion it arrived at was that Norman traders had exerted a significant influence on early Russian civilization. He was told that his research was brilliant but that his conclusion was politically unacceptable; the official position was that Russian culture and civilization were produced by Slavs only. Amalrik refused to lop off the conclusion and was expelled from the university. He was twenty-two years old.

Sending scholarly papers abroad was not illegal but neither was it, as a rule, allowed to happen. Amalrik asked the Danish Embassy to pass his dissertation along to a Danish professor of Slavic languages whom he had been in correspondence with, and the Embassy turned it over to the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs, without telling Amalrik that it was going to do this. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs referred it to the K.G.B., and Amalrik was picked up for questioning. From then on, for the rest of his not very long life, his interest was focussed on a less remote period of history and a broader subject—which he describes as "the conflict between the individual person and the system in a country where the individual is nothing and the system is everything." In the sense in which he meant it, this statement is true enough, but applied to Amalrik himself it is ludicrous. After ten years of questioning and surveillance by the police and the K.G.B., the file on him ran to six volumes, each one of which was anywhere from four hundred to six hundred pages long.

Amalrik was a slight man, of mixed ancestry. One of his forebears was French, another Swedish, and another a gypsy. The photograph of him on the dust jacket of "Notes of a Revolutionary" (translated from the Russian by Guy Daniels, with an introduction by Susan Jacoby; Knopf; $16.95) suggests a lightweight boxer. He has a square head, scrub-brush hair, measuring eyes, and the mouth of a man prepared to give blow for blow. That his character comes through so consistently and understandably in his book is proof of his literary gifts. Because he is so deeply involved, he sometimes assumes a greater knowledge of the dissident movement than the ordinary non-Russian reader is likely to have, and the chronology has to be struggled over. And no index. The fact that one often feels one is listening to Amalrik talking is, of course, the work of his translator, whose language is in general so carefully considered and natural that to paraphrase Amalrik's ideas or relate a given event without using the same words is difficult.

Amalrik's father was also a historian, the author of a book called "In Search of Lost Civilizations." While serving as a lieutenant in the Red Army he was sentenced to eight years in prison for remarking that Stalin's purges were responsible for the lack of military preparedness that made it possible for the Nazis to advance so swiftly all through the early months of the invasion. During the siege of Stalingrad, when the need for officers became acute, he was pardoned. For what offenses Amalrik does not say, one of his father's brothers was sent to prison camp. Another was shot.

As a schoolchild Amalrik upset his teacher by refusing to join the Pioneers—the Cub Scout version of the Young Communists' League. He came of age at a time when the Soviet leadership was bent on halting the process of de-Stalinization that had begun under Khrushchev. "After a quarter-century," he says, "a balance had been reached at the top between the neo Stalinists and the moderates. The top people like to feel secure, and it is better to tolerate a certain amount of opposition within the country than to be sucked again into the maelstrom of terror. The thing to do, then, is to combat the opposition by means of selective methods: by frightening some of them, by locking up others in prisons and psychiatric hospitals, by killing and beating up others.



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by getting others fired from their jobs, and by expelling still others from the country."

Between 1960 and 1965, he took only part-time work so that he could look after his father, who was partially paralyzed. He wrote plays that producers were interested in but backed away from producing, because of their content. And he collected "unofficial art"—that is to say, paintings with no political value. This brought him in contact with the foreign community in Moscow, which was also collecting such paintings, because they were very much cheaper than their equivalent in Western Europe. All this was, like his thesis, unacceptable. He was arrested as a "parasite" and sentenced to a period of labor on a collective farm in Siberia. In Siberia, he got a telegram saying that his father's health had given way, and he was granted permission to go home for eighteen days. His father was already dead when the telegram reached him. While he was in Moscow arranging the funeral, he married a Russian Muslim, an artist, whom he had known for some time.

Amalrik's own health suffered permanent damage from the hardships he had to endure in Siberia, and when he was allowed to live in Moscow again he was officially exempted from the decree that required every Soviet citizen to be employed. It was not the protection one might suppose, and neither was Amalrik free to go about his life. How he appeared in the eyes of the K.G.B. is nicely conveyed in this report:

> To the Chief of the Sixth Police Precinct:
>
> I hereby inform you that Andrei Amalrik, thirty years of age, has for a long time been leading a parasitic way of life, and has no job.... In 1964 Amalrik was sent to prison for speculation and parasitism. Yet since his return from there he has continued the same way of life, and has no job.... At present some woman, allegedly his wife, is living in his home without a residence permit. No one knows where she came from, but one thing is clear: she is just as much of a parasite, and doesn't have a job. In her home she does paintings of some kind, and they are sold to private persons. I entreat you to look into this matter and compel these healthy young people to get work in a factory.

So that he would not be classified as unemployed, Amalrik wrote free-lance interviews with theatre directors, actors, artists, and composers, for a news agency designed to send propaganda abroad, though Soviet newspapers also subscribed to it. He lived in a large communal apartment. "From the entrance hall, where a dim bulb burned . . . a long hallway in the shape of a capital L led past a steamy kitchen where laundry was hung up to dry and old ladies with weary faces stood at their tables; past the bathroom where another neighbor—with her head bent down over the tub and her enormous rear, swathed in blue cotton slacks, protruding into the hallway—was doing her laundry; past an area concealed by a curtain with suitcases and trunks sticking out from under it; past big doors and little doors; past chests of drawers standing along the wall; and ended up at the door of our room." We have been here before. It is the world of "Crime and Punishment." ("When I wonder how the phenomenon of dissidence could have arisen in a closed society," Amalrik says, "and what were its roots, I think first of all of the role played by Russian literature . . . Although the regime did for a time ban the books of Dostoyevsky and many works of Tolstoy, it did not totally proscribe the literature of the nineteenth century. And that may have been a mistake, since that literature is passionate in its defense of the individual against the system.") Almost blocking the doorway was a grand piano that Amalrik had inherited from an aunt who was a singer. It was completely out of tune and was seldom played. "Some people—especially foreigners—used to laugh at us, because while we didn't even have a table to eat at, half the room was occupied by a useless grand piano. But its very uselessness and beauty, together with the paintings, the old books, the grandfather clock, and the withered, spidery plants on the sideboard, made our room look like something out of a fairy tale."

With the trial of Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuri Daniel, what was later called the Democratic Movement began to make itself felt, and Amalrik became involved in it four months after his return from Siberia. The dissident Alexander Ginzburg said to him, "An English journalist recently came to Daniel's wife and left his address. You know how to socialize with foreigners. Couldn't you put that journalist in touch with me?" And Amalrik arranged this and other meetings. "In those days," he says, "all of us were a little afraid: afraid of the regime, afraid that people who feared the regime would take us for provocateurs and afraid of provocateurs." Because he was so vulnerable, he wasn't as a general thing asked to sign petitions or take part in public demonstrations, but he didn't really want to. He had, he says, an instinctive dislike for collective actions. "I have always been repelled by the necessity of marching under one banner. All group actions based on the imitation of some people by others, be they reasonable or not, contain an element of psychosis." To the degree that the public was allowed to be present at the trials, he was present, and, knowing no language but Russian, he nevertheless continued to serve as an intermediary between the dissidents and the foreign correspondents in Moscow.

"If a person refuses the opportunity to judge the world around him and to express that judgment," Amalrik says, "he begins to destroy himself before the police can destroy him. . . . The dissidents accomplished something that was simple to the point of genius: in an unfree country, they behaved like free men, thereby changing the moral atmosphere and the nation's governing tradition." Though many of the journalists were easily intimidated and ready to take their information about the dissidents at second hand, a few were willing to run the risk of expulsion from the country. Among these was the Dutch correspondent Karel van het Reve, who was a professor at the University of Leyden. He became Amalrik's friend.

The trials followed one upon another like the tolling of a bell. In the autumn of 1967, Pavel Litvinov, Maxim Litvinov's grandson, was advised by a K.G.B. agent that he would do well to destroy a collection of documents he had put together concerning the trial of the dissidents Viktor Khaustov and Vladimir Bukovsky; instead, he wrote an account of the conversation with the K.G.B. agent, and it was circulated at home and published abroad, and the BBC went so far as to broadcast a dramatized version of it to the U.S.S.R. The broadcast made a tremendous impression on Amalrik. "It was not only the conversation itself, of course, since there had been plenty of such conversations and warnings, but the fact that Pavel had recorded it and made it public. In so doing, he had thrown out a challenge not only to the K.G.B. but to one of the most important unpublished laws of Soviet society: a kind of agreement between cat and mouse to the effect that the mouse will not squeak if the cat starts to eat him."

Amalrik had an arrangement with the foreign correspondents that after a trial he would question the witnesses

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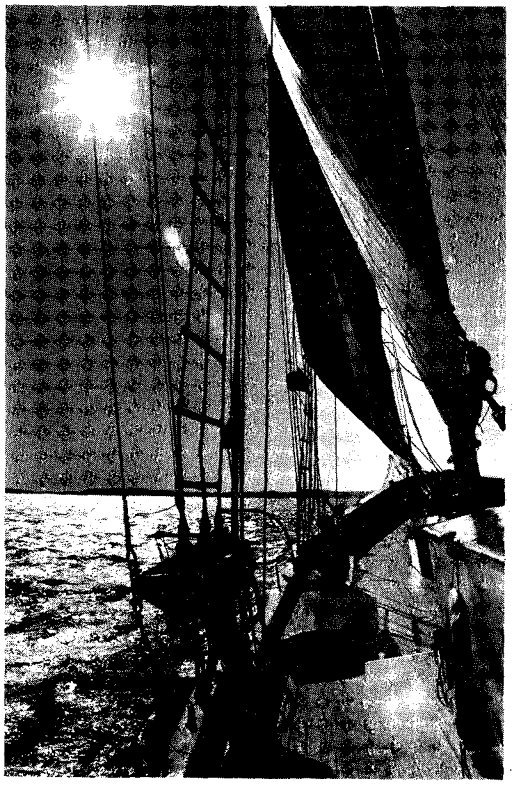

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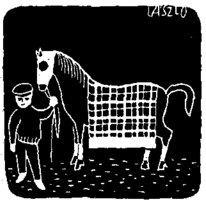
and relatives who were allowed in to the trial and pass on to the journalists what they said. He had developed a sixth sense about informers. And he derived amusement from his encounters with accredited foreign correspondents who had "Vasya" or "I'll never forget my dear mother" in Russian tattooed on one hand. The car that, when he emerged from a building, started up and slowly followed him, the inconspicuous gentlemen lurking behind trees, the photographer taking snapshots of him in the street outside the courthouse were by now a part of the normal background of his life. He wrote an account of his term of exile—"Involuntary Journey to Siberia"—and, by what means he does not say, managed to get this manuscript and others (including Andrei Sakharov's "Progress, Co-Existence, and Intellectual Freedom") to Holland, where, through the efforts of van het Reve, they were published.



Pavel Litvinov and six other dissidents were arrested when they tried to stage a demonstration in Red Square against the Soviet intervention in Czechoslovakia. At the time, Litvinov was engaged in writing up the trial of Ginzburg and Yuri Galanskov. While he was in prison awaiting his own trial, Amalrik finished the job for him. He sent the manuscript to Litvinov in Siberia to look over, and arranged for it to be published abroad.

On the day that the dissident ex-General Petr Grigorenko was arrested, half a dozen agents who were hoping to find evidence bearing on his case searched Amalrik's apartment and reduced it to a shambles but failed to make off with the manuscript of a book he had just started, "Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?," in which he took a pessimistic view of the theory that the rise of an educated middle class would in time force the Soviet system to become more democratic. He knew that he would be arrested for writing it, but he figured that in any case he would be arrested sooner or later, so it was all the more urgent to get as much done as he could. This book, too, was smuggled out of the country and published abroad, and caught the attention of the foreign press. As time passed and he was not arrested, people began to feel that he must be a K.G.B. agent. "There's something amazing," he remarks, "about a country where society decides whom the political police should arrest, and when; and then gets nervous if the police are dilatory."

At one o'clock in the morning, on a dark and empty street, he was picked up by a policeman. At the precinct station, he was obliged to open his battered old suitcase and the contents—a portable typewriter and some documents—were confiscated. He was questioned in the presence of four K.G.B. agents, who wanted to know who had given him the documents. Amalrik answered that he had obtained them from friends whose names he would not reveal; that he intended, out of curiosity, to look them over and then destroy them. "But who *did* give them to you?" the agent in charge said. "You'll have to tell us." "I'll have to if you hang me up by the feet and torture me," Amalrik said. "We don't do things like that these days," the agent said. And Amalrik said, "Then I won't have to tell." As soon as he was released, he filed a complaint with the City Prosecutor's office, claiming illegal detention and the misappropriation of his typewriter and papers; and because the agents had made no record of the confiscation Amalrik was able to get them back. He had come to realize that "while the powers of the K.G.B. are great, they are not without limits; that the K.G.B. must observe certain formalities; and that if one understands how the bureaucratic machinery works, one can throw a monkey wrench into the wheels."

However, the K.G.B. saw to it that the news service commissioned no more articles by him. It also stationed two agents outside his door, who followed him wherever he went trying to find work, and in every instance the chief of personnel received a phone call telling him not to hire Amalrik. By leaving his house very early one morning before the agents had arrived, he managed to get a job at the local post office, delivering mail between 6 and 8 A.M. The post office was not so easily intimidated, and he kept this job until he sensed that the pressure was off and it was safe for him to resign.

The first time Amalrik went to the U.S.S.R. Foreign Trade Bank in response to a notice of a deposit from abroad, he was able to collect the money. The next time, it was explained to him that he must submit a document confirming that the money was in fact royalties. Armed with letters from his French and American publishers, he went back to the bank and was informed that he needed a letter from the Soviet institution through which his manuscript was sent abroad. The bank official then said "What article or book was it? What was the title?" and Amalrik said " 'Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?' "—after which they looked at each other attentively for quite a while before the official said, "The fact is that we're essentially a commercial enterprise and certificates are the commodity we handle." Amalrik had decided to meet danger head-on rather than flee from it. "My basic assumption was that since my status in the Soviet hierarchy was the lowly one of a 'dropout' the authorities . . . would according to their own logic have to belittle me. They had to show that a dissident of my low standing aroused nothing more than contempt in them. Naturally, there was no hope that they would ignore me. But there *was* something I *could* hope for: that they would not charge me under Article 70, which carries a penalty of up to seven years' incarceration and five years' internal exile, but under Article 190-I, which carries a penalty of no more than three years."

Though it was rash, he pursued the matter of the foreign royalties until it became clear that there was no likelihood of his getting the money, at which point he instructed the bank to return it to the publishers. Later, when he was very hard up, he asked them to send it back in his wife's name, as a gift, and it got through to them.

Some time before, knowing that if he was sent to prison he would probably not be able to get a residence permit in Moscow or the Moscow region when he got out, they made a journey deep into the country and found and bought and furnished a brick cottage that stood on the edge of a stream and was shaded by linden trees.

In April of 1970, they spent a week n Leningrad, Tallin, and Riga; he wanted his wife to see those beautiful cities before he was arrested. Toward the end of May, while he was working n the garden, a crowd of men in black suits closed in on the cottage. As he was about to be driven away, his wife came to the car, weeping, and handed him a pair of warm socks. He was charged with having published anti-Soviet writings. Before his arrest he had made up his mind that no matter what indictment was brought against him he would neither affirm nor deny ncidents or the interpretation put

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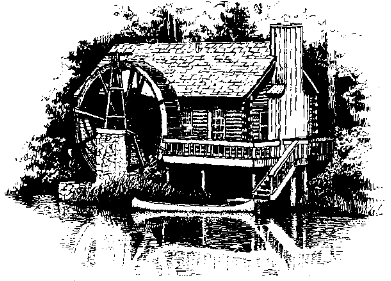

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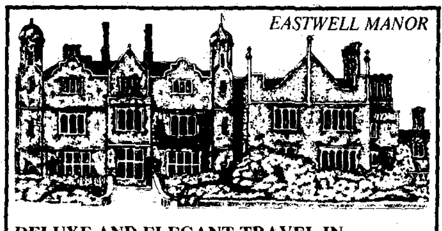

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upon them but would instead deny the right of the court and the K.G.B. to prosecute people for their views.

The trial took place in Sverdlovsk. Present in the court was a K.G.B. colonel who was wearing gold-rimmed glasses. "Brezhnev wears glasses like that," Amalrik writes, "and so do all officials down to a certain level. The colonel was at a low level for gold-rimmed glasses: one step lower and they would have been 'not in accordance with his rank.' " The judge was polite, but spoke ungrammatically and stumbled over the passages he had to read aloud. Amalrik was defended by a lawyer whom his wife had retained for him. Within the framework of the Soviet laws, Amalrik says, his trial was defective. Instead of considering whether what he had written and said was false and defamatory, the court took this for granted. It ignored the question of whether he had erred in innocence or known that what he wrote was libellous. Though his books had been circulated abroad, there was no evidence that he was responsible for this. He was allowed to read a prepared statement in court, in which he said that it was fear of his ideas that had compelled the authorities to put him on trial.

The verdict recapitulated the indictment, and he was sentenced to three years in an intensified-regimen labor camp. The police were instructed to check whether his wife had a job and whether she was engaged in anti-Soviet activity. When he emerged from the courtroom, she threw him a bouquet of flowers. The captain of the guards snatched them away and stomped on them.

FROM the courtroom Amalrik passed on into a nightmare world others have described before him. He was moved eastward, sometimes on trains, sometimes in police cars, to prison after prison. At Novosibirsk he was placed in an underground cell with a blocked-up toilet that overflowed. After a few days he began to feel dizzy and nauseated; then he began to vomit. The cell swayed before his eyes and he heard his cellmates pounding on the door and calling for a doctor. The supervisor standing outside said, "We didn't invite you here to get sick." The last thing he remembered was a sergeant calling out his name for transport. Unconscious and in a state of paralysis, he was dragged through the prison corridor to the

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train. The captain of the guards was afraid he would die on the train and refused to accept him. He was taken to the prison hospital, where (he learned afterward) he spent the night "constantly mumbling, crying out, and making delirious strange movements with my one unparalyzed hand." He was then transferred to the camp hospital, where they made a spinal puncture, which yielded only pus, and his case was diagnosed as purulent meningoencephalitis.

He was unconscious for a week and woke up in a ward for terminal cases. He couldn't move either his hands or his feet, or recall his name or what had happened to him or who he was. The next day, he remembered his first name and two or three days later his last name. His only link with the whole of his past experience was the memory of the knapsack that had his belongings in it. The doctors were of the opinion that if he did by some miracle survive he would be mentally defective for the rest of his life.

During the next two weeks he began to remember things and to walk again, holding on to the beds. Finally he made the trip to the toilet—a small room with a pail in it, for patients too enfeebled to go to the latrine. There was no bathroom in the hospital. He had lost fifty pounds. Though he gradually regained his memory, he continued to be afflicted with insomnia and quasi delirium. Printed lines of type were for a time only a blur.

As soon as he could write, he sent three letters to his wife and got no answer. One day when he was outdoors taking a short walk, a tubercular patient on the other side of a barbed-wire fence said, "Are you Amalrik? Your wife has shown up!" And then another prisoner, a man from his ward, came running and said, "They saw a woman, who from all indications is your wife, standing on the embankment and waving a handkerchief." He went to the second floor of the hospital and looked out of the window, but there was no one on the embankment. He went to the guardhouse, but nobody knew anything. Later, the barber who shaved him said that his wife had come and had not been permitted to see him, on the ground that a visit from her might upset him too much and be bad for his health.

After two months he was transferred from the camp hospital to the prison hospital, but the officer on duty at the prison said "Who needs you there?" and put him in a prison cell where there were five double bunks for forty men. Still running a fever, he was started on the five-thousand-mile trip across Siberia. From Novosibirsk to Sakhalin, then to Irkutsk, where he picked up crab lice in the bathhouse. On the train journey from Irkutsk to Khabarovsk, while he was sleeping, his compartment-mates cleaned out his knapsack; his pens and socks were traded to the escort guards for tea.

He spent three days in the prison at Khabarovsk in a crowded basement room as big as a railway station, with one bare light bulb suspended from a black ceiling and the half-naked prisoners curled up on the rough cement floor, on a table, and on the iron springs of the beds. From there he was flown to Magadan, held there for a month, and then put in a Black Maria where there was enough room to sit down but not to turn around, and taken a hundred and eighty-five miles northward along the unpaved Kolyma Road, to Talaya. He vomited all the way and by the end of the journey was unconscious. The man sitting next to him took advantage of this to steal his sugar.

"In prison," he says, "it is usually a pleasant experience to meet up with a living being who does not resemble a human. In the Sverdlovsk prison I sometimes encountered, on my way to the exercise yard, cats that hung around the kitchen; and in the Kamyshlov I got to know a pair of horses used for hauling firewood. While I was in solitary, I filed a request that I be allowed to keep a cat in my cell. But the prison commandant replied that a directive from the Minister of Internal Affairs prohibited such things." Of the thieves, con men, murderers, vagrants, rapists, and so on who were his cellmates, some were dangerous, some companionable and entertained him with the story of their lives. He was careful what he said, assuming that they were informers. In some prisons the loudspeaker shouted propaganda from behind an iron grille and was turned off only at the discretion of the prison officials. If he was lucky, it was in his cell and he could turn it off when he wanted to. He exercised, read books from the prison library, played chess and checkers, and taught himself to read English, though he had no idea how to pronounce it. As the officer in charge of political indoctrination made the rounds of the barracks tearing down magazine illustrations that the prison-

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ers had put up on the walls, he would say, "Learn to love monotony!"

Lest he find himself accepting the way things were, Amalrik continually looked for things to complain about, demanded privileges that he knew were due the prisoners, and addressed written appeals over the heads of the prison officials.

It would be too much to expect a man as clever as Amalrik also to be what is commonly considered saintly. He enjoyed telling people off, and he had a temper. During a quarrel with a particularly irritating cellmate he exclaimed, "If you say another word, I'll throw your bread in the latrine pail," and the man foolishly kept right on talking. And it was after an exchange of insults that "Captain Shevchenko . . . dragged me off to the punishment cell, shouting: 'This is the way people like you should be dealt with!' In the cell, he and Shmykov tore off my clothes and banged my head against the wall, which of course was not pleasant for one who had recently had meningitis. I spent the night lying on a cement bag and was released the next morning by Captain Garafutdinov." To the prison officials who addressed him by the familiar—and, in the circumstances, insulting—second-person singular, he replied by calling them "*ty*" also; whereupon they instantly switched to the polite form. When he heard a key being turned in the lock of his cell, he would stand quickly so as not to have to get to his feet in the officer's presence. Once or twice he met with genuine kindness at the hands of a prison official. As a rule, a show of kindness was immediately followed by an attempt to break through his defenses.

When his wife was at last allowed to fly in to see him, she was kept waiting for two days while a microphone was installed in the visitors' room. He was so unaccustomed to regular food that he could not eat what she brought him. Because she wouldn't submit to a gynecological examination after he had been sent back to the compound, she and a prison official and a woman doctor with rubber gloves on her hands sat facing each other for five hours until the prosecutor ordered Amalrik's wife to be released. The indignities varied from visit to visit.

He developed an inflammation of the middle ear, common in the Far North, where summer is over by the end of July and the temperature in November is sometimes sixty below. He asked for boric acid, and when that didn't help he drafted a request for a specialist to examine him, and he wrote his wife, asking her to see what she could do in Moscow. As a result of her efforts, he was examined by the chief of the medical service of the Magadan Administration of Internal Affairs, whose report began with the nervous system: "Very shattered nerves, with residual effects of meningitis. . . . Acute gastritis. Blood pressure: high. . . . Heart: defective mitral valve. Temperature: high—an aftereffect of meningitis. Ears: inflammation of middle ear. Conclusion: general condition good." The report failed to mention that he was suffering from avitaminosis, that his whole body was covered with boils, and that saliva ran from his mouth. Semi-starvation as an educational measure is, he says, the basis for the determination of prison rations. He didn't starve to death during the first year only because his wife managed to send him money for the canteen and, every month, the authorized five-kilogram parcel. "I always looked forward to the package as if it were news from her. Correspondence was prohibited, so even the list of items of food drawn up in her own hand looked like a love letter. The regulations prohibit sending food packages from Moscow, but the people in our local Moscow post office had good feelings toward me and accepted my parcels. Recently an even more remarkable regulation was introduced: food for parcels can be bought only in the town or settlement where the prison is located—perhaps so that the warders will not be irritated by the sight of some good sausage."

Though Amalrik expresses open sorrow for his wife's suffering, indignation at what was done to him never in this book bursts the confines of an habitual irony.

Eventually he found a way of getting extra food: he drafted appeals for other prisoners in exchange for a kilo of butter or a half kilo of sugar.

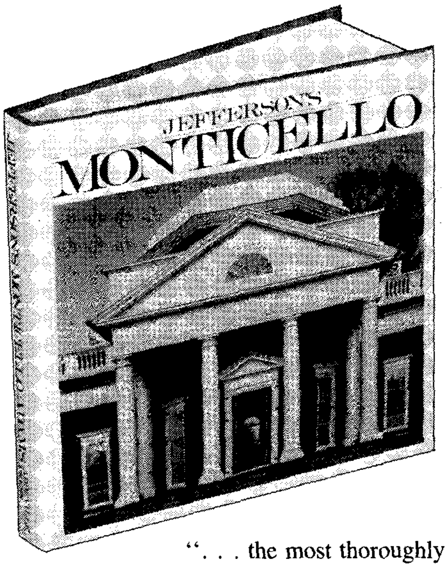
Four days before his term was up, he was walking in the exercise yard with a cellmate who had been a mechanic. They were talking about what car he should buy when he got out—he was planning to drive across America—when the prison guards seized him and put him in a Black Maria. He was taken from the prison to a government building, where he was charged with "disseminating information defaming the Soviet regime in places of incarceration."

Two months passed before his case came to trial. He spent most of the time in his cell lying with his face to the wall. The presiding judge this time was not polite and the testimony was either false or flimsy. Once, when the judge asked a witness why he didn't respond to a question, the reply was "They didn't tell me how to answer that one." Amalrik was sentenced to three years' more imprisonment.

"For me freedom is the highest goal of life," he writes. "I exist so long as I am free, so long as I have the right to choose." To say that he was a free man when he spent so many years in one prison or another, in cells that were often filthy, sometimes in solitary confinement, ill, barely kept alive on disgusting gruel—to say in those circumstances that he was a free man would be fatuous. His sense of what sunlight, blue sky, green grass, and the smell of the sea air were like had been sharpened on deprivation. But by refusing to acquiesce in the mistreatment that was handed out to him he remained, to a degree that is astonishing, in command of the situation. They could not make him act from fear.

He went on a hunger strike that lasted a hundred and seventeen days, for seventy of which he was force-fed through a tube up his anus. Though very weak, he went on reading—"especially Marx, whose books I could obtain from the prison library. I wanted to know if he was responsible for my being in prison. If I had read Marx in Paris instead of in Magadan, I would have got other things from him. But under the circumstances I was astounded by his antihumanism. For Marx, there was no such thing as an individual in his own right—an individual was only a part of the system. As Walt Whitman observed, people follow those who have the greatest contempt for them. And yet any human being wants to be an individual. . . . The gebists [K.G.B. agents] were not happy about what I was reading. 'You may not understand Marx correctly,' they said."

Through a series of delicate negotiations initiated by the prison doctor and carried on by officials at the K.G.B., he was promised that the sentence would be set aside and he would be allowed to return to Moscow if he



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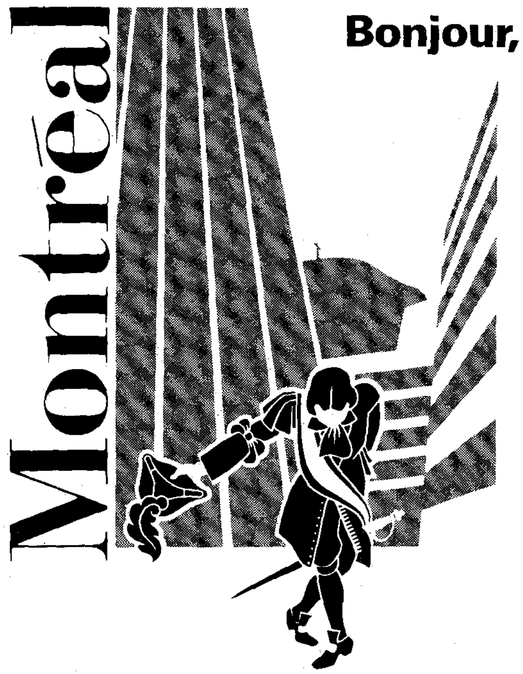

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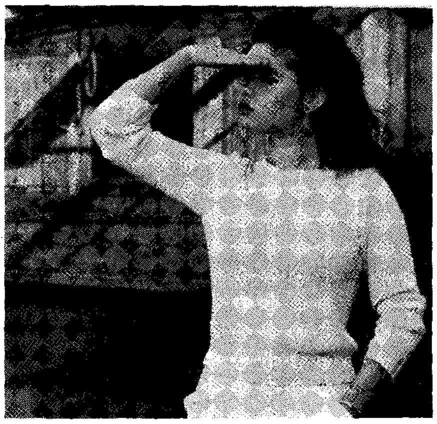

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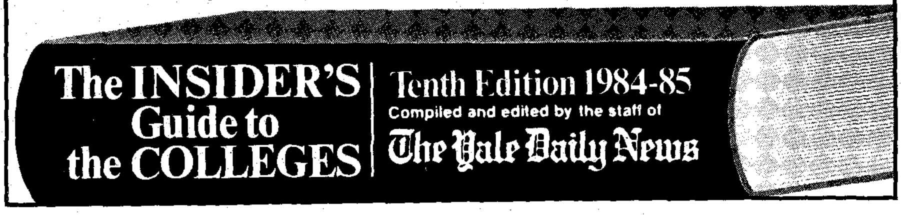
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made "a public disavowal of his pernicious books and actions." He made up his mind that he would get out of prison without doing this. He would pretend that he was a sick man who had given up the struggle; that he was willing to reëvaluate his books, but only after he was released.

In the end he did compose and sign an evasive petition to the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet that could have been taken for what the K.G.B. wanted. Afterward, he was afraid both that he had conceded too much and that he had not conceded enough for his petition to be granted. Given his situation, he didn't do badly: he did not get the full release he had hoped for; instead, his term in the prison camp was commuted to exile. A day of prison counted for three days of exile, so his term was already half over. He gave up his hunger strike, his wife was permitted to join him, and they spent the next year and a half in the Godforsaken prison town of Magadan.

When it came to repudiating his books, he dragged his heels. He was finally told that he must either write the repudiation, which would then be published, or request an exit visa, in which case they would get him out of the country in two weeks, or . . . The threat was left hanging in the air, but there was only one thing that it could be: sooner or later he would end up back in prison.

On May 12, 1975, his term of exile completed, he and his wife arrived at the Moscow airport. They could not stay in Moscow because they did not have residence permits. He hired a truck and they were driven to a railway station, where they picked up a crate of household possessions shipped from Siberia. Toward nightfall, at the end of the day's driving, they saw, with excitement and joy, familiar fields and trees along a stream. The driver said, "I must say, that's a strange-looking house," and they realized that the house he was pointing to was their own. "But it was no longer a house—only four brick walls. Everything else was gone: the roof, the floor, the beams and rafters and window-frames, the lean-to, and the stove. No furniture was left. There was no sign of a fire, and robbery was out of the question, since a thief wouldn't have taken the roof away with him, ripped up the half-rotten floorboards, or made off with the stove. Someone had done a long, thorough job of wrecking our home so as to make it quite uninhabitable, and it wasn't hard to guess who that someone was."

He gave the crate to the young driver and threw the house keys in the ditch, and they took a slow night train back to Moscow.

DURING the next year, wherever they went they were followed by two cars with four men in each. From time to time, he was picked up by the police. Once, he was dragged out of bed and taken to the precinct station in his pajamas and socks. He was frequently threatened with arrest because he had no employment. It was Amalrik's belief that the K.G.B. had actually decided to give him a residence permit for Moscow in October of that year, but by the time he submitted the required documents two things had happened that caused them to hesitate: an article of his criticizing détente was published in the New York *Times*, and he joined other dissidents in praising the awarding of the Nobel Peace Prize to Andrei Sakharov.

The only solution was for him to leave Russia. "But the regime would not have been true to itself," he says, "if it had started deporting its opponents in the same way as any authoritarian regime. A regime that elects a deputy from a list of one candidate, that compels prisoners to 'thank' it for their arrest, that calls the occupation of an allied country 'brotherly aid' and, when it raises prices, rationalizes that move as a 'request' from the consumers—such a regime must necessarily package expulsion so that it appears to be voluntary departure." He and the K.G.B. reached an agreement: he would be allowed to emigrate, and also, without paying customs duties, to take along his personal belongings, paintings, and books. His wife believed that all things came from God and that it was He who was now sending them from their homeland. On July 15, 1976, she and Amalrik boarded the plane to Amsterdam with a stray cat that they had adopted. He did not know or care when they crossed the border, but as he looked down at the clouds below, suddenly, not at all expecting to, he began to weep.

"NOTES OF A REVOLUTIONARY" was written during 1977 and 1978, in Genthod, Switzerland; Utrecht; New York; Washington, D.C.; and Cambridge, Massachusetts. Amalrik lectured at Harvard on the history of the Democratic Movement. He and his wife did drive across America from coast to coast. In Indiana, they had a collision with a truck, and their car was demolished. In November, 1980, he was involved in another car accident, near Madrid. He was on his way to an international conference set up to examine compliance with the Helsinki Accords, and this time he was killed.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

WORSTWARD HO, by Samuel Beckett (Grove; $8.95). These forty-one small pages of very large type extend Beckett's wrestle with the void to the point where less would be nothing. A personless voice, uttering words of mostly one syllable in sentences of rarely more than five words, urges itself onward in a dim but resistant realm where humanoid apparitions fragmentarily loom and then fade. "So leastward on. So long as dim still. Dim undimmed. Or dimmed to dimmer still. To dimmost dim. Leastmost in dimmost dim. Utmost dim. Leastmost in utmost dim. Unworsenable worst." The dim shapes in this environment most minimal are called shades, and we probably would not be entirely wrong to think of it as an old-fashioned Hades that ends in new-style entropy. ("Vasts apart. At bounds of boundless void. Whence no farther.") A sterile, dreadful exercise, it might be said, and one does not, as Dr. Johnson remarked of "Paradise Lost," wish it longer than it is. And yet, the words—"How almost true they sometimes almost ring! How wanting in inanity!"

THE LODGER, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Stuart Gilbert (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95). This is a most welcome appearance in English of a novel first published in 1934, and it is an unusually fine example of the psychological studies that so notably interested Simenon at the time—dark, haunted, stark (but shot with telling, staccato details) narratives of aberrant behavior. The hero-victim here is a young Turk who comes to Brussels in the company of a Belgian dance-hall girl and, in a passion half jealousy and half avarice, follows a rich Dutchman aboard a night train to Paris, beats him to death, escapes with an attaché case full of French

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francs, and, with the help of the girl, takes refuge as a boarder in a rooming house run by her parents in the grim Belgian mining town of Charleroi. Simenon examines the residents of this house (mother, father, young daughter, and three young male boarders) and the antics of the fugitive—boasting, jocular, brooding, whining, apathetic, grovelling. The result is an extraordinary depiction of mental and moral deterioration.

SASSAFRAS, by Jack Matthews (Houghton Mifflin; $14.95). A tall tale of the Wild West and of a hopelessly lapsed Quaker—a gun-toting Physiognomic and Cranial Analyst whose own skull's Bump of Eventuality ("the median projection above the glabella") and Prominence of Hope ("located beside the coronal sutures") barely suggest the trouble that his Tendency Toward Coincidence (location undetermined) will create. Thirty-nine tidy chapters map out his first, dizzying twenty-eight years, which take him from the Ohio River to the Chisholm Trail. Each chapter is headed by an apt quotation—from, say, Aristotle's "Physiognomica" ("Hollow eyes mean villainy, as in the ape"), or Darwin's "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals" ("I have plainly heard the grinding of the molar teeth of a cow"). The cast of characters includes a trusty Osage first spotted walking backward to the Missouri River; an eight-and-a-half-foot-tall outlaw whose supraorbital ridge gives no hint of what lies inside; a Comanche version of Antigone; and her fair-skinned rival in love, whose enlarged Bump of Amativeness makes for one headache as it eases another.

ANY FOUR WOMEN COULD ROB THE BANK OF ITALY, by Ann Cornelisen (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $15.95). A sporadically sprightly story about a group of well-heeled women who, indignant about the way they are automatically waved through roadblocks set up to catch criminals, rob an Italian mail train to uphold women's right to equal suspicion before the law. An ebullient hound named Nijinsky and a lira-guzzling Rolls-Royce called Delilah make for some nicely nerve-racking moments that lead the ringleader around to Section 62 ("Common Extenuating Circumstances") of the Italian Penal Code. Meanwhile, she and one of the others are turning the caper into a movie script. If their version of events seems fantastic, Ann Cornelisen's risks being too mundane. As her heroines get back to the boring round of dinners and dances that the robbery temporarily relieved, the action becomes mostly a matter of waiting and worrying, and the reader is hard put to it not to doze.

WISE VIRGIN, by A. N. Wilson (Viking; $13.95). A bitter, misshapen little novel about what the central character, a twice-widowed blind English medievalist, calls "the infinitude of life's depressing possibilities." The title alludes, more or less ironically, to his eighteen-year-long linguistic analysis of an obscure medieval tract entitled "A Tretis of Loue Heuenliche," a sort of pep talk for aspiring nuns; to his possessive teen-age daughter, whose romantic fantasies feature the mustachioed ex-actor employed to cure her stammer; and to the daughter's current nemesis (the last one was her stepmother), her father's ardent and homely assistant. The plot goes nowhere until Mr. Wilson finds a poor excuse to send it to a second-rate public school, where the daughter's jolly uncle teaches, and where the rivalries are, at least, less stifled; but if he leaves some of his characters, at the end, feeling optimistic, he makes it clear that disappointments are all they will get.

## GENERAL

VENICE SIMPLON ORIENT-EXPRESS: THE RETURN OF THE WORLD'S MOST CELEBRATED TRAIN, by Shirley Sherwood (Weidenfeld & Nicolson/Beaufort; $19.95). Shirley Sherwood is Mrs. James Sherwood, the wife of the English entrepreneur who bought up the surviving rolling stock of the Orient-Express after its demise, in 1977, and she has thus been on the scene of its metamorphosis from the start. This book tells the history of the Orient-Express from its evolution from a dozen increasingly luxurious trains in the mid-nineteenth century through its golden years in the period between the World Wars. Mrs. Sherwood tells of the acquisition of the remaining railway cars, and their restoration to their original Art Nouveau–Art Deco elegance. She tells of the grand reopening and gala maiden journey of the V.S.O.-E., on May 25, 1982, from London to Venice by way of the Simplon Tunnel. She gives the names of the restored cars, she gives the cost of the venture (eleven million pounds sterling), she gives all the statistics of the train and its route. And her account is illustrated with more than a hundred perfectly wonderful photographs of the train—inside and out, on the move and in the station—and of the details of decoration that make it the gorgeous extravagance it is.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF PRESIDENCY: A PROPOSAL FOR BREAKING THE POLITICAL DEADLOCK, by Theodore C. Sorensen (Harper & Row; $11.95). The attorney who served as special counsel to President Kennedy proposes a coalition government in the United States, to start with the next Presidency, and suggests how it might be formed under our constitutional arrangements. Mr. Sorensen thinks that partisan sniping has bogged down policy, and that the present emergencies warrant a moratorium of at least one Presidential term on politics as hitherto. His catalogue of urgent issues includes the state of our own economy, the instability of world finance, the strains between us and our allies, and East-West relations. The book is entertaining as well as practical. Yet it seems overoptimistic to assume that a national coalition could reflect—or even find—a national consensus on these questions, or that such a consensus could arrive at fruitful solutions.

TELL ABOUT THE SOUTH: THE SOUTHERN RAGE TO EXPLAIN, by Fred Hobson (Louisiana State; $30 cloth, $12.95 paper). In the eighteen-forties, when abolitionism began to gain adherents in the North, Southerners began to conceive of the South as a unity. Some defended and others criticized their region, and this lively and original study traces the debate down to the present. Although the arguments have ranged widely, the heart of the debate was, first, slavery and, after Emancipation, the place of blacks. Mr. Hobson explains the differing views of, say, Edmund Ruffin, the Confederate patriot, and Hinton Rowan Helper, the Southern abolitionist, and of Howard W. Odum, the North Carolina sociologist and improver, and Donald Davidson, the resolute "agrarian;" he shows us Wilbur Cash debunking the mind of the South and William Alexander

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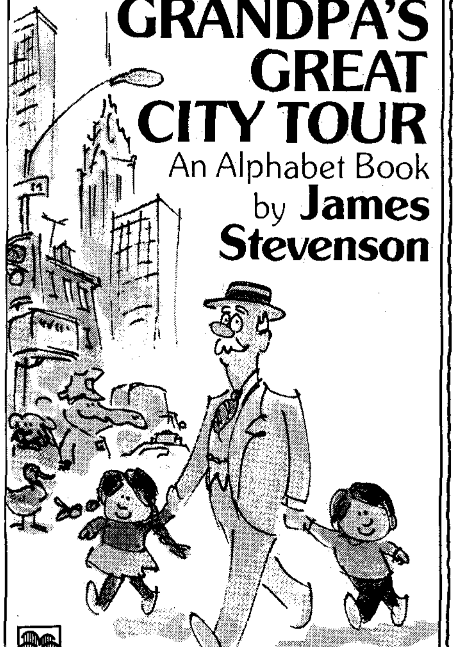

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Percy eulogizing the planter tradition. He makes plain how often Southerners have overlooked the diversity of the South, and how few white Southerners have understood the black contribution to Southern culture. Mr. Hobson is far too shrewd to attempt to define the Southern character; indeed, he demonstrates the peril of any such attempt.

THOMAS EAKINS: THE HEROISM OF MODERN LIFE, by Elizabeth Johns (Princeton; $42.50). An unorthodox study, in which the author, an art historian, considers why Eakins chose to concentrate his energies on portraiture in an age—the latter half of the nineteenth century—in which most serious artists had all but abandoned the genre to slick society painters. Mrs. Johns holds that Eakins, who except for his student years in Paris and Madrid spent his whole life in Philadelphia, had a vision of the democratic "heroism" of everyday Americans—a heroism expressed in sport, medicine, music, literature and journalism, the military arts—and sought to celebrate it by recording the faces (and sometimes the activities) of outstanding citizens of his native city. She devotes a chapter to each of Eakins' best-known works—"Max Schmitt in a Single Scull," "The Gross Clinic," "William Rush Carving His Allegorical Figure of the Schuylkill River," "The Concert Singer," and "Walt Whitman"—and discusses the various enterprises that Eakins was exemplifying: in the "Max Schmitt" chapter we get a treatise on rowing; in "The Gross Clinic" a treatise on the art of surgery; and so on. (The "William Rush" chapter verges on the comic when it treats us to a short history of Philadelphia's waterworks.) This novel and not unpersuasive book manages to give a clear and sympathetic picture of Eakins the man, although it scants somewhat those attributes of the artist which have earned him belated recognition as perhaps the finest American painter of the nineteenth century. Illustrations.

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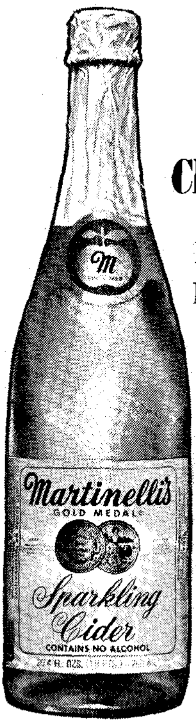

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